THE·WORLD·OF THE·GREAT·FOREST

PAUL·DU·CHAILLU

NY PUBLIC LIBRARY THE BRANCH LIBRARIES
3 3333 05991 1343

J- 591.5
D-C
D
REFERENCE
R 511113 res
CH
THE CENTRAL CHILDREN'S ROOM
DONNELL LIBRARY CENTER
20 WEST 53 STREET
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10019

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/worldofgreatfore00duch

The
World of the Great Forest

"Here I am, dear, waiting for you"

The World of the Great Forest

How Animals, Birds, Reptiles, Insects Talk, Think, Work, and Live

By

Paul Du Chaillu

Author of "The Viking Age," "The Land of the Long Night," "Ivar the Viking," "The Land of the Midnight Sun," "Explorations in Equatorial Africa," "Stories of the Gorilla Country," "Wild Life under the Equator," "Lost in the Jungle," "My Apingi Kingdom," "The Country of the Dwarfs," etc., etc.

WITH OVER FIFTY ILLUSTRATIONS

BY

C. R. KNIGHT AND J. M. GLEESON

New York
Charles Scribner's Sons
1900

Copyright, 1900
By Charles Scribner's Sons

UNIVERSITY PRESS · JOHN WILSON
AND SON · CAMBRIDGE, U.S.A.

A 571113
~~36468~~
~~DISCARD~~
J
~~916.7~~ 591.5
D

TO

CHARLES SCRIBNER AND ARTHUR H. SCRIBNER

DEAR FRIENDS,— Remembering the uniform courtesy and consideration it has been my good fortune to experience at your hands for a series of years, and recollecting the delightful relations that have always been reciprocal between us, and that have contributed so much to my happiness, I take infinite pleasure in dedicating this volume, "The World of the Great Forest," to you both, as a slight evidence of the sincere esteem entertained by me, an author, for you, my publishers.

PAUL DU CHAILLU.

Introduction

THE World of the Great Central African Forest is a remarkable one. Its denizens range from the huge elephant to the smallest ant, and in its dark recesses and almost impenetrable jungle I have studied the life of these creatures.

From close observation and persistent study I have arrived at the conclusion that animals, birds, reptiles, ants, spiders, etc., possess great power of apprehension and prevision; that creatures of the same species have understanding with one another, either by voice, sign, or other ways unknown to man; otherwise they could not act with such harmony and deliberation.

It is not reasonable to say that animals do not converse because we do not understand or hear the sounds they make. The fault is ours, not theirs. Do we not always say, when we are learning a foreign language and begin to speak with the natives, that they talk so fast we cannot follow them? The articulation and the words seem to be blended together, and it is only after a time that we catch separate words.

INTRODUCTION

Everything that lives is born with wonderful gifts suited to its mode of life. The shape and appearance of animals are designed to enable them to lead their special lives. Many have great power of scent, much keener than that of man. This particular attribute enables them to approach their prey and avoid danger. For example, the animal that preys upon others knows enough to move against the wind on his predatory expeditions. Those that feed on fruits and nuts know exactly at what season, in what month or week of the year, these are good to eat, and where they are to be found. They know how far distant is their feeding-ground, and the time needed to reach it. They all know their way, whether through the air or in the jungle, and nothing escapes their observation.

When animals or birds are taught to speak, or to do special tricks, it is clear that they must exercise memory, and memory means thought, and thought means reason.

The destruction of life, the battles that take place among the creatures of that great African Forest, the millions that are killed and eaten up every day, are beyond computation. Life, to sustain itself, must destroy life; such is the economy of nature. It is a struggle for existence among all. So the great gift given to every creature is knowledge of how to protect itself from its enemies, and how to approach its prey. If it were not for constant destruction, the animal world

would increase so fast that there would be room and food left for none.

To enable the reader to enter into the life of the great African Forest, I have made the animals tell their own stories and explain their own actions as if they were endowed with the power of speech. And I have given to them native names. A number of the animals mentioned, I discovered myself.

PAUL DU CHAILLU.

August 15, 1900.

Contents

Chapter		Page
I.	The Guanionien, or Giant Eagle	1
II.	The Guanioniens' Departure for the Land of Plenty	9
III.	The Ngozos, or Gray Parrots with Red Tails	16
IV.	The Nkemas, or Monkeys, travel toward the Land of Plenty	30
V.	Arrival of the Ngozos and Nkemas in the Land of Plenty	43
VI.	The Night Animals	49
VII.	The Njego, or Leopard	51
VIII.	Birth of Three Little Njegos	60
IX.	The Big Njego becomes a Man-eater	65
X.	The Hakos, or Ants	73
XI.	The Nchellelays, or White Ants	75
XII.	The Giant Nchellelays	86
XIII.	The Ngombas, or Porcupines	91
XIV.	The Ipi, or Giant Ant-eater	97
XV.	The Ngomba, or Porcupine — the Izomba, or Turtle — the Ipi, or Ant-eater	101
XVI.	The Ngooboo, or Hippopotamus	106
XVII.	A Fight for Miss Ngooboo	116

CONTENTS

Chapter		Page
XVIII.	The Five Apes, or Men of the Woods	120
XIX.	The Nginas, or Gorillas, and Njokoos, or Elephants	124
XX.	The Nginas travel to a Plantain Field; their Strange Adventures	134
XXI.	The Njokoos, or Elephants, travel to the Plantain Field	139
XXII.	Arrival of the Human Beings who own the Plantain Field	143
XXIII.	The Three Nginas killed by Hunters	145
XXIV.	The Omembas, or Snakes	156
XXV.	A Huge Ombama, or Python	158
XXVI.	The Ntoto, or Ichneumon	165
XXVII.	The Iboboti, or Spider	170
XXVIII.	The Trap-door Iboboti, or Burrow Spider	176
XXIX.	The House Iboboti, or Night Spider	184
XXX.	The Nyoi, or Wasp, and the Iboboti	188
XXXI.	The Two Nkengos, or Pale-faced Apes	191
XXXII.	A Baby Nkengo is born to the old Nkengos	204
XXXIII.	The Ngandos, or Crocodiles	210
XXXIV.	The Ogata, or Burrow Crocodile	216
XXXV.	The Kambis, or Antelopes, the Ncheris, or Gazelles, and the Bongo	220
XXXVI.	The Oshingi, or Civet	224
XXXVII.	The Insects, Apilibishes, or Butterflies, and Oselis, or Lizards	235

CONTENTS

Chapter		Page
XXXVIII.	The Njokoos, or Elephants	238
XXXIX.	Adventures of the New Njokoos	244
XL.	Evil Days for the Njokoos	251
XLI.	Njokoos and their Babies	256
XLII.	The Mboyos, or Jackals	263
XLIII.	The Nshieys, or Fish, and their Enemies	268
XLIV.	The Kongoo, one of the Fishing Eagles	272
XLV.	The Bashikouay Ants	284
XLVI.	The Darkening of the Day	291
XLVII.	The Ntungooloova, or Kingfisher	293
XLVIII.	The Obongos, or Dwarfs	297
XLIX.	Adventures of a Nkengo and a Nshiego	309

Glossary of Native Animal-Names 323

List of Full-Page Illustrations

"Here I am, dear, waiting for you" . . . . . *Frontispiece*

FACING PAGE

"Here is a huge manga" 39

"He watched her" 66

"How they enjoyed their sea bath" 115

"Then ensued a terrible fight" 117

"He gave him a terrible bite" 136

"He attacked him, imbedding his teeth firmly in the back of his neck" 166

"All the others fled in terror and disappeared in the Great Forest" 214

"A pack of ugly-looking striped hyenas" 266

"The kongoo, using all his strength with his wings, gave several flaps" 280

"The poor njokoo fled for his life" 288

The World of the Great Forest

CHAPTER I

THE GUANIONIEN, OR GIANT EAGLE

A GUANIONIEN, as he soared between the great forest and the sun, said to himself: "I am the lord of the air; I am the largest and most powerful of all the eagles of the land. I am called the leopard of the air. I feed on monkeys."

Then he chuckled, the way the guanioniens do, and rose higher and higher in the sky at each circle that he made. It seemed as if he were going directly toward the sun. At last he flew so high that no eyes from the forest could see him.

After a while he reappeared; he was coming down again in a series of circles to the forest. At times his huge wings spread their full length and then stood still. He seemed to hang motionless in the air. When he had come down near enough, he scanned the great sea of trees all over, to see if their branches were moving, for this would show that there were monkeys upon them feeding upon their fruit, nuts, or berries. But all was still; not a branch

stirred, and there was no wind. His eyes looked down perpendicularly and could see any object right under him. There was no monkey in sight.

He said to himself: "Why have the monkeys been so shy of late, and kept themselves in the middle of the trees, never coming to their tops? Surely other guanioniens must have been here before me and scared all the monkeys: they are afraid and keep out of sight; they know that we cannot pounce upon them. How cunning they are!"

He saw a giant tree about four hundred feet high, rising twice as high as the other trees of the forest, and meditated: "The creatures of the forest know the favorite trees upon which I perch and eat my prey, only by the skulls and bones of the monkeys I have torn to pieces and devoured lying at their feet on the ground. — But," he added, "it is not every day that I get a meal."

He laughed: "No harm can ever befall me, for no enemy can frighten me; no bird is strong enough to fight against me; the spears and arrows of human beings can never reach me and hurt me, for I fly and perch so high; men cannot even see the tops of my trees on account of the thick foliage which shuts off from them even the sun and the sky."

After he had rested, he flew away and soared over the dark green forest, which was so large that it seemed to have no beginning nor end, and once more he watched for monkeys. But his piercing, far-sighted eyes saw nothing, — not a branch of a tree

was moving. Then he thought it was time to seek his mate, for they had agreed when they parted in the morning to meet on a certain tree upon which they were accustomed to rest during the day after their noon search for prey, and tell each other what had happened.

Before long he saw the tree he sought. It was easily recognizable by the peculiar shape of its branches. Soon he was soaring over it, uttering peculiar sounds belonging to the language of the guanioniens, and meaning, "Are you there, dear? I am coming;" and his mate, already at the rendezvous, replied, "Here I am, dear, waiting for you."

Soon after, the big guanionien had alighted upon a branch close to hers, and the two looked at each other with affection, for they had not seen each other since they had parted a little after daylight.

They uttered sounds which seemed strange, for these were words belonging to the guanionien language, which meant, "How glad, dear, I am to see you! How are you?" or, "How have you been since this morning?"

After their greeting there was a short silence, then the big guanionien said to his mate, "Dear, what is the news? Have you been lucky to-day? Have you had a meal?"

"No," she replied. "Not a monkey came in sight to-day. They were afraid to come to the tops of the trees to feed, though I heard many of them

talking among themselves several times. I am starving. Surely guanioniens have been in the region before us, and that is the reason why the monkeys keep away."

In her turn she inquired, "Have you good news to tell me? Have you discovered a place where monkeys are plentiful? Have you had a good meal?"

"Only bad news have I to tell," he replied. "I have seen no troops of monkeys. Bad luck continues to follow us. I am starving, too. For three days we have soared over this great forest and have seen and caught nothing." And with a sigh, "How hard we have to work for our living!" said both at the same time. "Oh, how fortunate it is that we guanioniens are so constituted that we can starve for days without dying! This great gift has been given to us to suit our mode of life. Hunger is our enemy; but old age is our greatest one."

They left their tree and agreed to come back in the evening to sleep upon it, as had been their custom for some little time. They flew a long way off, in a bee-line at first, keeping in sight of each other for a while, then parted.

Toward sunset they were once more perched on the tree, and each inquired for the afternoon's news.

The big guanionien said: "Several times I saw branches moving, with monkeys upon them. At this sight my appetite grew more voracious than before, and I thought that I was going to have a good meal.

I soared over the trees, but the monkeys never came to the tops so that I could swoop down upon them. They seemed to dread danger, although I was so high in the air that they could not see me. But experience has taught them that it is not safe for them to be on the tops of the trees; ugly, suspicious monkeys, we have to be very cunning to capture them."

After he had finished, he asked his mate what she had to tell. She replied: "During my flight I came to a place where I saw the tops of several trees covered with big red fruit. Surely, I thought, monkeys will be tempted when they see this, and will come out to eat. I soared over them until it was time to leave to meet you, for sunset was fast coming on. At the dawn of the day we must fly to that place, for I believe that some wandering troops of monkeys will surely come there to feed."

"If I capture a monkey, he will never drop from my claws," said her mate.

"Neither will one from mine," she replied. "Oh, dear, how hard it is to work for nothing!"

The sun had set, and darkness came over the land, and the two guanioniens fell asleep. They felt safe, for the tree was large, and its first branch was so high above the forest that nothing but winged creatures could get to them.

At daybreak the two guanioniens left, travelling in the direction of the fruit trees as fast as they could. They remained in sight of each other, but did not

talk or hail each other, as was their wont, for fear the monkeys might hear them and become more wary than ever.

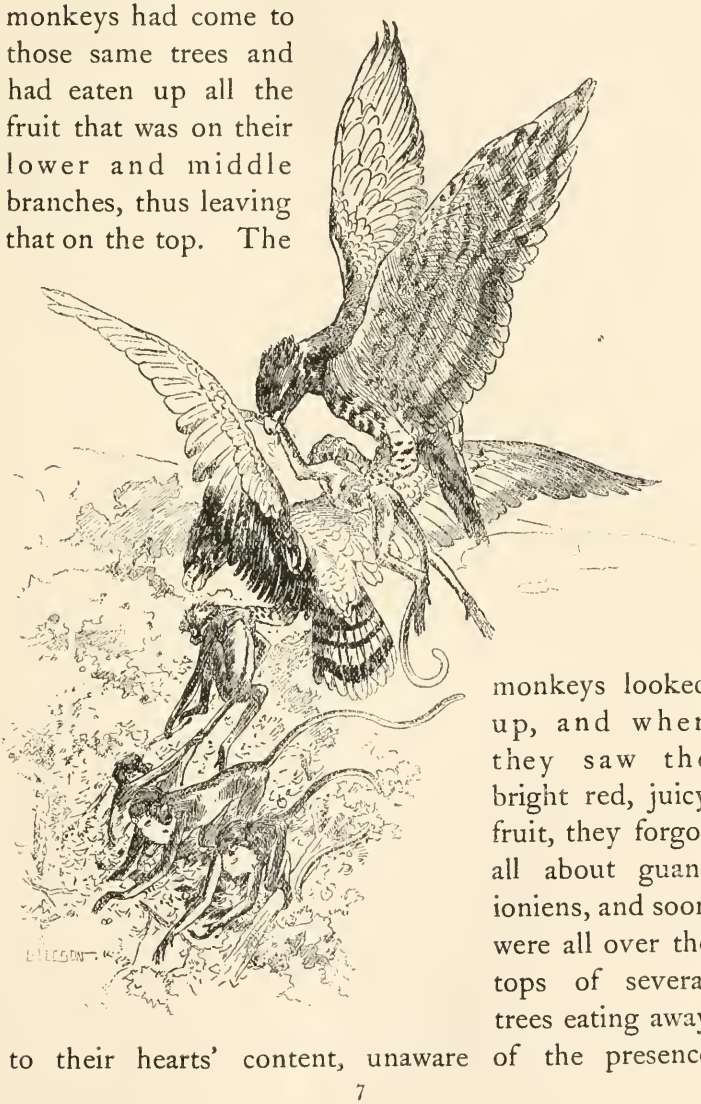
At last, to their great satisfaction, after travelling about one hundred miles, they saw in the distance the bright red tops of the fruit trees they sought. At the sight the two guanioniens came together and whispered: "Surely some troops of monkeys will come and feed upon these trees. Let us soar above them all day, if necessary. Patience is often rewarded. Sometimes the prey comes when we are ready to give up."

Then they flew very high and soared above the fruit-bearing trees. They soared a long time, looking down in that peculiar manner which belongs to the eagle, their eyeballs moving so that they can see directly under them. Suddenly they heard monkeys chattering among themselves. The reason of this loud talk was that two troops of different species of monkeys were quarrelling, daring each other and ready to fight. One troop was trying to drive the other away.

The two guanioniens, by peculiar motions of their wings and other silent ways of communication only known to their species, told each other the news about the monkeys.

Great indeed was the joy of the guanioniens at the prospect of a good hearty meal. They bided their time and watched for their opportunity. They were not going to be rash and run the chance of missing their prey.

It happened that two or three days before, troops of monkeys had come to those same trees and had eaten up all the fruit that was on their lower and middle branches, thus leaving that on the top. The



monkeys looked up, and when they saw the bright red, juicy fruit, they forgot all about guanioniens, and soon were all over the tops of several trees eating away to their hearts' content, unaware of the presence

of their enemies soaring above them and waiting for the opportune moment to pounce upon them.

Suddenly, like a flash, the two guanioniens swooped down perpendicularly from their height, and before the monkeys were aware of their presence, they had seized the two largest in their talons, clutched firmly by the neck and back, and rose in the air with them.

CHAPTER II

THE GUANIONIENS' DEPARTURE FOR THE LAND OF PLENTY

ONE evening after the guanioniens had returned to their tree to spend the night, and as they stood close together on a branch upon which they had perched, the big guanionien said to his mate: "Dear, it is time to prepare ourselves for the long journey we take every year at this season, to go to our nest and repair it. The country where we have built our nest will soon be a land of plenty; there will be berries, nuts, and fruits in abundance. By that time little guanioniens will break out of their shells into the world. The monkeys will come in great numbers to feed on the ripened fruits or nuts, and," with a laugh peculiar to guanioniens, "then we shall be able to feed ourselves and our dear little ones quite well."

"It is so," replied his mate. "The height of the sun, the intense heat, dry moons and rainy moons that have passed away since we were in the Land of Plenty tell us that it is time for us to go to our nest, repair it, and raise a brood of guanioniens."

Then came a long silence; the guanioniens were fast asleep.

The following morning they greeted each other, then started for the Land of Plenty to visit their nest,

which they had done every year for a long time past. They flew in a bee-line. They knew their way perfectly well through the air; but how, no one in the forest could tell but guanioniens themselves. They had to travel over a thousand miles before reaching their nest. Now and then they looked down upon the forest to see if any branches were moving at the tops of the trees. This would be a sign that monkeys were there. When they suspected that it was so, they would soar above them, peeping deeply into the branches, but that day they were unsuccessful.

Toward sunset they saw two giant trees growing close together, well known to them, and upon these they perched for the night. After they alighted they looked all around. They saw some nut-bearing trees, and the big guanionien said to his mate, "Let us soar over these trees to-morrow morning; perhaps we shall discover monkeys feeding on their tops. We shall have to be patient, for as you know, dear, prey sometimes shows itself at the last hour and when least expected. We cannot well undertake this long journey without food."

Then they went to sleep. Early the next morning they saw from their resting-place branches of trees moving in several places, and knew that troops of monkeys were feeding. At once they left and soared over the monkeys and succeeded in capturing two, which they carried to the tree where they had spent the night, and devoured them.

After this bountiful repast they said, "Now that we have had a fine meal we can reach our destination without difficulty."

In the afternoon a small black spot rose above the horizon in the east. It gradually grew larger and larger against the sky, in spite of the wind which blew against it.

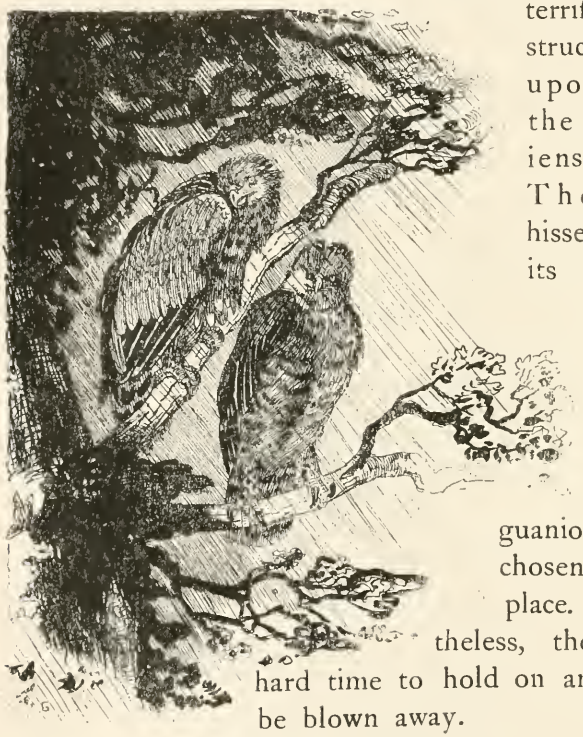
The old guanionien flew to his mate and said: "Dear, by the look of the sky a tornado will soon be upon us; the wind will blow fiercely. Let us find a tree upon which we can shelter ourselves, for we are not strong enough to fly against the tornado, and we could not possibly go with the wind, for we do not know where it would take us. It might carry us to a country we do not know."

They looked around them and saw a tall tree, and flew toward it as fast as their wings could carry them, and soon were perched in its centre, being protected thus by its big trunk and many branches. They knew that these would partly break the force of the fearful wind. They had met with many tornadoes during their lives.

They faced the black spot, for they knew that the tornado was to blow from that direction, then sunk their huge talons deeply into the wood on the branch on which they were perched, so as to have a powerful hold and not be carried away when the tornado fell upon them. They made themselves as small as they could by bending their legs, and shortening their necks.

They had hardly prepared themselves for their con-

flict with the tornado when the wind blowing against the black spot stopped, then came a calm, the precursor of the tornado. A white spot rose from the horizon under the now huge black mass that had gathered. It was the tornado. In the twinkling of an eye with terrific force it struck the tree upon which the guanioniens were. The wind hissed through its branches, many of which bent as if ready to break, but the guanioniens had chosen a good place. Nevertheless, they had a hard time to hold on and not to be blown away.



Then the wind subsided, and terrific vivid lightning accompanied by claps of thunder filled the open spaces and the great forest. It rained in torrents and such rain as is only known under the mountainous equatorial regions of that great forest.

It stormed and thundered the rest of the day and during almost the whole of the night.

The guanioniens had pressed their feathers close together. Fortunately they were well oiled and the rain ran off over them, so that their skins escaped a drenching.

In spite of the great storm, the guanioniens had short naps, at times being awakened by the vivid lightning and terrific peals of thunder, re-echoed from mountain to mountain.

At daybreak they awoke, and one said, "Dear, we have had a very uncomfortable night, but at this season of the year we shall meet many more of them." Before leaving their tree for their journey, they made their toilet, and it took them quite a while.

Not only the guanioniens, but all the birds have a bag or pouch just at the end of the spinal column near the tail, full of an oily or fatty soft substance, which they take from the opening with their beak and with which they oil their feathers. The guanioniens had a big one indeed, making a large protuberance.

They began to take the oily substance from their pouches, and their beaks went through almost every feather, these being placed one upon another as shingles on a roof. They were, in a word, combing themselves. When no more oil was left, then they went back to their pouches for more. They had plenty to do, for the heavy rain of the night had taken almost all the oily matter from their feathers. When they had

finished they said to each other, "Now our skins are protected against the rain." It was just as good as if they had had on india-rubber coats.

After their toilets, the guanioniens continued their journey, looking for prey as they went along, soaring after a long time above the place where monkeys were likely to come.

One day they saw and recognized in the distance the giant tree upon which was their nest. They flew toward it and shortly afterward perched upon one of its branches with much satisfaction.

Looking at their nest, the big guanionien said to his mate: "Dear, our nest requires much repairing: it is terribly weather-beaten; it is getting quite old, and soon we shall have to make a new one. We have raised many little guanioniens in this dear old nest of ours, two or three at a time. Since we mated we have been true and faithful to each other, for we guanioniens always keep true to our mates. What care these little ones have given us! How we have had to protect them with our wings from cold and from the rain! How hard we have had to work to feed them, and to raise them until they could get a living for themselves! I wonder where they all are now, and if they sometimes think of their parents."

The following day they began to work in earnest at repairing their nest. They went in search of small twigs of trees and interlaced them and put them where they were needed. Then three eggs were laid in it by Mrs. Guanionien.

THE GUANIONIENS' DEPARTURE

The guanioniens had a hard time while they hatched their eggs, and became quite thin, for only one could go after monkeys at a time, and these were not plentiful.

They watched the trees and could see the fruits, berries, and nuts getting larger every day, and saw them changing color and coming to maturity, and they were overjoyed, for their lives had indeed been hard since they had come to their nest.

CHAPTER III

THE NGOZOS, OR GRAY PARROTS WITH RED TAILS

THERE are many kinds of birds in the great forests. Among the most numerous and most intelligent are the gray ngozos with red tails.

These ngozos, when young, have very black eyes, but as they grow older a yellow-whitish ring forms itself round the black. Many of them live to be more than a hundred years old.

They live in flocks of tens, twenties, thirties, sometimes even fifties, though seldom more. Each flock has its leader, whom it obeys implicitly. He is chosen to be chief because he is supposed to be wise, and to know the forest and where food is to be found at the different months or seasons of the year. Hence he is old and has had more experience, and is the first to give the signal of danger.

It is the custom of the ngozos to meet every evening, sometimes before sunset, to tell the news, — what has happened and where food is to be found. Then after this they go to sleep.

The ngozos and the monkeys are not good friends. The ngozos hate the monkeys with all their hearts, and have good reason to do so, for they both are fond of fruits, berries, and nuts; and it often happens

that when a flock of ngozos is upon a tree, enjoying its delicious meal and very happy, a troop of monkeys suddenly makes its appearance, succeeds in driving the ngozos away, takes possession of the tree, and eats

up the fruit so that when the ngozos return they find nothing left.

Sometimes they have regular fights, but the ngozos generally get the worst of it, and have to fly away, saying all kinds of saucy things to the monkeys.

One evening, flock after flock of ngozos arrived at their place of meeting, which was on an island situated in a large river. There they felt more secure from their enemies in the forest. Many had travelled a long way, but they knew exactly how long it would take them for their homeward journey, and though their wings were tired, they were not exhausted.

After they had alighted, all the ngozos greeted one another, exclaiming, " Glad to see you ! Glad to see you ! Welcome to our place of meeting."

Such a pandemonium of ngozos' voices was heard far and wide in the forest, for at least ten thousand of them were there perched on three or four trees that were close together. They jabbered away at a great rate. A stranger would have thought that they made too much noise to understand one another, as their voices were so confused, and as they were apparently all speaking at the same time. But to the ngozos it was not so ; they held a conversation, and one ngozo was talking to one of several of his friends who were listening to him.

Though there were five or six hundred leaders of flocks in this great army of ngozos, each leader knew every member of his flock, and every ngozo knew his leader and recognized his voice, just as he recognized their voices also. He knew the number of his flock, and if one were missing he could tell which, and the other members of the flock likewise. No doubt each ngozo had a name known to the others of the flock.

As they were telling the news, the leader of one

flock of ngozos said: "We have come back hungry this evening, for when we came to the trees we had seen loaded with our food of berries and nuts, we found they were all gone, for the monkeys had been there and eaten everything in sight. We were very angry, and during the day we had to fly over the forest and alight here and there to pick what we could. But almost everywhere the monkeys had been before us, and left only unripened berries or nuts, and we had to content ourselves with these, and few at that."

After hearing this tale of woe, all the ngozos with one voice cried, "We hate the monkeys; ugly monkeys!" The noise was terrific when they said this, for they said these words all at the same time and they repeated them several times in succession, with anger. Oh, what a noise they made!

The ngozos of another flock, when they heard this, said: "We are sorry for you, dear ngozos; it is too bad that you came home hungry. We came to a part of the forest where all the tops of the trees were covered with beautiful ripened fruits; they were fine, and we ate them all day long, and no horrid monkeys came to disturb us. They were busy somewhere else eating our food."

They called it "our food," for the parrots considered the berries, nuts, and fruits of the forest as their own, and thought that the monkeys had no business to eat them. The monkeys thought likewise of the ngozos.

Then some ngozos belonging to another flock said:

"We flew over a village of human beings, and saw a number of our kin in the place. They could not fly; their wings were cut; we spoke to them, but they could not understand us, neither could we understand them."

The reason they could not understand each other was because the ngozos in the village of the human beings had been captured in their nests when their bodies were covered with down, and had only learned the language of the human beings. They had no ngozos to teach them the language of their kin living in the forest. They had invented a jargon of their own, which they used when they did not speak the human language.

Some flocks advised others not to go where they had been, for there was very little food to be found; others told where monkeys were numerous, or where they were not.

It was getting late, near sunset, and all the flocks ought to have arrived; but the ngozos noticed that two were still absent. They were very much excited, and began to be afraid some great misfortune had happened to the missing ones, and talked loudly to one another. They wondered why no stragglers had arrived.

Suddenly they heard voices above them. It was one of the flocks arriving. "We are coming!" said the belated ones; "we are coming!" and they alighted. "Welcome!" said all the ngozos at the same time.

"What makes you so late?" cried all the ngozos.

"Well, we have come from a long way off, and our wings are tired. We had great trouble to find food enough to-day to satisfy our hunger, for the monkeys had been there before us this morning. We went a great distance, and, guided by our leader, we came to a region in which food was plentiful, and which the monkeys had not found out. Several flocks can find plenty of food there to-morrow, provided the ugly monkeys do not find the place."

"Horrid monkeys!" chattered all the ngozos at once.

The ngozos waited anxiously for the only flock missing. They were much distressed. Had the flock left them to go to another place? The sun had set, and it was fast growing dark, for in the forest darkness comes soon after sunset. Soon, to their great joy, they heard above their heads the voices of the missing ones, and a great cry arose among them. "Welcome!" they shouted with one voice.

The flock alighted. "What makes you so late? It is almost dark," cried the ngozos together.

"Don't speak of it," cried the belated flock. "Don't speak of it. We had an awful fight with the monkeys, and we are lucky to have escaped with our lives from their clutches."

"Hateful monkeys!" cried all the ngozos.

"See how dilapidated some of us look," said one of the late comers; and one of the flock, turning her

back, cried, "Look at me. I am almost without a tail. An ugly monkey plucked it off. It was hard for me to fly and reach our meeting-place, for having hardly any tail I flew with difficulty."

"Look at me," said a second one, as he also turned his back to the ngozos. "My feathers are all gone between my wings. I wonder how I escaped from that savage monkey."

All the ngozos listened silently when they heard this tale of woe.

A third one said, "Look at me, ngozos. See the state of my poor feathers and how many have been plucked by one of those monkeys. But I succeeded in giving him a bite and cut off one of his fingers, and he had to let me go. He gave such a cry of pain."

"Good for you!" shouted all the parrots; "good for you, ngozos!"

"How did the fight happen?" asked one of the wise ones who had been listening. "Tell us."

Then the chief of the flock said: "Our flock was on a tree feasting on delicious fruits, when suddenly

we heard a troop of monkeys coming. Soon they leaped on our tree and wanted to drive us away, and attacked us. We tried to resist, but the monkeys are so quick of motion, and they have hands and feet that can clutch, while we ngozos can only bite. The combat was unequal. One of our number was killed by them. The reason that we are so late is that we had to fly slowly on account of our disabled ones. We did not want to leave them behind, for we are all good comrades and we love one another dearly."

"That was right. You are true ngozos," cried they all.

Then came a shrill chorus, and all the ngozos shrieked again, "We hate the monkeys." But soon the jabbering among the ngozos became less and less, for many were getting sleepy. Then quiet settled down on the army. All had fallen asleep, after, however, having first agreed where the flocks should go to the next morning.

Long before dawn, between three and four o'clock, all the ngozos were awake and talked to one another. When ready for their journey, each leader said to his flock, "Be ready, ngozos; we must hurry." His flock would answer, "We are ready." "Follow me, then," would say the leader as he flew away, followed by all the numbers that belonged to him.

Flock after flock of ngozos left one after another, after saying, "Good-by," "Good luck to you." "Good luck to you," was the answer, and in less than ten minutes they all had left. Some flocks

flew toward the north, others to the east, west, south, to some particular part of the forest where they thought they would find plenty of food. They were all in a great hurry to reach the different places, so as to be there before the monkeys, the small flocks going where there were only a few fruit-bearing trees to be found, and the flock that had been so badly beaten by the monkeys going to the nearest food place.

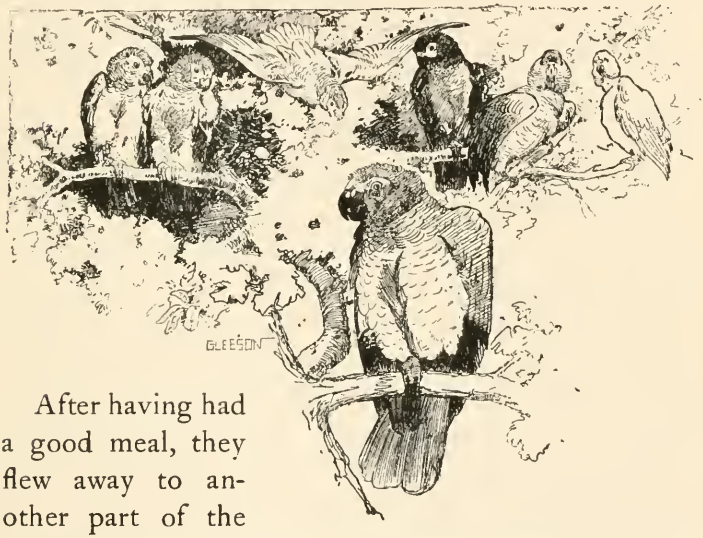
The ngozos possess the wonderful gift of knowing their way through the air; the trees are their landmarks, as they fly above the forest and look down to discover any fruit-bearing trees.

A very old ngozo, about eighty years old, with powdered feathers and deep yellow eyes (which is a sign of old age), who was the last to go away, said to his flock: "I know of a place where at this time of the year there are trees that must be loaded with fruit [and he named the fruit]. I will lead you there."

"Good for you, our chief!" cried all the ngozos. "You are a good chief. With you we shall find plenty of food."

After a journey of about twenty miles, the old leader said to his flock, "Look yonder. Do you see the tree-tops red with fruit?" And they looked in that direction and saw trees red with fruit, and all uttered cries of joy, saying, "What a good morning's meal we are going to have!" They flew with still greater rapidity and soon alighted upon the trees. "We are here just in season," they all exclaimed at

the same time. Then they remained perfectly silent, so as not to attract other ngozos, and also so as not to let the monkeys know where they were. The fruits were very dainty. Soon every ngozo was enjoying his meal, holding the fruit in his claw (for they use their feet as we do our hands) and peeling it with his beak.



After having had a good meal, they flew away to another part of the forest, where their leader thought they would find a kind of nut they liked very much.

Halfway they settled upon a tree to feed, when suddenly a stranger alighted among them. They looked at the new-comer, and at once wanted to drive him away, for he did not belong to their flock. Great cries of rage were heard among them; but as they were preparing to fight the poor wanderer, the chief of the flock cried with a very piercing and command-

ing voice: "Do not drive him away. He is lost. For some reason or another he is solitary. Don't you see that he belongs to our kin, and has a gray body and a red tail? Let us welcome him." The ngozos did so at once in a chorus. But, to their utter astonishment, they found that the stranger could not understand what they said to him; and when he spoke to them they could not understand what he said, and they marvelled at that, and looked at their new friend with amazement and did not know what to make of him.

The fact was that the poor ngozo had escaped from a village of human beings, one of whom had taken him away from his nest when he was a baby ngozo. He had given him to his wife, who fed him and raised him tenderly and taught him to speak or listen to her words. Consequently, he had not learned the language of the ngozos, not having lived among them. He spoke at times a queer kind of jargon which he and two or three captive ngozos of the village had invented for use among themselves.

In the evening the stranger followed them. He had been admitted as one of the members of the flock, and when they arrived at a certain place they met other ngozos. All marvelled at the new-comer, who was exactly like themselves, but could not understand them, as they could not understand him. But nevertheless they were soon friends.

The hour came when the flock thought it was time to return to the island where all the ngozos met, and

they started and before long reached the place with the new friend they had adopted that day. As usual they had their talk out and then went to sleep.

That night this ngozo stranger thought of the home he had left, of his mistress who had been so kind to him, and how much he was petted by the people. The next morning he followed the flock that had received him. He had no one to bring him his breakfast, and henceforth he would have to work for his living. It was a new life before him, but after a while he found that it was much better to be free, even if you had to work for a living, instead of having some one to take care of you and be a slave.

Often the adopted stranger, when his people (the other ngozos) were resting on a tree, would talk the language of the human beings who had brought him up. While he did so, the other ngozos listened in silence. It did not take them long to learn the language of the human beings through their new friend. He wondered why and how they could learn so quickly from him, while it had taken him so long to learn the same language. The reason was that the ngozos learn much more quickly from one another.

He also learned quickly the speech of his kin, and after a while could talk the language of wild gray ngozos as well as the rest of them. Nevertheless, though years passed away, he never forgot some of the words his master and mistress had taught him, and he remembered them to his death.

One evening after all the flocks had arrived, the

ngozos' chiefs said, "Now it is time for us to start for the Land of Plenty."

"Yes," cried all the ngozos, "it is time for us to start for the Land of Plenty. A grand time we will all have there."

"This is the moon of tornadoes, thunder, lightning, of great heat," said one chief. "Fruit and nuts will soon be ripe in that far-off country." And all the ngozos kept repeating over and over again, "It is time for us to travel toward the Land of Plenty."

It was agreed among them that this should be the last day of the season they were all to stay and sleep at the dear old place, where they had had so many chats together, and they were sad; but the glorious time they were to have in the Land of Plenty from morning to night made them feel that they must go, for of late they had had a hard time to get food.

The ngozos are very wise, and they agreed to scatter and take different ways, for otherwise they would starve, there were so many of them.

As usual when daylight came, flock after flock left, bidding each other good-by, to meet again in the Land of Plenty.

In the evening only a few flocks returned to the old place of meeting. But the trees did not seem the same to them. There was a look of sadness among the ngozos, — so many dear friends and faces were missing. There was less bustle, less chattering, less noise, less laughing (for the ngozos laugh).

Three days afterward not one ngozo was to be seen on the trees. They all had left for their promised land. Flock after flock were spread over a vast extent of country, flying over the trees. They saw once in a while a troop of monkeys and bore them no good will.

When the ngozos saw any nut- or fruit-bearing trees, they alighted upon them, and after they had fed, continued their journey. Several flocks had trouble with the monkeys while feeding. When they came near, the ngozos made fearful noises, their feathers rose on their backs, and their tails spread, showing how angry they were. They gave all kinds of bad names to the monkeys.

The monkeys did not know what the ngozos said to them, as they did not understand their language. But they knew they were angry, and every time the poor ngozos had to get out of their way when they had made up their minds to climb on their tree.

CHAPTER IV

THE NKEMAS, OR MONKEYS, TRAVEL TOWARD THE LAND OF PLENTY

WHILE the guanioniens were hatching their eggs, the monkeys began to think that it was time to start on their journey to the Land of Plenty, a journey which they took every year. They remembered the great time they had in that land, and how loaded many of the trees were with berries, nuts, and fruits. What feasts they had, and how fat they had become while there, even before they had eaten up everything in sight!

From many distant parts of the great forest north and south, east and west, troops of monkeys accordingly were travelling to the Land of Plenty.

Among those were the white-mustached miengai, the red-headed nkago, the jet-black, long-haired mondi, the white-nosed ndova, the bluish-black oganagana, the nchegai, and the mpondai.

Each troop was hurrying as fast as possible, so as to reach the Land of Plenty before all the other monkeys, and even before the ngozos. All the creatures of the forest do likewise; hence they all start at the dawn of the day.

Each species of monkey has a distinct language of its own, and so easily recognizable that the other creatures of the forest can tell which kind of monkey is talking. The various species do not mingle with one another. The number in each troop is from ten to twenty or thirty; sometimes, but rarely, even as many as fifty. Every troop has its leader, chosen for his cunning and knowledge of the places where food is to be found at different seasons, months, and sometimes even in different weeks in the forest.

The monkeys never eat any kind of new food without first smelling it to find out whether or no it is poisonous, for the forests abound in poisonous fruits, which are sometimes most tempting and deceiving in appearance, and, if bad, the monkeys throw them away at once.

They know all the trees, rocks, brooks, and other landmarks. They choose a track or path where they can find food on their way.

Among the monkeys who were thus travelling was a troop of white-nosed ndovas, numbering about twenty-five. Their leader was a very knowing old fellow, who had by his quick sight and acute hearing and cunning warned them many a time of danger, so that they could escape. All the troop believed in his wisdom and had great confidence in his judgment.

For nearly fifteen consecutive years the old ndova had made the trip to the Land of Plenty.

One evening before going to sleep, the chief said

to his followers: "Strange is our life. The trees are our home; we never sleep twice on the same one; we have to travel all the year round in search of food, and sometimes food is so scarce that we have to go long distances and then get only a scant living. Indeed, at certain times of the year we have to work hard for our living. We have even to walk on the ground to pick up what we can get. When we are walking we are timid, for it is only when we are in the trees that we feel at home. Leaping from one tree to another, we can travel very fast."

"That is so," said all the ndovas, when they heard their leader speak these words of wisdom; "we are glad to have you for a chief."

"Yes," he replied, "but I am getting old, and soon the younger ndovas will drop me and choose another chief."

"Not yet, not yet; not for a long time yet," cried all the younger ndovas.

Soon deep silence reigned among them. They all had fallen asleep.

At daylight they got ready for their long journey. And their chief said to his followers, "We shall have to travel fast to-day, for food will be scarce on our way."

Soon after the ndovas started on their journey, the old chief leading, while four or five of the strongest were almost abreast of him, the others following. They did not run or walk on the branches of trees, but travelled as they always do on such occasions when

they make a long journey. They took flying leaps, falling on the end of the branches they reached, their weight bringing down with great force the limbs of the tree upon which they fell, ten or twelve feet and sometimes more, the limbs then rebounding with great force.

On the rebound with astonishing quickness and unerring eyes they sprang to the extremity of another branch.

These leaps varied in length from ten to fifteen or twenty feet. Their feet and hands caught with great firmness and precision the flexible limb upon which they landed. Their eyes measured instantly the space to be leaped over and the branch to be reached. Their quick ways are one of the gifts given to many of the monkey tribe. On their journey the ndovas found themselves sometimes on trees higher than all the surrounding ones. Then they had to leap down some forty or fifty feet, and the limbs upon which

they fell, bent with a great crash and rebounded with amazing force.

Thus they went on incessantly for several hours, all keeping silent, never uttering a cry, and at the rate of about fifteen miles an hour. The sound of the bending and rebounding of the branches of trees, the rustle of their leaves, was heard by many creatures of the forest, who said, "The monkeys are travelling."

At last they came to several trees covered with nuts. There was great joy among all the ndovas at the sight. The leader had taken them to the right place. They might have passed the spot either on the right or on the left without knowing it, for the trees were so thick.

They were there before any other troop of monkeys or flock of parrots. So they had it all to themselves, and soon were cracking nuts and eating them as fast as they could.

After the ndovas had eaten until they could eat no more, they were somewhat lazy. They moved quietly, and leaped gently from one branch of a tree to another to amuse themselves. They played with and ran after one another.

Some of the old ones were by themselves. There was one hanging to a branch of a tree by one arm. Suddenly one of his companions, getting hold of his legs, hung by them, the branch bending heavily down with the combined weight of the two. "Let go! Get away!" shouted the upper one with all his lungs. "You are too heavy. I am going to drop.

My hands cannot hold the branch much longer." When the other heard this, he laughed at his friend and let go and dropped. Another one would raise himself with his arms, climb over his fellow, and then run off pursued by the angry ndova, who did not like to have such tricks played on him. Then both would stop, glare at each other, and peace was made.

Some of the ndovas were hanging downward, looking at their friends underneath, who were quiet and holding a conversation. Others were looking searchingly in the skin of a comrade who was lying on his back on a big limb of a tree and picking out any little thing they saw in his fur. They all seemed to enjoy this immensely, especially the one lying on his back. He had the best of it. He loved to be scratched.

A number were very lively, and were running after one another, to see which could run the fastest and escape. They shouted: "You cannot catch me. I dare you." They would leap from one branch to another, then stop and grin at their companions who could not catch them. These were the young members of the troop. A good meal did not make them lazy.

Some ndovas made queer grimaces at each other. Others were quarrelling for one reason and another. They uttered sounds of defiance and were full of fight, daring and tantalizing one another, their angry eyes almost sticking out of their sockets.

One or two ndovas lay on their backs, quietly resting on a heavy limb of a tree, holding to a branch to

steady themselves or so as not to tumble down. Suddenly they were seen by some other ndovas above, who came and disturbed them. Then came a short fight.

Their chief was quietly looking on at his followers. All at once he gave a cry of alarm well known among the ndovas, which meant, "Let us be off; there is danger." There was a cry of fear from the other ndovas and a general stampede, all going to the left from the danger, for that peculiar cry of the chief meant they were to run from the right.

It was which among them could run the fastest. They leaped from tree to tree, from the extremity of one branch to the end of another branch, and so the whole troop went on. They were in full flight and going as fast as they could. It did not take them long to get out of the supposed danger and far from the place. When they thought they were safe, they slackened their speed.

Suddenly a peculiar sound or cry was uttered by their chief, which meant for them to stop. Then when they had come together he said to them, "We had a narrow escape. A huge tree omemba [serpent] was coming toward us." They rested a little while and then continued their journey toward the Land of Plenty. They came to a cluster of trees loaded with nuts and all uttered cries of joy at the sight. Their chief had led them right; they were not to starve. They broke the shells and ate the kernels with great avidity. When their appetites were satisfied they

filled the pouches inside of their cheeks until the skin of these was so distended that they could hold no more.

"If we do not find food," said they, "we will eat the nuts that we have stored in our pouches. How nice it is for us to have such pouches, so that we can carry provisions with us and eat them on the way when hungry!"

Then they resumed their journey, for the Land of Plenty was still far away. "Let us hurry as fast as we can," they said, "so as to be the first on the spot."

But an hour or two afterward, they slackened their speed and stopped, walking leisurely on the branches of trees. They were hungry, and began to eat the food they had stored in their pouches. These were so full that they had to use their hands outside to press out the pieces of nuts.

After this they continued their journey, and when it was nearly sunset stopped, and prepared for their night's rest. Some quarrelled for places. But soon all were seated comfortably on their haunches with their legs bent, their heads gradually fell on their breasts, and they were ere long fast asleep. They remained undisturbed the whole of the night.

Early the following day the ndovas were again on the march. During the day, while they were resting and chattering, the whistling of several arrows was heard among them, and two of their number were pierced and killed and fell to the ground with a great

crash. All the ndovas, giving a cry of alarm, fled with the greatest speed. They knew that those arrows had been shot by human beings, for several of their number had been killed in that manner before. They were not afraid of the apes, or "men of the woods," but they knew well what human beings were like, and every time they saw them they fled.

Having run a long way, they stopped. They were all sad and mourned greatly the death of their two companions. The chief said, "We never know where these human beings are lying in wait for us. They are so sly. They are under trees on which we feed before we know it, and often they take us unawares, though we watch and are on the lookout for them."

After a pause another wise ndova said: "Next the human beings our greatest enemy is the guanionien. He swoops down upon us, seizes us in his powerful claws, carries us up in the air, and then alights upon a tree and devours us. How we dread him! He is worse than a human being. We have to be constantly on the lookout for him, for we can never scent him, and before we know it one of us is carried away. So we have to watch above our heads for the guanioniens, and under the trees for the human beings. Fortunately there are not very many of these horrid guanioniens."

A third ndova, after listening to this, asked: "What about the big tree snakes? Has no one seen one of them after us on this journey?"

"Here is a huge manga"

In the course of the day the ndovas came to a stream and followed its banks until it became narrow enough for them to leap to the other side.

They stopped to rest on a tree overlooking the river, when suddenly they spied a strange creature swimming along the banks. At first they could only see his head. "Here is a huge manga [manatee]," said the chief of the ndovas to his followers. "He is feeding on the leaves of the trees that hang with their branches touching the water. Look at him! how big he is! [the monster weighs sometimes fifteen hundred pounds]. What a clumsy animal! He is eating leaves, and yet he never gets out of the water, never lands on the shore. How small his eyes are!"

The manga is indeed wonderful! on his sides are fins, or hands without nails, which he uses as oars to swim with, and his tail is flat, and with the help of his paddles he can raise his body up vertically, and this enables him to feed on the leaves of the trees, while the gentle motion of his paddles or hands help him to keep his upright position. His body, ten or twelve feet long, is dark gray with a few bristles about one inch in length here and there on the skin.

The stream was clear, and the movements of the manga could be easily seen as he swam and moved along eating the leaves. The ndovas watched the manga with great curiosity; they were not afraid, for they knew he could not climb trees. Then they continued their journey.

That evening the ndovas all went to sleep with a

sorrowful heart, especially the two that had lost their companions.

At daybreak they continued their journey. They met soon after their departure with a great adventure. They came to a tree in one of whose hollows was a beehive. Immediately the bees attacked the ndovas with great fierceness and stung several of them. They uttered loud cries of pain, and all fled with the greatest haste, shouting in the language of the ndovas, " Horrid bees ! Horrid bees ! "

Toward noon the troop came to a number of trees covered with nice fruit. As they were eating quietly, they heard the sound of a moving branch, telling them that another troop of monkeys was coming. The noise became more distinct; evidently the strangers were coming in their direction. They remained silent, so as not to give them a clew to their whereabouts, for fear of having to divide their find of fruit with them.

They heard the loud voices of the long, black shaggy-haired mondi, the largest of the monkey tribe. Soon they were on a tree near them. The mondis were furious when they found out that the ndovas were there first, for they knew the place, and had hoped to reach it before any other troop of monkeys.

The mondis uttered their war-cry. It is indeed a fearful one, — one that can be heard at a great distance.

This was answered by the war-cry of the ndovas, but the latter was faint compared with that of the mondis. The hair of the ndovas stood erect, their

eyes glared at their enemies, and the mondis' eyes glared at the ndovas.

The ndovas were more numerous than the mondis, but these were more heavily built, and far stronger. They had immense canine teeth, which could go deep into the flesh; and though the ndovas had good ones also, they were not so large. It is true the ndovas had quicker motions and were far more agile.

The mondis came nearer and nearer. Their looks were fiercer and fiercer. The mondis defied the ndovas, and the ndovas defied the mondis. The noise both troops made was fearful. At last the mondis leaped upon the trees where the ndovas were, and attacked them. The ndovas were soon routed and had to flee, leaving the fruit-bearing tree in complete possession of the long black-haired mondis.

The mondis started at once to eat, for they were very hungry. They had hardly begun their meal, however, the ndovas looking at them from a tree near

by, full of anger, when there appeared upon the scene two nshiegos (large full-grown apes), who also knew these trees and came to eat their fruit. They were very angry when they saw the mondis were there before them, for they too had come from a long distance. They gave tremendous yells, and the frightened mondis fled in great haste, for the nshiegos, with their long, powerful arms, would have made short work of them.

"Good for you!" shouted the ndovas to the nshiegos when they saw they had driven away the mondis. The nshiegos ate everything in sight.

The ndovas travelled every day toward the Land of Plenty, and had to pass through a part of the forest where nuts, fruits, and berries were very scarce, for the fruit season had passed. Other troops of monkeys, large flocks of toucans (a bird with a huge bill), and other large birds had been there before them.

They agreed to travel in squads, so that they could get food more easily, — for there was not enough for all of them when they were together, — and then to meet at a certain place before sunset, the leader of each squad having been in the country before, on their way to the Land of Plenty. They had a hard time to get their living on that day. Fortunately the Land of Plenty was not far off, and at last they entered its borders.

CHAPTER V

ARRIVAL OF THE NGOZOS AND NKEMAS IN THE LAND OF PLENTY

FLOCKS of ngozos and troops of nkemas began to enter the Land of Plenty one after another. Many squirrels had also made their appearance.

Among the ngozos that had arrived was the flock which had had a fight with the ndovas. The one whose tail had been plucked, and the other whose feathers had been pulled out between his wings, and who had bitten off the monkey's finger, had not forgotten the horrid ndovas. Among the monkeys was the troop of ndovas which had attacked the ngozos, and with them the one that had had his finger cut off. He had cause to remember the horrid ngozos.

Day after day the monkeys gradually worked their way toward the guanioniens' nest. But the ngozos knew of the nest, and when one day they recognized the ndovas that had attacked them, they hoped that the guanioniens would kill many of them.

The time came when, to the great joy of the old birds, three little guanioniens broke through their shells. They looked so cunning with only down on their bodies. Their parents loved them dearly and took great care of them.

The old guanioniens were watching the fruits and nuts every day and said, "These are growing fast, they will soon ripen, and we must expect the arrival of the monkeys very soon."

One fine morning, just at daybreak, the guanioniens heard for the first time the jabbering of numerous troops of monkeys. "Do you hear the talk of the ndovas, nkagos, mpondais, and mondis?" said the big guanionien to his mate, for they could tell the species they heard talking.

"I hear," she replied.

Both gave a chuckle of pleasure, for now they knew that they would have food in plenty.

The old birds had worked very hard every day to get food for their young ones, for they were getting bigger and bigger, and their appetites increased in proportion to their size. And Mrs. Guanionien said to her mate, "Now with plenty of food our little ones will grow up quickly and become strong."

The guanioniens left their tree, and soon after were soaring high in the air above a troop of ndovas, waiting for their opportunity to pounce down upon them. But somehow the ndovas would not go to the top of the trees, but kept in the thick middle part. The two guanioniens circled near each other, and the big one said to his mate: "These ndovas are knowing ones. They do not come to the tops of the trees, and we are not to have our meal as soon as we expected."

The ndovas, having plucked and eaten the best

fruit, moved away a little farther on and soon came to two other trees heavily laden. The fruits were big and ripe, but were all at the top, those on the lower branches having been eaten already by other monkeys. The ndovas chuckled with pleasure at the sight. The temptation was so great that, forgetting to be prudent and all about their enemies, the guanioniens, they ascended the branches and began to eat in silence.

The guanioniens from their great height saw the branches of the trees, upon which the ndovas were, moving, and they came down and soared above the place ready to pounce upon them.

The ndovas were unaware that their great enemies, the guanioniens, were so near them, and were watching them with eyes made sharper by hunger. They were enjoying their feast with great relish, and said to each other, "This is the best fruit we have had for a long time. It is so sweet and so juicy. What luck we have!" "I hope," said one of them, "that those horrid mondis, who are stronger than we are, will not make their appearance, for they will drive us away. Let us make haste and eat all we can."

The guanioniens delayed their attack, for they watched their opportunity and wanted to make sure not to miss their prey. The ndovas had not quite reached the very top of the trees, and the birds could not swoop down upon them if they had to go through the branches, for not only would the branches stop their flight, but would break their wings, as they struck with great force against them.

The two guanioniens soared nearer the ndovas, watching with their keen eyes the trees upon which they were feeding. Suddenly they saw several ndovas come to the very top of the trees. They watched with fierce and expectant eyes, swooped down with terrific speed, seized two of the biggest ndovas and rose in the air, each with his talons firmly imbedded in the back and the neck of his victim, so that he could not turn. One of the monkeys was the chief of the troop ; the other was the one whose finger had been cut off by the ngozo. The eagles flew with their prey toward their tree, and the first thing they did was to tear their eyes out, and then kill them by disembowelling them. They fed first, and then, tearing off small bits, they fed their young ones with them.

It happened that not far off from where the ndovas had been carried away, on a tall tree, was the flock of ngozos which had been so badly treated by those same ndovas. They were feeding on nuts. Suddenly they heard the cries of pain uttered by the ndovas as the guanioniens rose in the air with them. Looking up, they saw the ndova whose finger had been cut off by one of them, and jabbered with joy. " Good for you, guanioniens, good for you ! kill all the monkeys you can ; " and in chorus, " We hate the monkeys, we hate the monkeys ! we hate the ndovas more than the rest, for they have done us the most harm."

The troop uttered fearful cries of dismay and

dread when they saw that the guanioniens had been among them and had carried away their chief and one of their number. They fled in terror to some safer place.

In the evening they looked at one another with deep sorrow and mourned greatly the loss of their chief and of one of their comrades. One of the ndovas was especially sad, for it was his beloved mate that had been carried away by one of the guanioniens.

Still monkeys, parrots, and guanioniens had a good time in the Land of Plenty, and all became very fat. But the guanioniens made great havoc among the monkeys. At the foot of their trees the ground was covered with a great number of skulls and bones of those they had eaten up.

The time came at last when the fruits, berries, and nuts became scarce. They had either been eaten or had fallen to decay on the ground, and the monkeys and parrots left for other parts of the forest.

The guanioniens and their brood, who had begun to fly, also left. The old ones were going to a partly open country to teach their young how to capture prey, and then the goats and gazelles would have a bad time.

The Land of Plenty became deserted until the following year, when it would become again full of life. After their departure the parrots mated, built their nests in the hollows of the trees, and did not come together again into flocks until their young began to fly. A few flocks came at first to the old meeting-place;

the same number of flocks that came in the evening went off in the morning, with the same chief. At first the flocks and their number of ngozos could be easily counted ; but in a few days they became so numerous that it was impossible to number them.

CHAPTER VI

THE NIGHT ANIMALS

STRANGE as it may appear, in the night the great forest is more alive with animals than during the day. These night prowlers can only see well when it is dark, and the darker it is the better they can see. They generally have short legs and walk so lightly that their footsteps cannot be heard when they go through the jungle.

They are very sly and most dangerous to other creatures. Most of them feed on animals that have warm blood, for they love blood, which is to them as water. They sleep during the day, which is their night, and roam about during the darkest part of the night, which is their day. It is at that time that they seek for prey, so they are much dreaded by the animals that sleep during the night.

Their abodes are in the deep hollows of trees, in holes or gloomy recesses under their roots, in caverns, in crevasses found among the rocks, in burrows under fallen trees, and where fallen limbs are piled upon each other. In a word, they like the places where the light cannot penetrate, for the light blinds them. They cannot bear the bright sunshine.

These prowlers do not come out of their abodes to attack their prey until the night is far advanced, for then the sleep of the day animals is heaviest, and they do not easily awaken and scent their enemies. One of the gifts of these night creatures is that they know the hours of the night just as well as if they had watches or clocks, and they seldom emerge from their abodes for their raids and depredations before midnight, and generally return to their dens towards four o'clock in the morning. If they go out earlier, or return later, it is because hunger obliges them to do so.

Almost invariably they make their raids singly, so that the pair have more chance to capture prey. It is wonderful how these night creatures know their way. They see so well that they go through the thick jungle as if the sun were shining, and through the intense darkness, they note every sapling, every branch, every thorny bush, every leaf, every ant, and, no matter how far they go, they know their way back to their lairs.

This gift of theirs is not possessed by human beings, who have to make special marks, such as breaking young branches of trees, marking them back, or putting heaps of leaves, or sticking sticks into the ground to find their way back.

There are only a few night winged creatures, such as owls, vampires, bats, flying squirrels, and a few birds; but there are many night snakes.

CHAPTER VII

THE NJEGO, OR LEOPARD

THE njego, or leopard, is the most dreaded of all the night prowlers by all the animals of the great forest.

One night a njego, looking at his beautiful spotted skin, his long tail beating his flanks, exclaimed to himself: "Many creatures of the great forest hate and fear me, for I love blood. I thrive and live chiefly on kambis [antelopes] and ncheris [gazelles]. I have no friends. All think I am not to be trusted.

"I am the biggest of the night prowlers. I have to be cunning in seeking my prey. No large creature can walk in the forest and through the underbrush with a lighter step than mine, and if I make a slight rustling going through the thicket of the jungle, the beasts of the forest think the wind is the cause of it.

"I can also see in the daytime, but the light makes me wink. I can spring farther than any animal. This is one of the gifts I possess, otherwise I could not get my living. How I love the flesh of the kambis and of the ncheris!" As he thought of them his eyes glittered and shone like fire, and he licked his chops.

"When animals see me close to them, my eyes often paralyze them, and they cannot run away." Then he grinned as njegos do, and added, "No wonder that the animals of the forest dread the njego, for often he makes a prodigious leap, falling in the midst of them when they are not aware of his presence, and then he gloats over the victim he has chosen."

Suddenly the njego heard the trumpeting of a njokoo (elephant), and the terrible and appalling roar of a ngina (gorilla), and he listened a while, and said, "These creatures I do not attack."

Soon after he met his mate near their lair, and they went inside, for the day was coming, and they were soon asleep. The njegos have a peculiar, silent way of communicating with each other by looks, movements of the tail, and other signs only known to them. So in this way after they had slept all day long and well into the next night the big njego said to his mate as they were lying in their lair: "Dear, the night is far advanced; it is time for us to go out in search of prey, and the day animals will be in their heaviest sleep and will not hear or scent us."

It was then about midnight. After coming out of their lair, they rejoiced when they saw that the night was so dark. They said to each other, "How well we shall see to-night!" Then they looked at each other with great affection, the big njego licking the skin of his mate to show her how much he loved her.

They said good-by to each other, for njegos, like all night prowlers, as already said, go in search of

prey by themselves, and they wished each other good luck. "I hope, dear," said the big njego to his mate, "that you will find a kambi [antelope] to-night." "I hope so," she replied, "and I wish you the same."

After this they parted, each going his own way, walking as noiselessly as still air, their lithe bodies passing through the jungle with a suppleness that was wonderful. The glow of their eyes was sometimes such that they looked like two bright burning pieces of charcoal.

The big njego, as he walked along, would stop now and then to scent better or to hear if some prey was moving in the forest. But in spite of all his cunning, power of scent, and good sight, he had bad luck, and did not get any prey. Toward four o'clock in the morning, the two njegos thought it was about time to return home.

When the big njego came to his lair, his mate had not yet arrived, and he waited for her outside. Soon after, he scented her, and then he paced to and fro, his long tail beating his flanks, and his eyes glaring like fire from excitement and pleasure at the prospect of her coming.

Soon she made her appearance, and he received her with great delight. He looked at her and said: "I see by your hollow flanks, dear, that you have had nothing to eat to night."

"You are right," she replied, "my stomach is empty; I am starving."

Then, looking at him, she said: "I see also by your flanks that you did not kill anything to-night. You have had no flesh to eat, no blood to drink."

"You are right," he replied. "I also am starving. Well, we have to work hard for our living. It is not every day that we get prey." They spoke of the animals they had met that night. "I saw a herd of njokoos," said the big njego. "I thought it was wiser to let them alone. I might have sprung upon one and made fast to his trunk and lain between his tusks, but he would have run through the forest and dashed his head against the trunk of a tree and killed me.

"A little after, I scented a kambi; but the creature scented me also, and, though I followed her with all the cunning I possess, she succeeded in crossing and swimming to the other side of a large stream. I had to give up the pursuit, for unfortunately we njegos are afraid of crossing rivers, as we do not swim."

They entered their lair. Then they went to sleep; but they were restless, for they were hungry. Every time they awoke, each said, "I wish night would come." It came at last. They awoke, gave several yawns, and opened their mouths, showing their strong,

sharp teeth. Their terrible retractile claws like those of a cat moved as if ready to sink deeply into the body of some animal. "If I catch a kambi to-night, what a feast I shall have!" thought each njego at the same time; and at the thought of blood both licked their chops with their prickly tongues.

They left their lair and parted, as was their custom both prowling in the dark, gloomy, and silent forest, for all the birds were asleep as well as the day animals.

Afar off there were two kambis together, when suddenly one said to the other: "We are in danger. I scent a njego. Let us flee, for the wicked creature is coming our way. Let us hasten. Yes, the scent is becoming stronger and stronger every moment." They fled in the opposite direction from the scent,

and after a long run came to a large river and swam across. Then they felt safe, as the broad stream was between them and the njego; for kambis know that the njegos never swim across a river.

After a while the njego scented the two kambis. He followed the scent until he came to the place where they had lain down. Here it was quite strong. He thought they were very near, and crouched on the ground, his belly touching it. Never had he been more wary, though he was intensely excited at the prospect of a good meal, and his eyes glistened as if they were fires.

Slowly he advanced, but his sharp eyes saw no kambis. He followed the scent, walking with great rapidity, and was gaining upon them very fast. At last the scent grew very strong, and he made sure he was to have a meal. Soon he came to a river where he saw their footprints on the bank. He gave a fearful growl of disappointment and rage when he found the water of the wide stream between him and his prey. He knew they were beyond his reach. Then he walked along the banks of the river, trying to find a place where two trees opposite each other had branches spreading far over the river, so that after climbing he could make a prodigious bound from one to the other, and thus span the chasm that separated him from the two kambis.

As he was looking for such a place, he said to himself: "I will make the greatest leap I ever made, for I must kill one of those kambis. I am so hungry.

I have had no food for three days. How hard I have to work for my living!"

At last he saw two such trees, and grinned with joy. He rose on his hind legs and imbedded his terrible claws in the bark, and ascended one of the trees just like a cat. When he reached its longest transverse thick branch, he walked over it, and looked across to the other side. But, to his disappointment and dismay, he saw that the gap between the trees was so great that he could not leap over the chasm.

He looked down with dread at the swift deep water of the stream under him, and exclaimed: "I can never leap over this big gap, for if I try I shall surely fall into the stream. I have a horror of falling into the water. This has never happened to me in my life." But before coming down from the tree he uttered another growl of rage, when he saw that he could not follow the kambis. His roar was so loud that he awoke the day creatures that were asleep in the neighborhood, and they fled in every direction.

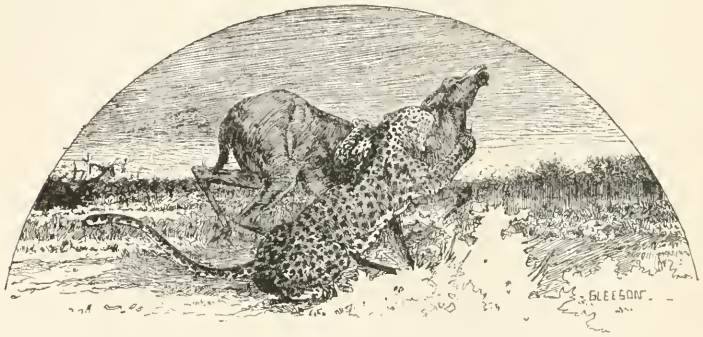
The njego had travelled a very long way from his lair, pursuing the kambis, and it was time for him to go back to meet his mate. As he walked, he was very despondent and said: "Again another day without a meal. But luck may come before I reach my lair. It often happens that at the last moment I find prey."

True enough, as he was going along he suddenly scented a kambi. His eyes once more flashed fire. He hurried on. Nearer and nearer he came toward

36468

his prey, who was nipping leaves, unaware that her life was in such danger, for the night breeze was blowing from her direction in that of the njego, so that she could not scent him.

At last the njego, as sly as a snake, came within sight of the kambi. At that moment the kambi for the first time scented danger and fled in terror, for it was the scent of the njego, her most dreaded enemy. The njego, seeing his prey running away,



made a tremendous bound. He missed, and the kambi fled as fast as her legs could carry her; but he made spring after spring, and each leap brought him nearer and nearer his quarry. He gave growls of rage every time he missed his prey, fearing that it would escape him.

The poor kambi was so terrified that she ran in a wild, erratic way, and became paralyzed with fear. At last the njego, with a prodigious bound, landed on her neck. His teeth were immediately imbedded in the flesh of the panting creature, and his claws

sank deep into her body. The struggle was soon over. The njego made a great feast on the warm body of his victim.

While eating, the njego was silent for fear of attracting other njegos toward his prey. It was terrible to see his glaring, treacherous-looking eyes while he was feasting. If another njego had come near, he would have been attacked with great fierceness. After eating until he could eat no more, he continued his way toward his lair, too surfeited to attack another kambi, even if he had met one on his way.

His mate was waiting for him before their lair. After he arrived, she looked at him, and said: "Dear, I see blood around your mouth and on your paws. This is the blood of a kambi. Your flanks are also so swollen that your stomach must be filled with flesh."

"Yes," he replied, "I have been lucky. I came upon a kambi; you are right."

"I have also been fortunate," she said. "I had a ncheri for my meal, but, as you know, a ncheri is small compared with a kambi. So I had only a good meal and nothing to spare. But I am thankful for this, for I am not hungry any more."

The two njegos were soon fast asleep, and did not wake during the day.

After the njego had left the remains of the kambi, a pack of hyenas came just in time, before the ants arrived to eat the rest, and they feasted on what the leopard had left of the kambi.

CHAPTER VIII

BIRTH OF THREE LITTLE NJEGOS

ONE day, three tiny little njegos were born, and the old ones were delighted.

They watched over their little ones with great care, and when Mamma Njego would go in search of prey, Papa Njego remained behind to take care of the little ones. Now and then he had a hard time, for they cried when they wanted Mamma Njego to nurse them. But mamma wanted an outing sometimes, and had to go after prey.

"What made you so late?" Papa Njego would sometimes say when his mate returned.

"If I am late," she would reply, "it is because I have had a hard time to find prey," or, "Well, dear, I am famished; I found nothing."

When Papa Njego went out and was successful, he would bring food to his mate, for she had to be nearly all the time with their dear little ones.

So the old leopards were kept busy. After a while they would leave the little njegos alone, saying, "We can leave them now, for they are still afraid to go out of our lair when we are not with them."

The little njegos grew fast, feeding only from the breast of their mother, and began to roam around their

lair. One day, as their parents were looking at them playing about, the mother said to her mate: "Look how big our little ones are! How much they have grown lately! We must soon give them a taste of blood."

Two or three nights afterward both were successful, and returned each with a gazelle, and almost at the same time.

They tore the gazelles to pieces, and called their little ones out, and put before them the pieces they had torn off. The little njegos looked at them first, and as if they did not seem to care, for they did not know what blood was, or raw flesh. They came and smelt the meat, but did not lick it, and went back to be nursed by their mamma.

The next day the njegos went after prey and were again successful. Again they tore off pieces of the

flesh and put them before the little ones. This time they smelled the meat and licked it two or three times, to the great joy of the old ones. The third time meat was put before them, they licked the meat until no vestige of blood was left on it.

When their parents saw this, they were delighted and said: "Our little ones are doing well. They now enjoy the taste of blood. They are going to be true njegos."

The little njegos, who had now licked blood, wanted more, and were very restless and cried for it, though they could not yet talk the njego language, for they were too young. The next day Papa Njego was luckier, and brought a young kambi to their lair. This time the eyes of the little njegos fairly glared when they saw the bloody pieces of meat, and they precipitated themselves upon them and licked off the blood with great gusto, for they loved blood more every time they tasted it, to the great delight of the old njegos.

Soon after, as their teeth grew, they began not only to lick the blood, but to eat the meat. One day the big njego said to his mate: "Our little ones are getting big, and soon we shall have to work harder and harder to feed them, for their appetites increase more and more as they grow larger and larger." Then he rubbed his head against her neck to show how much he loved her.

The time arrived when the little njegos were able to follow their mother, and as they grew older they un-

derstood every day, more and more, the ways of the njegos.

One day, one of the little njegos pounced upon a ncheri (gazelle), and when his little brother and sister came to enjoy the prey with him, he growled fiercely, for he did not want them to have any of it.

But Mamma Njego made peace among them, tore the poor ncheri into pieces, and all three had a peaceful meal, while she was looking on. After they were satisfied, she ate the rest, and then, as the day was soon to dawn, she returned to her lair with the little ones.

Her mate was waiting for her. She said to him: "One of the little ones has killed a ncheri. Soon they will be able to take care of themselves. Then we shall not have to work so hard. Look at them, and at their little muzzles and paws, red with blood."

Time went on, and the little njegos had grown big, and were able to hunt for themselves, and finally left their parents. By this time almost all the animals for a long distance round the land of njegos had fled away to escape the fate of those who had been eaten up. The kambis, the ncheris, and other animals would say to their kindred, "The njegos have come to our land; let us migrate to some other parts of the great forest."

So the old njegos starved. Night after night they had no prey. The big one said to his mate, "We must leave this country if we do not wish to die of hunger."

"Yes, let us leave this horrid country," she replied. "See how thin we have become for want of food."

And they looked at each other and saw their ribs showing through their beautiful spotted skins.

They departed, but, as the forest was depopulated for miles around, they got a very scanty subsistence, just enough to sustain life.

They came, indeed, to a worse country still, for the formidable bashikouay ants had been in the land a few days before in countless millions, and their vast army had attacked all the living creatures that came in their way, and devoured many, and all the rest had fled for their lives, and no creature walking or crawling on earth was to be seen. Hard indeed was the lot of the two njegos. Death by starvation stared them in the face.

In that plight, Mrs. Njego said to her mate: "Now that we have raised our young, let us separate for good, according to the custom of our kind. When we are far apart, we shall get food more easily."

They parted with great friendliness and said, "Perhaps in the course of our lives we shall meet again." They went in opposite directions and lived alone, prowling every night in search of prey, and resting often during the day on branches of trees.

CHAPTER IX

THE BIG NJEGO BECOMES A MAN-EATER

NOW we will only follow the big njego, having lost track of his mate. He was in a pitiful state, and mad with starvation. It happened one day that he saw a spring where human beings came every day to get water. He scented their footprints, and his appetite then seemed to increase tenfold. He followed the scent, which led him to their village, and as he came near the scent seemed to him the most delicious and appetizing aroma he had ever smelled.

"I have never dared," said he, "to attack human beings before. I have always kept shy of them. But I am famished, and the country contains no prey, so that I shall die of starvation unless I eat one of them. So I must not be afraid."

The village was fenced, and that first night he did not dare to leap over the fence, for he was timid in spite of what he had said to himself. Toward morning he hid in a thick part of the jungle close by the spring, and went to sleep on a cross branch of a tree. He was so hungry that after sunset he descended the tree, and lay in wait near the path leading to the spring, waiting for a human being to come. It was

almost dark, and all the people had come to the spring to get water but one.

The njego's quick ear soon heard footsteps coming, and presently he saw a woman with a big water jar on her head walking in the path toward the spring. He watched her. While she was bending over the water, filling her jug, he made a tremendous leap and landed on her back, fastening his claws in her body, at the same time that his big jaws with their terrible teeth sank into her back.

The poor woman was so paralyzed by fear that she did not utter a single cry. The leopard carried her into the jungle and devoured her. The flesh of the woman tasted so good, and the blood he licked was so sweet, that the njego thought it was better than all the kambis or anything else he had ever eaten in his life before, and he said to himself: "Why did I not dare to kill human beings before! They are harmless. This one did not fight. What a fool I have been!"

From that day the big njego was a man-eater. Soon after, a man who had gone into the forest for wild honey happened to pass near where the njego was, and he also was attacked and devoured. The njego became the terror of the people of that country.

The human beings, missing their fellows, went in search of them, and saw in one place the big footprints of the njego, and blood in another, and knew that a njego had turned into a "man-eater," and was in the neighborhood, and had carried off their missing

" He watched her "

ones. There was great sorrow among the villagers at this discovery, for they thought more of them would be slain and devoured.

From that time on they never went alone into the forest or to the spring, and were always armed with spears or poisonous arrows. At night they kept many fires burning in the street, and consoled themselves by saying, "No matter how hungry a njego may be, he is afraid of fire." They also danced all night and beat their tom-toms.

During that time the njego kept far out of the way in the jungle. But he thought all the time of the flesh of the human beings he had eaten, and said, "I will watch my opportunity."

The villagers, after a while, thought the man-eater had been scared away and had left the country, and that he would never come back. So they stopped dancing every night, and went to sleep without any fear of the njego.

But, in the course of time, the njego returned. One night he walked toward the village, and, coming to the fence, turned around it, hoping to see some openings through which he could get. But he saw none. Then he leaped over the palings, falling so lightly that no one heard him. Noiselessly he passed through the dark street, his eyes looking everywhere, in search of prey. He listened to everything, and was very cautious and somewhat timid, for he had never entered a village of human beings before.

He scented human beings in every house; but the

houses had doors, and these were all closed. The village was composed of a single street with houses on both sides. So he went in the rear of the houses and walked by them, but saw no openings to get in.

Finally he came to a goat-house; but there was no way for him to enter, for the house had been especially built to protect the goats against njegos. So, after walking several times around it, and saying to himself, "How I like goats!" he retreated, and soon after he leaped over the fence and went back into the jungle, and slept on a huge branch of a tree.

But he was thinking all the time of the flesh of the human beings he had eaten, and the following night he went again to the village and examined carefully every spot; but he was still very timid, for everything was yet very strange to him. He lingered much longer than on the first night, and walked several times the length of the street and back of the houses, scenting human beings everywhere, which gave him a tremendous appetite.

He remained uncertain what to do; but he had come to the conclusion that the roofs were the weakest parts of the houses. However, that night again he leaped back over the fence, went into the jungle, and slept on the same tree that he had slept on since he had first come to the village.

The next night there was a great thunderstorm, with terrible lightning, and the rain fell in torrents. The njego said: "This is good weather for me. I will enter the village of the human beings, and carry

away one of them for a meal." He waited as usual until the night was somewhat advanced, and then thought it was time for him to leave his place. He came down the tree and directed his steps toward the village.

When he came in sight of the fence, he listened, but could only hear the heavy rain falling on the roofs of the houses. He heard no voices of the human beings, but his scent told him that many were there.

Then he said to himself: "They are sleeping, just as the men of the woods, the monkeys, and other animals of the forest do, during the night, and now is the time when I can pounce upon them." The scent of human beings gave him courage, for he was famished and had become desperately ferocious from hunger. He walked slowly and silently in the middle of the street, looking here and there, his eyes shining like fire. At last he stopped before a house in which people were asleep, and thought for a while. Then, as quick as a swooping guanionien, he made a tremendous bound, landed in the middle of the palm-thatched roof, plunged through it and seized one of the inmates (a young girl), and in the twinkling of an eye he had sprung back through the hole he had made going into the house, with his prey in his mouth, made another spring, which landed him outside of the fence, and carried off his victim into the forest.

The njego had been so quick that the inmates of the house had hardly time to realize the great misfortune that had happened to them. They saw blood

and the hole through the roof. Then they knew that the man-eater had been there and had carried off one of their people.

At their cries of anguish, the whole village awoke, and all the people knew that the man-eater had come back, and swore that they would never rest and be happy again until they had trapped him. They made a trap in the forest, in the shape of a funnel, planting long poles in the ground, close together, and making them fast. The structure was much narrower toward the end, so that it was impossible for the leopard to turn back. At the end was a sort of cage. The top of the trap was also closed with poles made very secure, so that when he went in he could not possibly escape.

When the trap was finished, they brought a goat and put him in the cage. During the night the goat, which was much frightened, cried incessantly. The man-eater heard him, and said, "To-night I will make a meal of that goat."

When the night was sufficiently advanced, he descended the tree upon which he had slept, and, attracted by the noise of the goat, went toward the trap in which it was imprisoned.

Now though the njegos are very clever in getting prey, they are otherwise very stupid, and can easily be deceived.

So the njego went round the trap, and tried several times to reach the goat by putting his big paws inside; but the sticks were made so secure that he could not

do it. He had never seen in the forest anything like the trap, and suspected that all might not be right about it. But at last his hunger got the better of him, and he entered the funnel, and walked towards the goat, which cried louder than before, it was so frightened. At first the njego had plenty of room, but, as he advanced farther and farther, he found it more difficult to move forward on account of the narrowness of the space. Then he touched a spring, and a trap-door fell behind him. At the noise the trap-door made in falling, the njego became frightened and tried to escape; but he found himself so tightly held that he could neither move forward nor backward. Then he became furious, and uttered terrific yells of rage in quick succession.

There was great joy among the people in the village when they heard the cries of the njego, for they knew he was trapped. In the morning they went to the trap and saw the njego making frantic efforts to get away; but the structure had been built so strongly that it was impossible for him to break through.

His yells of rage became terrific and filled the forest with their din. The people shouted to him: "Ah, ah, you ferocious and terrible creature, you njego man-eater! You have eaten enough kambis and ncheris and other animals which we would have killed and eaten ourselves, if it had not been for you, and you have also eaten our people. Now it is all over with you. You will eat no more. No one will be afraid of you hereafter."

Then they passed their spears through the openings between the sticks and pierced him to death. After they were sure the njego was dead, they broke up the trap, and took his body out, and brought it to the village and laid it in the middle of the street, and the villagers, looking at it, shouted: "You wicked creature, you will eat no more of our people! No kambi or ncheri will ever be eaten by you again. We all hate you. We hate you more than any other animal of the forest."

They broke his jaws, and took away his teeth for a necklace, and skinned him to make belts of his hide, and cut off his tail for a charm, and ate his liver to give them courage.

CHAPTER X

THE HAKOS, OR ANTS

THE forest is inhabited by many species of ants, of many sizes, and of many different colors. Their number is so great that they not only cannot be counted, they cannot even be estimated. Their mode of life, their habits, and their homes vary greatly. Marvellous is the intelligence of these small creatures. Their thrift, perseverance, and industry are beyond those of any other insect or animal.

They have great tenacity of purpose, and are most systematic. For their size they have immense strength. They possess many gifts to suit their different modes of living. They understand each other perfectly, otherwise they could not work with such deliberate concert of action, and so intelligently. They have chiefs, leaders, and workers.

Almost all the species of ants live together in large numbers. There are few that live solitary lives.

Those which prey alone are very voracious and fierce. Many ants are endowed with a wonderful power of smell, and often, though not one of them can be seen, they suddenly make their appearance by thousands, or tens of thousands, when they scent food, many of the species coming even from under the

ground. They are such nuisances that human beings have to put the feet of their tables and cupboards into vases of water for protection.

Many ants have the ferocity of the leopard or other night animals. They attack their prey with great courage. One species, the bashikouays, go in countless numbers on their raids, and attack all life in the forest. All animals flee in order to escape them.

Among the most wonderful ants are the termites, or white ants, who build structures of clay, or of grains of earth, to shut themselves from the light, to be protected from the rays of the sun, from the rain, and from their enemies.

Some species of termites are very fond of cotton goods, paper, etc., but avoid woollen or silk articles.

They manage to scent paper and cotton goods from under the ground, and ascend the poles upon which the trunks or chests which contain the goods rest. They build a long tunnel from the ground on the outside of the poles, and climb through to the chest, into which they eat their way. The tunnel is made of minute particles of wood glued together, by a substance coming from their bodies. Often the owner of the chest, when he opens it, finds nothing inside, — everything having been eaten up by the termites.

CHAPTER XI

THE NCHELLELAYS, OR WHITE ANTS

ONE of the white ants, or nchellelays, said one day to another nchellelay: "Strange indeed is our life. We are unlike the other ants, for they enjoy the light of day, and breathe the air that passes over the prairies and forests. They can ramble where they please in search of prey or food. We nchellelays live in darkness. Light is odious to us. The sun is our greatest enemy, and we have to protect ourselves from its rays, which kill us when they strike our bodies. If, perchance, by some catastrophe, our houses are damaged, and we are thrown out of them, we have not only the sun, but the rain as our foe. Creatures surround us on every side to pounce upon us and devour us, and many kinds of ants are also our enemies. Our life is safe only when we are shut up in our houses."

An old and wise nchellelay, who had been listening, said: "Why do you complain of your existence? We are born with great gifts which other creatures do not possess, to suit our mode of life. To us, darkness is light, for we can see so much better in it. We erect buildings through which neither the sun nor the air, the light nor rain, nor our enemies can penetrate. We build during the night, so the sun cannot harm

us. Just think how comfortable and cosey are our chambers!"

All the nchellelays were listening to what the wise and knowing one said, and when she had done speaking, they said: "You are right, wise one. We are born with certain great gifts, which no other creatures possess, to suit our mode of life, and protect ourselves from our enemies."

These nchellelays that were talking belonged to the species that build only on the prairies that are surrounded by the great forest. Their structures, or houses, are of the shape of gigantic mushrooms. They vary in height from ten to eighteen inches, the tops or crown being from ten to eighteen inches, and the stem or round pillar supporting the crown about five inches, in diameter. As the colony grows larger, sometimes two or three crowns are built on the top of one another. Each house forms a colony.

From immemorial time, these nchellelays have built on the prairies, and as they increase and multiply in a wonderful manner, their structures cover the whole prairie, and can be counted by tens and tens of thousands, at short distances from one another. Strange indeed is the sight.

The colony inhabiting these gigantic mushroom-like structures is of three kinds of nchellelays unlike in shape and having different kinds of work to perform. The chiefs, few in number, are much larger in size than the others. Their heads are armed with powerful nippers.

The next class are smaller than the chiefs, have elongated bodies, and are armed also with strong nippers. These are the officers or overseers and fighters.

The third class are exceedingly numerous, and form by far the greatest population of each colony. They are shorter and smaller in size. Their heads are square, and their nippers are shorter than those of the other two kinds, and of a somewhat different shape. This class is born to work. They are the builders of the structures. Their life is one of labor. They have soft bulky bellies, of dark bluish or yellowish gray color, filled with the clay they feed upon.

The head and nipper-like jaws of the chiefs, officers, or overseers are very hard, and of dark color, contrasting with the color of their bodies. These pincers are given to them for fighting, wounding, piercing, catching their enemies, and also tracing lines where the work has to be done.

One day some mushroom nchellelays said: "We need a new house, and we will build one which will last for years, through which neither rain nor sun can come, and through which our enemies cannot enter. We are small, it is true, but among the gifts that we have are patience, perseverance, industry, and a good thinking brain. With these four gifts we can accomplish a good deal and succeed."

There was great excitement among the nchellelays when they made ready to commence their work. The chiefs gave orders to the officers or overseers, and

these gave orders to the workers. The dry season is the time the nchellelays choose for building. They know the time of the two seasons, the rainy and the dry, perfectly well.

The workers, having received their orders, began work in great earnest. They made deep perpendicular tunnels to reach the blue clay, and, when they had reached it, they made other tunnels upward, — all these under the place chosen for building their house in.

It was a remarkable sight when they began their labor. The workers followed one another in a continuous stream, and ejected a quantity of thick, soft, semi-liquid clay, which they had eaten and which had been transformed during the digestive process into a gluey material. Each load was put side by side with wonderful precision. After this, they followed one another and disappeared under the ground. The column of workers never ceased for an instant. There did not seem to be any lazy ones among them; no one was shirking work and lagging behind. They marched like a well-drilled army of workers who knew what their duty was. Their system showed great intelligence. No bricklayer among the most civilized human beings could have laid bricks side by side with more skill than they did their loads. The officers were looking on and watching how the work was done.

Once in a while some of the nchellelays brought grains of earth and deposited them in the mortar.

The structure rose as if by enchantment, and at last the making of the crown was begun, numerous cells or rooms communicating with one another. A large cell, much larger than any of the others, was built for their queen.

Every tunnel and cell was coated with a gluey, shining matter, coming from the bodies of the workers, to prevent them from giving way. At the base of the column they had built inside a round clay ball, divided into three parts which could be separated, full of very small cells for eggs to be deposited in. This ball communicated with the rest of the buildings by tunnels through which the eggs might be transported to the various cells.

After the building was completed, the nchellelays said, "Now we must go and store in many of the cells little grains of earth to use in our mortar." So they went to work, and brought loads of these and stored them in the cells which the officers had selected.

When everything was in order, a new arrangement was made. The officers were scattered over the buildings and kept watch over the cells. The large cell for their queen had an entrance at each end communicating with all the corridors in the house. A large body of officers kept watch and surrounded her.

In the course of time the queen did nothing but lay eggs, and an enormous number of them.

These eggs hatched from the heat, and then the little tiny nchellelays, which were of a milky white color, were taken to different cells by the big ones,

and in the course of time became large themselves. When the colony became too large, the nchellelays said to one another: "Now we are living too many together. Our structure is too small, and we must build a new addition to our dwelling." So the workers went down to the clay and built a short stem, as they had done before, and then made another mushroom-like cap. They also built many cells, and the surplus population took possession of these new ones.

But the colony kept increasing, and another mushroom-like structure was added, and built on the top of the second cap. At last a fourth one was needed and then the nchellelays said, "We cannot add to our structure, for it would be too high and become top heavy."

While the mushroom nchellelays were enjoying quietly the comforts of the house they had built with so much care and skill, the following event took place.

Another kind of nchellelays, that were lazy and lived as much as they could on the labors of others, said to one another: "Let us make our abode in the structure of the mushroom nchellelay. We must be very cunning, for it is not an easy matter to build cells and tunnels in their house without being discovered; still we are accustomed to do this, and can succeed if we want to. But if we are found out, we shall have a hard time, for they are much stronger and more powerful than we are."

These intruders were very small, mere pigmies in

size compared with the mushroom nchellelay. They also had chiefs, officers or overseers, and workers. They went forthwith to work, and with their nippers dug into the thick walls of the mushroom nchellelays from the bottom, carrying away the débris of the material they demolished and depositing it in the earth. They took good care to make no mistake, and their small cells and tunnels were built between the original cells.

They were extremely intelligent, and could tell when they were getting dangerously near the tunnels or cells of their bigger neighbors. They succeeded at last in building their cells and corridors throughout the structure. These were coated with a black gluey matter, and consequently were different in color from those of their neighbors, which were yellow.

So two colonies of different nchellelays lived in the same buildings, the big ones not knowing that intruders were in their abode. These little dwarf nchellelays lived happy and contented, and often laughed at their big neighbors, saying, " They do not know that we have made our home in their house."

One day the njokoos (elephants) happened to come into the country of the mushroom nchellelays, and several bulls getting into a fight among themselves, they demolished many of the buildings of the mushroom nchellelays, treading upon them with their big feet, often crushing a great part of their structures, and thus also killing many nchellelays, and wounding many others.

The nchellelays were very much excited, and those who had escaped with their lives and heard the crash, went into all the cells to tell of what had happened. None could tell the cause of the catastrophe, for such a thing had never happened to them before.

This was indeed a great and sudden misfortune. The officers made their appearance immediately at the opening of every cell or tunnel that had been damaged, put their heads out of the entrances to see what was the cause of this sudden smash, and then disappeared inside and reported to their chiefs.

Soon after, a large number of officers or overseers arrived at all the breaks. They cried, " Let us defend our homes," their big nippers opening and closing all the time. They were ready to bite and to fight any intruder, not a nchellelay, that wanted to get inside of their dwelling, and at the least sign of danger they opened their nippers still wider, ready to bite.

Great, indeed, had been the havoc made by these njokoos. Dead and wounded were lying everywhere among the ruins. Among them were young nchellelays of a milky white color, and others quite tiny, having just come out of the eggs. Eggs, whole or smashed, were seen in every direction. It was a terrible sight to contemplate for the nchellelays. Everything was topsy-turvy.

Still the nchellelays recovered quickly from the sudden confusion into which they had been thrown, for they had cool heads. The work of rescue began

first. Luckily it was a cloudy day and the dry season, when the sun is not powerful.

Orders were given, and the nchellelays went out to begin the work of rescue. They were seen everywhere among the débris, looking round for the dead and wounded. When they saw one, they immediately went toward him. If so dangerously wounded that they thought there was no hope for him, he was left on the ground to die. When they saw that there was hope of saving the life of one, they took the poor wounded one gently between their pincers and carried him tenderly inside, those who guarded the entrance making room for the rescuer to pass. The wounded that could, hopped or crept around, and were helped and led in.

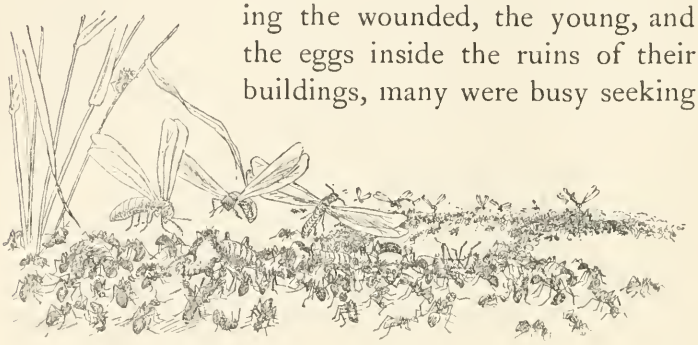
The young were also carried in with the utmost tenderness and affection, for they were babies and helpless. Then, and last, the eggs that had not been injured were also carried in.

In the great catastrophe that had taken place, the big nchellelays and the pigmy ones were mingled together in the ruins. The pigmies had also many dead and wounded. Their presence was the first intimation that the big nchellelays had of them. Their rage knew no bounds at the sight. Officers and workers attacked the intruders with great fury. These, however, fought with the utmost bravery, for it was a fight for life with them, and many of the big ones bit the dust in the conflicts that took place.

The mode of warfare among the nchellelays is

to disembowel one another by piercing their soft stomachs with their nippers. The belly is the vulnerable part of their body, and once pierced they are crippled, and die soon afterwards.

Now the ruins were turned into a great battlefield. It was soon a scene of carnage. While many of the big nchellelays were transporting the wounded, the young, and the eggs inside the ruins of their buildings, many were busy seeking



the pigmy nchellelays, the intruders within their house, to fight and kill them. Dead and wounded from the numerous combats lay everywhere. There were many thrilling fights and death-struggles. The attacks on both sides were fierce, and no one asked quarter. Combatants were seen fighting one another over the whole battlefield. Sometimes the fight occurred in a very rugged place where the ruins of the buildings lay around on the top of one another. One nchellelay was seen ascending the steep incline ready to charge the enemy at the top, who was waiting for his onslaught. In another place, one was descending with great fury to attack his enemy, who was coming up.

Elsewhere, one could see a worker or an officer of the larger kind attack his diminutive enemy, and succeed, after some sparring, in disembowelling him, when suddenly an officer of the pigmy kind, seeing one of his comrades in the fight, or in his death-throes, would attack the victorious one before he had time to turn round and get ready for the fight, and succeed in disembowelling him with his pincers, although the antagonist was at least two or three times his size.

It was a miniature fight of giants and pigmies, the latter fighting as bravely as the giants.

The time at last came when all the pigmy kind were overpowered and killed, one by one, and the battlefield was strewn with their dead, mingled here and there with those of the larger ants. When the battle was ended, and the young and the eggs had been carried inside of what remained of the building, the work of repairing all the rents that had been made by the destructive work of the njokoos began.

The officers made tracings with the points of their nippers at the apertures to show where the closing was to take place. Then the workers came and first carried away the débris that was in their way. Then they closed the walls in the manner in which they had at first built the structure, by putting loads upon loads of clay-like matter upon one another. Others came carrying minute pebbles or coarse grains of earth in their mouths, and during the night they finished rebuilding the structure just as it was before.

CHAPTER XII

THE GIANT NCHELLELAYS

THE giant nchellelays are so named as they are much larger than all the other species of nchellelays, or white ants. Their bodies are of a whitish yellow color, with very hard black heads, armed with most formidable pincers, — terrible weapons for fighting and biting. Their officers or overseers are smaller than the workers, but have more elongated bodies. As they are larger than all the other nchellelays, so their structures are much larger also. They vary from five to fifteen feet in height. Millions upon millions of grains of earth are required in their construction. Their mode of building these is wonderful and unlike that of other termites. How they live under the ground before their structure is built, no one can tell.

One day the giant nchellelays said: "Let us build a new structure for us to live in and be secured against our enemies, the air, the rain, and the sun."

"Yes," replied all the others forming the great colony, adding:

"We shall have to work hard and use a great deal of thought, perseverance, and skill before our work is accomplished, for untold numbers of grains of yel-

low earth will have to be taken from under the black loam and carried above the ground where we are to build, put side by side, and cemented together before our home is finished."

Soon after this talk they began their labors. They brought, from the numerous tunnels they made, grains of yellow earth, and laid their foundation, each nchellelay carrying only one grain at a time.

The workers labored with great earnestness; thousands upon thousands carried between their pincers grains of earth, and laid them down side by side, each passing over the grain he had brought and depositing on it a gluey substance which might be called mortar or cement, and which joined the grains of sand together.

Layers upon layers were built in this manner, and this flat foundation communicated by numerous tunnels with the yellow earth underneath. The officers kept watch to see that the work was done. Special care was taken in the building of the outer walls, for these were to be very solid, having to protect the interior from the weather or from violence. They made the wall much thicker and harder, and impervious to rain.

When daylight approached, they closed all the openings leading into the building. Strange to say, though it is dark in the house, the ants can tell when the day is over and when the night has come. So, after the sun had set and darkness had come over the land, the officers broke with their big pincers the

mortar that had closed the openings, and the workers continued their task. The building rose as if by enchantment, for thousands upon thousands were working with all their might.

As the structure rose, the number of cells and tunnels increased, and the building assumed somewhat of a sugar-loaf appearance.

As they began to reach the top, they built points or pinnacles, making the top the very strongest of all the parts of the structure.

The giant nchellelays were wise in the art of building, and knew that the summit of their dwellings was to bear the brunt of the weather, of the rain-storm, and even the fall of a tree, so that in this place the masonry was several inches thick.

The structure, after a great deal of labor, was finished, attaining a height of fourteen feet and a diameter of five feet at the base. Hundreds of millions of grains of yellow earth had been used in its construction. Each grain had been placed as systematically as if the most skilful bricklayer had done the work, and the roofs of the cells were arched, for the ants knew the strength of the arch. And, when completed, the building was so strong, high, and large, that even the huge njokoo had to pass it by, leaving it untouched.

A long time had passed, when one day a very large dead branch fell upon the building of the giant nchellelays and destroyed some of the pinnacles. News soon spread through the cells that a great accident had hap-

pened, that the top of the house was damaged; there was great commotion and excitement among the population when this occurred. The officers came round the openings to see what was the matter, and to defend them against possible intruders. The wounded and the eggs were brought inside. The work of repairing began at once, and the workers brought their grains of earth, and much of the broken material was used in making repairs.

During the night the nchellelays rebuilt the pinnacles, the new ones being of exactly the same shape as those that had been destroyed.

Things went on well for a few days, when another huge limb of the same tree fell on the structure and damaged it again.

It was again rebuilt as it was before the accident. Sometime afterward the building was once more damaged by another limb of the tree.

This time the giant nchellelays held a consultation, and after deliberation concluded not to rebuild the pinnacle, deeming the place dangerous, and determined to erect another structure in some other place, and they accordingly withdrew.

CHAPTER XIII

THE NGOMBAS, OR PORCUPINES

ONE day two porcupines were getting ready to go out of their dark burrow, to seek for food, for they were hungry. They were near the entrance, and listened. Hearing no noise, and scenting no danger, one said to his mate, "All is quiet; so we can safely leave our home."

After they were out, they raised their quills, many of which were about one foot long, hard and sharp, and shook them against each other and made a rattling noise.

Then the big ngomba said to his mate: "Dear, we porcupines are not blood-thirsty; we do not attack the animals of the forest, and drink their blood, and feed upon them; neither do we fight them. We are harmless. We feed on roots, nuts, and vegetable things. What a precious gift our coat is! Its quills are our weapons of defence. No animals in this great forest possess such a valuable coat. When we walk, our quills lie quietly on our back or sides. When we fear danger, we roll ourselves into a ball, and raise them upright, and we feel safe and fear no animal of the forest, no matter how fierce he may be."

His mate replied, thoughtfully, however: "You forget; there is one enemy we have, and we dread

him much, though he is very small. It is the bashikouay ant. When they attack us, their number is so great that they can penetrate between our quills, attack our bellies, which are not protected, and our eyes, and well-nigh devour us. How we hate and fear the bashikouays!"

The big porcupine that day went farther than usual from his burrow. He heard heavy footsteps, and said to himself: "These are the footsteps of the njokoo. Perhaps he is coming my way." The footsteps came nearer and nearer, and the porcupine rolled himself up, not daring to walk farther.

The njokoo came nearer, looked at him, and then stopped. The poor porcupine, as he heard the footsteps of the elephant nearing him, stood still, as if he were dead; but his quills were erect.

The njokoo looked at the ngomba, for he had never seen one before. He was suspicious, and did not like the looks of his sharp-pointed quills, and trumpeted, which meant: "I am not going to toss you about with my trunk. I am not going to play ball with you. Neither will I trample upon you, and try to crush your body under my feet. I do not fancy these sharp-pointed quills. They would hurt my trunk if I got hold of you, and lame me for life and perhaps cause my death if I trampled upon you. So do not be afraid. I will not try to hurt you."

After this the njokoo left, and for a while the porcupine could hear his heavy footsteps or the cracking of saplings which he broke as he walked through them.

The porcupine did not know what the trumpeting of the njokoo meant, and did not know what the big and powerful njokoo said to him. But he had been so scared by the elephant that he did not dare for a long while to unroll himself and go about. At last, when he was sure that he was safe, he continued his rambling in search of food.

He soon came to the den of two leopards who were out in search of prey for their three baby leopards, who were walking round outside. As soon as these saw the poor porcupine, they started for him, and he

had just time to roll himself up, for their steps were so light that he had not heard them.

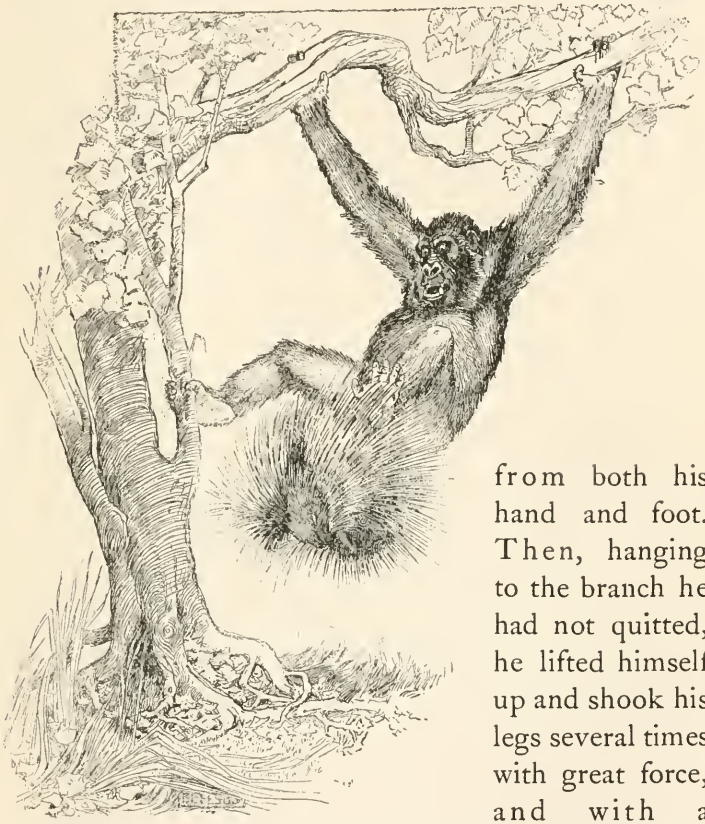
The little leopards were so young that they had no experience, and thought they would play with the much-frightened porcupine with their paws, just as a cat does with a mouse. But they did not try it twice, when they felt the pricking of the porcupine's quills.

As soon as the tiny little leopards went back to their den, the porcupine unrolled himself and ran away as fast as his short legs would let him. After he had settled down into a walk, he passed a big snake of the color of the dead leaves, hiding among them and waiting for prey. When he heard the noise the porcupine was making, he was delighted, for he said, "Surely I am going to have something to eat;" but the porcupine had not yet wholly got over his fright, and was walking with his quills standing up. The snake, with his sharp, small eyes, said: "It is of no use to try to swallow this creature, for his quills would pierce and kill me. I shall let him alone."

It was late, and though the porcupine was far away from his burrow, he knew the way there well, for he was acquainted with the surrounding country, and was in a hurry to go to meet his mate, whom he loved tenderly.

Hurrying along, he suddenly heard a noise above his head, and, being scared, he rolled himself once more and raised his quills. The noise had been made by a ngina (gorilla) on a tree laden with fruit that he had been eating, and he was coming down. The ngina was unaware of the presence of the porcupine. He had reached the lower branch of the tree, and was hanging to it before stepping on the ground. As his left arm was ready to let the branch go, he stepped on the porcupine, and gave a terrific yell of pain, as the quills went deeply into the sole of one of his feet. Quick as a flash, he tried to take away the porcupine

from his foot with one of his hands. Then he gave another terrific groan of pain, for some of the quills entered the palm of his hand. The blood was dripping



from both his hand and foot. Then, hanging to the branch he had not quitted, he lifted himself up and shook his legs several times with great force, and with a mighty kick sent the porcupine flying to a long distance. The porcupine was terribly scared. Never in his life had he been attacked and buffeted in this way. Nor had he ever heard such terrific yells and groans.

All his muscles were called into play in order to keep his body in ball-shape and his quills standing upright, for the ngina was furious, yelling and roaring by him; but fortunately he did not dare to handle him, though the frightened porcupine thought his last day had come.

At last the ngina went away. The porcupine remained coiled for a long time, for he had never been so frightened in his life. Then, when he thought there was no more danger, having listened carefully and heard no noise, he continued his way toward his burrow.

The porcupine met with no farther adventures on that day, and finally came to his burrow and saw his mate waiting for him. She said, "What makes you so late? I began to feel anxious."

"Dear," he replied, "I have had an awful time to-day. The wonder to me is that I have come back at all. I have never met with so many adventures and dangers in my life before; but, thanks to my wonderful coat, I am safe." And after they had retreated into their burrow, he recounted to his mate what had happened to him during the day.

CHAPTER XIV

THE IPI, OR GIANT ANT-EATER

DARKNESS had come over the land. An ipi was listening inside of the opening of his burrow. After making sure that there was no danger, he came outside and stood still, waiting for his mate to come out also. His body was about five feet long, and covered on the upper surface and on the sides

chiefly with large, thick, horny, yellowish, overlapping scales, these scales becoming smaller as they approached his head. He shook his body and the scales rattled, as they struck together.

Soon after, his mate came out, and they looked at each other and admired their wonderful coats.

The big ipi said to his mate: "Fortunate are we to possess such a good coat to cover our bodies. Our scales are so hard that after we have rolled ourselves up for protection, the teeth of our enemies cannot pierce them. They slip over them. It is our weapon of defence, as we ipis have no teeth.

"Strangely do we pass our lives. We have no choice of food, but feed on ants. We are gifted with an extensile tongue which we can shorten or lengthen at our will, and at its extremity it is covered with a glutinous secretion, and no ant when caught can ever escape. Oh, what a multitude of ants we have eaten since we were born!" he laughingly added. "What a number we need to satisfy our appetites!"

"Yes, indeed," his mate replied, "and sometimes the ants become scarce, or we cannot find many, and we have to go back to our burrows with empty stomachs."

Their conversation was suddenly interrupted. They heard a great noise near, and they rolled themselves up and pressed their scales against one another.

The noise had been made by a number of kambis who were fleeing at great speed from some enemy. When this noise had died away, the two ipis unrolled themselves, and said good-by to each other, and each went a different way in search of ants.

The sight of the ipis at night is wonderful. Nothing escapes them when they go through the forest and jungle. They can even spy a single ant marching alone, though it is pitch dark.

The two ipis were fortunate that night, for both discovered long lines of ants that were foraging. After getting within a proper distance from the ants, each ipi began his meal. Every time the tongue came out, its extremity struck an ant which stuck fast to the gluey matter, and could not escape. The tongue went in, deposited the ant inside in the twinkling of an eye, and then came out again and struck another ant.

After eating thousands of ants, the appetite of each was satisfied, and they returned toward their homes and told each other of the good luck they had had, and soon were fast asleep.

In the course of time the ipis had to travel farther and farther to get their meal of ants, and one evening, after their return with empty stomachs, the large ipi said to his mate, "Let us leave this part of the forest and go somewhere else, for ants have certainly become very scarce in this neighborhood."

The following night they bade good-by to their old burrow, where they had had so many days of cosey sleep, and where they had raised a family. They journeyed toward a new country, picking up here and there an ant with their sticky tongues. Ere long they came to a big tree, and saw a hollow under its roots, and said, "Here is a good dark place to spend the day and sleep," and they went in and slept soundly. When night came, they set forth again, and continued to seek for a region where ants were plentiful.

The third night they met a great many ants that were foraging. They thought it would be a good country for them to settle in, and said, " Let us find a hill on the side of which we may make our burrow." They were soon fortunate enough to find one, and set to work with a will digging out the ground with their claws. That night they did not finish their burrow, so they went back to the hole under the root of the tree where they had slept before. The following night they worked very hard and finished their home, which had two openings communicating with the chamber in which they were to sleep.

When the work was done, one ipi said to the other: " We have worked hard to make our new home. It is a good thing for us that our short legs are so muscular and that our claws are so strong. How much earth we can move away ! "

They felt very happy to be able to sleep in their new home. There they lived for a while, ants being plentiful in the neighborhood, and raised a family of little ipis.

CHAPTER XV

THE NGOMBA, OR PORCUPINE — THE IZOMBA, OR TURTLE — THE IPI, OR ANT-EATER

ONE day an izomba (turtle) was walking in the forest, when suddenly she heard a noise, and became suspicious; as the noise came nearer, she drew her head, her four feet, and tail under her shell, and said, "Now I am safe."

It happened that an ipi had made the noise that scared the turtle. The ipi stopped and looked at the turtle with great curiosity. Then she, too, heard a noise and became suspicious in her turn, coiled round and made her scales as tight against each other as she could, and said also, "Now I am safe."

The noise had been made by a porcupine whose coat had the longest, hardest quills that porcupines have. It happened that he came between the ipi and the izomba. When he saw them, he stood still and looked at them both with great curiosity.

Suddenly he heard a crash through the jungle. A dead branch of a tall tree had broken off and had fallen on the ground. He in his turn was so scared that he rolled himself up and put his quills out, for he thought njokoos had made the noise, and then he, too, exclaimed, "Now I am safe."

The three remained thus for sometime, feeling sure that so they were safe. At last, hearing no noise, the turtle peeped out slowly, her head and her four feet and tail issuing from her shell. The ipi, hearing no noise, unrolled herself, and so did the porcupine. Then the three looked at each other and wondered at their coats. The ipi said to the izomba, and to the porcupine, " Do not be afraid of me. I do not bite.

I have no teeth and feed only on ants, so I cannot do you any harm."

Next the porcupine said to the turtle and to the ipi: " Don't be afraid. I am a rodent. I feed on roots, fruit, and nuts which I find on the ground. It is true I can bite, but I do not feed on blood and flesh ; besides, my teeth could not go through your coats."

Then the turtle, looking at the ipi and the porcupine, said: " Do not be afraid. I am enclosed in a hard shell-like coat — this is to protect me. I live chiefly on leaves. I can bite terribly, but how could I ever bite you with the grand coats you have."

But, as it happened, the three did not understand one another, for each had a different language which belonged to their species. They kept talking nevertheless, each expressing his thoughts in his own way.

The ipi, looking at the big scales fastened to the shell of the turtle, wondered why they could not move like her own, and thought to herself, " Strange indeed is the coat of the turtle." She also wondered at the way the turtle had of hiding herself under her shell, for the turtle's head, tail, and legs would now and then suddenly disappear.

The porcupine, in the mean time, was examining the coat of the ipi and of the turtle. Finally he said to them: " I have the best coat of you all; when I make my formidable quills stand up, no one dares to handle or attack me or tread upon my body."

Then he gave a great porcupine laugh and cried: " Ipi and turtle, monkeys and men of the wood can toss you about; njokoos can tramp upon you, — for though your coat protects you it does not sting, pierce, or hurt like mine. You are harmless."

After a while all three went on their way to get their living, each thinking his coat better than the others'. It happened that the turtle came under a tree where a large nshiego (chimpanzee) was resting. When he saw the turtle he came down from his tree. When the turtle saw the nshiego come toward her, she drew her head, tail, and legs under her shell, for she was terribly afraid. It looked then as if the turtle were dead.

But the nshiego had seen the turtle moving, and wondered what it was, and soon the poor, frightened turtle was in his two hands, and he turned her over, first on one side, then on the other, tossed her around, and, when he got tired, dropped her, and went away. The poor turtle had never been handled in that way before, and was so scared that she did not dare to peep her head out of her shell for a long time afterward, when she went into hiding under the roots of a big tree.

The nshiego farther on met the porcupine, who when he saw the nshiego rolled himself up and put out his quills. The nshiego came up to him, looked at him carefully, and said to himself: "I am afraid of thee, porcupine, and I will not toss thee as I did the turtle, for those ugly-looking quills will pierce my hands and hurt me dreadfully. I am afraid of them." And he went his way.

Toward evening the same nshiego saw the ipi walking. When the ipi heard the nshiego, she rolled herself in a coil, and with all her strength made the coil as tight as she could. Then the nshiego came toward her, and soon the ipi was in his hands. He played with her, tossed her about, and, when tired, dropped her and went away.

When the ipi came to her burrow, she told her mate all the things she had seen that day, of the turtle and the porcupine, and what had happened to her with the nshiego, and how afraid she had been.

When the porcupine came to his burrow, he told his mate of the strange creatures he had met, of the ipi and the turtle, and said: "Dear, I met also a nshiego who stood by me quite a while, but, thanks to my good coat of quills, he did not dare to handle me, as I saw he did the turtle and the ipi."

CHAPTER XVI

THE NGOOBOO, OR HIPPOPOTAMUS

ONE day a big ngooboo, or hippopotamus, looking fondly at his mate, said: "Dear, what a pleasant home we have. Our shoal is surrounded by deep water. We swim and dive around it, and enjoy ourselves in the broad river. The animals of the forest cannot come and attack us; the water is too swift for the crocodiles, and though the huge njokoo loves to bathe, he does not dare to disturb us, for he only fights on land. Even if he did attack us, we could dodge him and his big dangerous tusks by diving and remaining under the water out of his sight, for he cannot dive. Besides we could attack him and lacerate him with our big, crooked, hook-like tusks."

Then he laughed in the fashion of the ngooboos, opening his enormous mouth and showing his tusks. "We could not," he continued, "have chosen a better spot for a home. On one side of the river is the big forest, on the other is the extended prairie, where we go every night to graze and enjoy the juicy and succulent grass, unless we scent danger and think it wiser not to leave the river, in which case we have to dive and eat the grass growing at the bottom."

Looking affectionately at Mrs. Ngooboo, he then uttered a grunt and snort which meant, "I love you dearly." He admired her greatly. He thought the rosy gray of her skin was the most beautiful he had ever seen, and her form the most graceful of figures. The ngooboos believe that they are handsomer than all other creatures, and that their ponderous, clumsy bodies and short, ugly legs are very lovely. The ngooboos are in nowise more conceited than all the other animals, each kind thinking itself the handsomest.

One of the peculiarities of the ngooboos is that each family owns its shoal. It is their castle, and no other ngooboo is allowed to land there, and if they try, there is a fight; but when in the water they are friendly with one another. Each ngooboo knows his own shoal.

The ngooboos forming the colony were about thirty in number, including the babies. When they stood, or were lying on their shoals, their heads and backs were above the water, and their bodies looked like huge, stranded logs. Sometimes at a certain angle their heads looked like the heads of horses, hence the white people call them hippopotami, which means river horses.

"Do you remember, dear," resumed Mr. Ngooboo, "when we migrated and came to the river in company with two other couples who live on yonder shoals? We were driven from our former homes by human beings who had settled on the far-off prairie, made

traps to ensnare us, and succeeded in capturing several of our number. At last we did not dare to land any more, so we concluded to leave the place and emigrate to some other country, and travelled until we discovered this beautiful river with its big prairie. Now we have prospered and increased in number, for this land has not many human beings."

"I remember it well," replied Mrs. Ngooboo, looking fondly at her mate, coming near him and putting her head close to his. Then the two looked at their

dear little baby, who was very tiny and only a few weeks old, and thought she was the sweetest little baby ngooboo they had ever seen, as well as the most beautiful. She had such lovely eyes, such a cunning little mouth, and she was so intelligent for her age, — in a word, she was such a wonderful baby that there was no other little ngooboo like her.

The big ngooboo here took a plunge, remaining

under water for a while, and reappearing on the surface, quite a way off from his shoal. Then he called to his mate, by peculiar grunts and snorts, which is the language of the ngooboos: "Be careful of our baby, for the current is swift."

Hearing the call of her mate, Mrs. Ngooboo plunged into deep water and swam toward him, watching the baby carefully all the while, and the baby, when tired, would come gently and rest on the back of her mamma, who was delighted.

In a short time they were by the side of Papa Ngooboo. They took a swim, then ascended the river to their shoals. After they had rested a while, Mr. Ngooboo said to his mate: "Dear, our feet are so shaped that we can both walk on land and swim. Our straight and crooked tusks allow us to get the grass at the bottom of the river. We are so built that we can stay under water a long time."

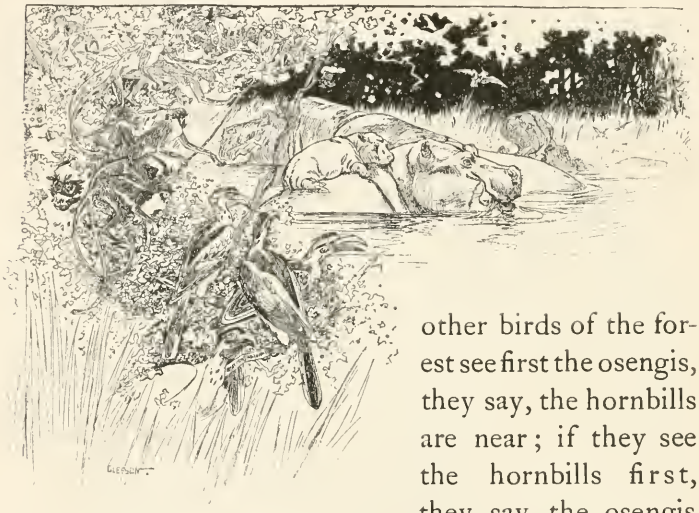
The colony of ngooboos had a good time. They would play in the water, dive, and swim, often run after one another, and all this time the young ones were learning the wisdom belonging to the ngooboos.

Once in a while a troop of monkeys who were travelling would look upon the ngooboos from their trees, on the wooded shores of the river, and would say, "We have never seen such an ugly creature in our lives."

Watching the ngooboos from among the thick trees lining the banks of the river were the small yellow osengi monkeys with their long tails, and their bosom

friends, the hornbills, with their great beaks several inches long.

The osengis and the hornbills are great chums; indeed, they seem to be inseparable. So that when



other birds of the forest see first the osengis, they say, the hornbills are near; if they see the hornbills first, they say, the osengis are not far off, and food is plentiful, and berries and fruits are to be found; and if they feed on these, they say, let us follow them, or go ahead of them.

How such friendship happens to exist between these two, no one can tell. It is the more unselfish in that, though they eat the same food, they never seem to quarrel about it. Sometimes the osengi would discover food first, sometimes the hornbills. "Kee, kee," the osengis would often say plaintively to the hornbills, as they followed them; but the hornbills were always silent, never uttering a note, because

they did not want other birds to know where they were.

The little osengis love the neighborhood of rivers, whose banks they follow in their wanderings; they like to sleep on the branches spreading over the water. When birds or animals see them, they say gladly, if they are thirsty, "Water is near, for we see the osengis."

Every evening it is the custom of the ngooboos to land and pasture on the prairie; they generally land two or three hours after the sun sets, that is, between eight and nine o'clock.

At such times there is a great deal of grunting and snorting among them. They talk to one another, and each snort or grunt has a meaning. The ngooboos are very suspicious when they go on shore, for they do not feel at home on land as they do in the water.

Some ngooboos were now seen ascending and descending the river, going to their respective landing-places, for they are accustomed to land at the same spot every night and follow the path they have made.

After the ngooboos had approached their landing-places, they swam silently to and fro, to see if they could scent any danger. Once in a while the subdued snort of the leader was heard, saying, "Not yet, we must wait a little while. We must make sure that the coast is clear."

At last a very peculiar snort was heard by the followers of the leader, signifying, "Now be ready,

we are going to land." And all the ngooboos swam silently toward him after they heard this.

Then the old leader, who had led them many a time, landed, and entered the path. Each ngooboo landed in turn, and they all followed him in single file, going to the place where they pastured.

One of the great faculties possessed by the ngooboos, as well as by most if not all the ruminant animals, is that they can see as well during the night as they do during the day.

The moon had just risen, and threw its dim light upon the ngooboos, as they walked silently following their leader, their huge bodies looking strange as they walked in single file. They appeared like supernatural creatures wandering in the prairie.

The mboyos (jackals) and the hyenas, as they scented the huge creatures, said, " Let us keep out of the way of the ngooboos," and made off. After proceeding a few miles, the ngooboos reached their browsing place of the day before. As they were eating, the big ngooboo, their leader, gave two or three gentle snorts, which meant, " Look yonder far away, there is a herd of niarés [buffaloes]." All the ngooboos looked and saw the buffaloes and said: " We are not afraid of the buffalo; they cannot toss us in the air as they do njegos or human beings. Next to the njokoos, we are the heaviest and biggest creatures of this land. Besides, their horns are so placed on their heads that they cannot pierce our bodies. We are not afraid of them, for their way of fighting is to charge

and toss. If these buffaloes dare to attack us, we will lacerate and cut their bodies with our crooked and sharp tusks."

At the same time they all opened their mouths and laughed. Ugly and formidable indeed were their tusks, which weighed four and five pounds each. Then they gave grunts of defiance which the buffaloes heard, and straightway walked off, saying, "The ngooboos are coming our way, but we can run faster than they, and they cannot catch us." They also laughed in their turn and said, "Catch us if you can, ngooboos, with your clumsy bodies and short legs. You will get tired before we do."

The ngooboos continued to pasture, enjoying their night meal. That night the grass seemed very juicy and good to them. Suddenly they stopped browsing. They scented danger. They looked in the direction where the scent came from and saw coming from a cluster of trees a large herd of njokoos. The leader grunted, saying to his followers: "Here are the njokoos. How ponderous and powerful they are! How small we are compared with them! No creatures possess such strength. They can also walk or run much faster than we can, for their legs are longer than ours. Look at the huge tusks of some of them."

Soon the leader, who had been attentively observing the herd of elephants, said: "The njokoos are coming our way. Let us go back as fast as we can to our river, for we cannot fight the njokoos on land; they

would charge and pierce us with their big tusks and kill us."

"Yes," said all the ngooboos, "it would not be pleasant to be impaled and get those big tusks between our ribs."

The ngooboos went back to the river as fast as they could, their leader hurrying them on. But the scent of the njokoos became stronger and stronger, and thus showed the ngooboos that the njokoos were nearing them, and they did their best to run still faster. At last they came to the river and plunged into its water and in the course of time reached their different shoals.

There they felt strong. They all laughed and said, "Now we are at home in the water and can fight the njokoos." But they added sadly, "What a pity that we did not get our full night meal, the grass tasted so good!"

It is the custom of the ngooboos living in this river to cross the prairie and bathe in the Atlantic Ocean two or three times a year. The prairie was bounded on one side by the river and on the other by the sea.

One day it was agreed among all the families of ngooboos that they should go to the beach the following night, and enjoy themselves swimming in the surf if the sea was not too rough. So when night came the ngooboos landed and began their journey toward the seashore.

It was full moon and the journey to the ocean was made without mishaps. One family after another

"How they enjoyed their sea bath"

arrived on the beach. The ngooboos were greatly excited. They talked among themselves. There was great rejoicing among them. They sniffed the sea breeze and looked at the surf and at the broad sea before them and wondered why there was not a shore on the other side as on the river. They tramped around on the beach for quite a while.

Then the leaders of the different families said to their followers, "Let us go into the sea." They grunted and snorted on the way, walked slowly through the surf, and losing their footing began to swim, though they did not dare to go far. They grunted loudly and threw water several feet high through their nostrils, as they did on the river.

They had a grand time. How they enjoyed their sea bath! How they laughed! Their loud snorts and grunts were heard by all the creatures in the neighborhood.

After they landed, they said to each other, "What fine fun we had in the sea!" Then they went to the prairie and grazed, and enjoyed their meal heartily. Gradually they wended their way back to the river, which they reached toward four o'clock in the morning, when each family went to its shoal.

CHAPTER XVII

A FIGHT FOR MISS NGOOBOO

TIME went on, and Miss Ngooboo as she grew up became more and more beautiful and attractive in the eyes of the young ngooboos.

On the two other shoals were young ngooboos who fell very much in love with her. They would come before her shoal, swim, dive, give snorts or grunts, telling her how much they loved her; but Papa and Mamma Ngooboo watched her carefully when she would go out to swim and would themselves swim between her and her two admirers. She was too young yet, the old folks thought, to be taken away from them.

Day after day her two admirers would display themselves before her, show her how they could dive and swim, each trying to surpass the other in these accomplishments. Miss Ngooboo looked at them complacently, enjoying the fun. But before very long the two admirers began to be very jealous of each other, and uttering grunts of defiance and hatred, dared each other to a fight. When they came together in swimming they would look at each other fiercely and say, "If you do not stop coming, I will give you a trouncing." "I dare you," would answer the other. So the days passed.

"Then ensued a terrible fight"

One day Miss Ngooboo seemed to show preference for the one whose shoal was the nearest to hers. The rejected rival became furious. He shouted with terrific and angry snorts that Miss Ngooboo was to be his, and that he would fight for possession of her. The other said he would do likewise, for she was to be his. Both went back to their shoals full of fight and hating each other more than ever.

The next day, as Miss Ngooboo was on her shoal by the side of her mamma and papa, the young ngooboo admirer that was her neighbor left his shoal and swam toward her.

When his rival, who was watching him with jealous eyes, saw this, he left his shoal and swam toward her also, with fight in his eyes. He had made up his mind to settle the quarrel that day ngooboo fashion, and decide by single combat to which of the two rivals Miss Ngooboo was to belong. He was very sly and swam under the water.

His rival was so busy making love to Miss Ngooboo that he had not seen him leave his shoal, neither did Miss Ngooboo, who was standing on her shoal by the side of her parents, who now thought she was big enough to attend to herself and choose her own mate.

Suddenly there surged from under the water ngooboo number two, having inflicted a severe gash with his crooked teeth on his rival, who had not known of his presence before the attack. Then ensued a terrible fight for the possession of Miss Ngooboo. The two ngooboos rushed at each other, opening their huge and

hideous mouths, and showing their crooked tusks, with which they inflicted fearful gashes. Sometimes one dodged the onslaught by diving, then the other, furious at missing his antagonist, would dive and pursue him under the water, and there a great fight would take place which no one could witness. Then both would reappear, giving grunts of rage and defiance.

The water around where they fought was a mass of white foam. There was great excitement among all the ngooboos of the colony at the sight. Grunts were heard everywhere, but they remained neutral. Miss Ngooboo, from her shoal, was looking on, perfectly mute, not a grunt coming from her mouth.

Often the two rivals advanced and retreated, watching their opportunity to strike without being hurt in return. The water became red with their blood. After a long and terrible fight one of the two showed signs of fatigue. His body was fearfully lacerated. At last he fled, swimming and diving in the direction of his shoal, pursued by his enemy. He had been thoroughly vanquished.

The victor returned to Miss Ngooboo and ascended her shoal, and was received by the old folks as worthy of the hand of their daughter. After this, every time his vanquished rival saw him, he fled out of his way.

The colony of ngooboos had increased so that all the shoals were taken. The young couple, seeing that there was no room for them, decided to migrate to some other part of the river or to some other country. So they bade good-by to the old folks, and to the

other ngooboos, and went in search of a new home. There was a great concert of grunts when they said farewell.

Ascending the river they searched for shoals, but could not find there what they wanted. At night they would go and graze on the prairie. The ngooboos have the great gift of scenting water a long way off. As they found no home on the river, they entered the forest and crossed some small rivers and came to a prairie, where they scented water. They proceeded toward it, and after a while beheld a beautiful little lake, at which they were greatly delighted. Soon after, they were swimming in its cool water. There were no shoals in the lake, but its shores were not abrupt; they sloped gently. The young couple said to each other: "This is a good place; let us settle here. There is plenty of grass around us. In the water we shall be protected during the day, and at night we shall find plenty to eat."

The next day they saw a large herd of elephants coming toward the lake, and they dived under the water. The njokoos took a bath and went away. Every day kambis and many animals came to drink, but the ngooboos were not disturbed by the sight.

There they lived happily for many years and raised a family of their own.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE FIVE APES, OR MEN OF THE WOODS

ONE day it came to pass that strange-looking apes, called by the human beings of the forest "men of the woods," came to the same part of the forest to find food. They are called "men of the woods" because their resemblance to human beings is striking. They are very ugly, but they themselves think they are very good looking, — in fact, the handsomest creatures in the forest.

These men of the woods live in the deepest and gloomiest part of the great forest, for they shun open places and the presence of human beings, with their noise. The different species or varieties are called nginas, nshiegos, mbouvés, nkengos, kooloo-kambas. Every one of these has a language of its own, distinct from the others.

Their ancestors, like themselves, were born in the forest and lived in it, — in a word, the men of the woods had lived there for numberless ages, thousands and thousands of years ago. The reason they live in the great forest, and cannot live in any other part of the land, is because they subsist on fruit, berries, nuts, canes, and saplings, and these are found all the

year round, for it is always warm in the country, and the fruit-bearing trees are very abundant.

These men of the woods never kill creatures to eat. They roam from one place to another in order to procure a living, and the amount of food consumed in a day is very great. They have the same gifts as the other animals. Having a good memory, they know their way through the forest and dense jungle, and the seasons of the year when the fruits are ripe at such and such a place.

The male ngina is the most powerful of all the men of the woods. He is called the Giant, the Powerful. He can conquer every other ape. His strength is so great that no one of them dares to attack him. When suddenly surprised, he attacks human beings, and with terrible muscular arms and with open hand he kills them by a single blow. His strength is that of about twelve strong men together.

He is blacker than soot, and his children are born as black as he is. A big ngina weighs from three to four hundred pounds. He is all bones, sinews, and muscles. His body is covered with hair not very thick, and his skin is almost as thick as that of an ox. He is from five to six feet in height.

The nshiego or mbouvé averages from about three feet ten inches to four feet four inches in height, and is in many respects a stranger creature than the ngina. He is smaller and far from being as strong, but nevertheless, in a hand-to-hand fight with a man, the latter would not have the slightest chance, and would be

torn to pieces. Man without weapons is very weak and helpless, but the mbouvé never attacks man, but flies at his approach.

The nshiego mbouvé is bald-headed when adult, and very black, with a body thinly covered with hair. But a wonderful thing is that though the parents are very black, the children are born perfectly white. As the young mbouvé grows older his complexion gradually changes, the white color gradually tanning, and then becoming darker and darker until finally black patches show themselves on the face, and at last he becomes entirely black and of the color of his parents.

The nkengo is born tan yellow, of the color of his parents, and remains so to the end of his days. He also has no rosy cheeks and never blushes or becomes red in the face, no matter how enraged he becomes. His complexion is very much like that of the Moors, or of the people who lie on the sands all summer on the seashore. He attains sometimes a height of four feet and a half, and is very strong.

The nshiego, or the common chimpanzee, is born yellow, but gradually turns very black like his parents. He is about the same size as the nshiego mbouvé.

The kooloo-kamba is born black and remains so all his life. He is a strong-looking creature. He has an almost round head, prominent cheek-bones, large ears (a characteristic of all the men of the woods), and is about the size of the nkengo.

The nshiegos, the mbouvés, the nkengos, the kooloo-kambas have long arms, big ears, elongated hands

and feet, and long fingers, thus showing that a great part of their lives is spent upon trees.

The nginas, on the contrary, have very small ears, broad, powerful, and short hands, short fingers, thick, broad, short feet of great strength and power for grasping, and have shorter arms than all the other apes.

All the apes use their feet as hands.

The mbouvés and the nkengos are the two most intelligent of the men of the woods. They are the only ones that build bowers on the trees, so that they can say they have a home.

The ngina is by far the fiercest of all the apes, and builds no shelter of any kind whatever, and he is such a huge feeder that he has to roam through the forest more than all the other apes.

CHAPTER XIX

THE NGINAS, OR GORILLAS, AND NJOKOOS, OR ELEPHANTS

A HUGE male ngina, or gorilla, was standing perfectly still one day in a very dense part of the forest. He was thinking. He looked fierce and ugly. His intensely black face was furrowed with deep wrinkles. Under his overhanging brows, his gray, vindictive eyes seemed to flash hate and ferocity. His neck was so short that his head appeared set on his huge broad shoulders, — a sign of his herculean strength. His chest was so broad that two human beings side by side standing behind him could not have been seen. His belly protruded, his arms were of immense strength, and his body was supported by short, flexible muscular legs without calves.

Looking down finally at his feet, he exclaimed, "With these I can clutch." What a big foot he had! Then he stretched his long muscular arms and looked at the palms of his hands, which were as hard as horn, then at his callous fingers and at his black nails, and muttered, "When I strike with these, I kill. I break the ribs of creatures, or I kill them outright, and when my hands hold something, nothing is powerful enough to take it away from my clutches;" and

he grinned and looked more horrid and repulsive than before.

Then he beat his chest with his great fist. The

sound was like that of a huge partly muffled drum, for his chest was as hard as wood. To try his immense strength, he went to a tree several inches in diameter near him, and seizing it with both hands and feet broke it in two as if it had been a young sapling. He was delighted when he saw how strong he was, and gave a chuckle of satisfaction, a horrid one peculiar to the nginas.

Looking round, he saw a big thigh-bone of a very large antelope, which had been devoured by a njego. He picked it up and crushed it into splinters between his jaws, which have more power than those of a lion. Then he gave another chuckle of satisfaction, for he saw how hard he could bite an enemy.

Then he yelled. These yells sounded somewhat like the barking of angry dogs, only a hundred times louder. They were followed by roar after roar, which filled the great forest with their din and were re-echoed from hill to hill until they sounded like distant thunder.

All the animals and birds of the forest were filled with fear and said, "The huge ngina speaks. No one among us has such a powerful voice."

These roars were roars of defiance with which he challenged the creatures of the forest to come and fight him. In his pride he thought himself the ruler of the great forest. After he stopped roaring there was a great silence. All the animals were filled with fright.

Suddenly the shrill trumpeting of a njokoo was heard. It was indeed a fearful trumpeting, a trumpeting of defiance. It meant: "I am not afraid of you,

ngina, neither of your yells and roars. If you should ever dare to attack me and seize my trunk, I could crush you against a tree. And if you climbed on my back, I would run, and the branches of the trees under which I would pass would make short work of you." After the challenge of the njokoo to the ngina came another silence. It was soon broken, however. Once more the ngina gave terrific yells and roars. The njokoo at the same time repeated his ugly trumpeting. Both continued for some time, but they did not come together, nor even in sight of each other.

The ngina was thinking: "No creature of this forest can fight the njokoo. Not even I with my great strength would dare to attack him, for though I can kill a leopard, I cannot kill a njokoo. If he comes to attack me, I can climb a tree which he cannot uproot, and from there I can dare him and yell and roar at him."

After a while the njokoo and the ngina went each his own way. No wonder that the human beings of the forest, who possess only spears and arrows, are afraid of the ngina and never dare to attack him. Woe to those who come unexpectedly upon one, for a single blow from the hand of the monster would suffice to slay a man!

The ngina wandered through the forest in the direction of his mate and baby, who were far away. They held a conversation, though they were several miles apart, and when they met they greeted each other with great affection.

The big ugly creatures looked at each other and at their baby ngina, and once in a while gave chuckles which in the ngina language meant, "How happy I am! How I love you both!" The baby ngina was about two years old and was trying to break with its teeth some of the nuts which had fallen on the ground, but his jaws were not yet strong enough to do so. His mouth was yet too small for nuts of such a size. Mamma Ngina came to his help, crushed them with her powerful jaws, and handed the pits to her little one, uttering a peculiar sound at the same time, which meant, "Here, dear, are the cracked nuts. Take them." He, in return, made some kind of noise expressing his feelings, which might be translated, "I thank you, Mamma Ngina."

The baby ngina was just beginning to learn the language of the nginas from his father and mother, who taught him to speak, and he was making good progress.

As the nginas were enjoying their nuts, they were suddenly disturbed by the sharp whistling buzz of an ibolai fly, which was trying to alight upon their bodies and bite them. "Bother the ibolai fly!" said the big ngina; "it bites so hard." At the same time his eyes were watching for a chance to catch it, but the ibolai was so quick in its motion that he could not follow it.

The ibolai is cunning, and succeeded, unknown to him, in getting on the ngina's back, and gave him a most painful bite. The pain made the ngina cry out.

At that very time a fly called the nchouna, which makes no noise at all and which is very cunning and sly, alighted on the face of his mate, inserted its bill in her cheek so gently that she did not feel it, and, after having had its fill of blood, left without its presence being known. Soon after, the itching began, giving at times sharp stings of pain.

"Bother the nchouna!" she cried angrily; "they are so sly that one never knows when they alight upon one and the pain is only felt after the fly has left. I wish all the nchounas were dead."

A short time afterward the nginas heard a sharp whistle made by an iboco fly, as it flew round them with such rapidity that their eyes could not follow it in its course. The iboco would at times go far away and then come back. At last it succeeded in alighting on the back of the big ngina, who suddenly uttered a howl of pain.

"What is the matter, dear?" inquired her mate.

"Don't speak of it; an iboco has given me a fearful bite. These ibocos are the worst flies I know of. Let us get out of the way of the nchouna, the ibolai, and the iboco, and go into the thickest part of the jungle. There they will have no room to fly around us in." And they immediately moved into the thick jungle.

After they were comfortably seated in the jungle, the big ngina said to his mate: "We have to roam continually, far and wide in the forest, to get our living, and we eat so much every day that we cannot

stay long in one place. It is about time for us to travel toward the land of pineapples. These must be good to eat now, for it is the moon of thunder, great heat and rain. That land is a long way off, but we will manage to get a living as we journey along. The tondos [a red fruit growing above the ground] are plentiful, and we shall find also many nuts."

Toward sunset, when it was time for the nginas to go to sleep, they came to a fine tree, and the huge fellow said to his mate, "Here is a good place for us to spend the night." Then Mamma Ngina ascended the tree with her baby hanging to her, and seated herself on a heavy cross branch, and placed her back against the trunk of the tree. After she was comfortably settled, she looked down and said to her mate, "I know, dear, that you will let no animal climb this tree, even if it is a njego, and that you will fight to the death to protect us, for we do not fight."

"Surely," answered her mate, with roars of defiance, "I will protect you and our little one."

Then he made himself comfortable on the ground, as was his custom every evening, at the foot of the tree, where his mate slept, resting his back against the trunk. That night their sleep was much disturbed, for a leopard was in their neighborhood. He was lonely and wanted a mate, and called for one, but he did not attack them.

At dawn they left their sleeping-place, and going first in search of their breakfast, picked berries, nuts, and fruits, as they travelled in the direction of the

land of the pineapples, for they knew the way, having been there before. Sometimes they had to separate during the day, as there was not food enough for them all in any one place, but they always remained within the sound of one another's voices.

That evening, before they went to sleep, the big ngina said to his mate: "To-morrow we will travel fast. Many nginas are travelling to the land of the pineapples, as we are; and if we are late, we shall find that all the pineapples have been eaten up, and we shall have made our long journey for nothing."

Toward dawn they were awakened by the cackling of partridges calling for their mates. But it was not light enough for them to start. At daybreak Mamma Ngina and her baby came down from their tree, and after greeting one another the three continued their journey to the land of the pineapples.

They passed through a region where food was scarce, so they broke saplings of certain trees, tearing the outside and eating the heart, that was very juicy and sweet, and the baby ngina was never forgotten and was the first to be fed, and when they saw a few berries, these were always for him.

One day the big ngina left his mate and baby and wandered through the forest. After a while he scented leopards. At once the hair on his body became erect, and he gave terrific yells and roars of defiance. When he came to the lair of the leopards, he yelled again, but the leopards were out seeking food for their young. Suddenly the big ngina became

silent, for his eyes were trying to see into the lair. Finally he made out three little baby leopards walking about, and with one of his huge long arms he seized one and flung him to the ground, killing him instantly. Then he slew the two others in the same way and went off to rejoin his mate and baby, to defend them against the njegos, should the latter be prowling near them.

Great indeed was the rage of the leopards when they returned and saw their young lying dead, but by that time the nginas were far away.

After a few days' journey they came to the land of the pineapples, which extended as far as the sea. Here they rejoiced greatly, and said, " The pineapples are just right. We have come in good time."

The pineapples were still green and hard; but they made great havoc among them. The big ngina ate at least a barrel full without stopping, his big stomach sticking out as if he had swallowed a barrel itself. Then they went to rest in the thick of the forest, for where pineapples grow in abundance the trees are not thick, and the nginas do not like to spend the night in such exposed places.

The next morning the big ngina said to his mate, " To-day let us change our food. Let us go after nuts, for we shall be sick if we eat pineapples day after day."

They found trees with plenty of nuts on that day, and stopped only when they could not eat any more. The following day they went back to the pineapple land, and there met a number of nginas who had come

to feast on the fruit. And as there was plenty of food for all, there was no quarrelling, and the younger nginas made love to those who were not mated.

After a few days the nginas began to get very fat. They approached the sea and wondered what the constant booming was. At first they were shy, but as the booming continued, their fear left them, and they walked toward the Atlantic. Pineapples were still plentiful even near the shore. They looked thoughtfully at the big sea. What they thought only themselves knew.

After leaving the land of the pineapples, the three nginas wandered through the forest, and got far away from the sea. At times they had trouble to find food with which to satisfy their hunger, and had to go during the day through large districts of the forest to seek it, and many a time they went to sleep hungry and with their big stomachs much shrunken. They had to separate during the day after, and each went in search of food for himself, and before sunset they met again. Sometimes when one of them came to a spot where food was abundant, he would call the others to come, telling of the lucky find.

CHAPTER XX

THE NGINAS TRAVEL TO A PLANTAIN FIELD; THEIR STRANGE ADVENTURES

ONE day the big ngina said to his mate: "Dear, do you remember the large field of plantain-trees that we discovered last rainy season? The trees must be big now and bearing fruit. How juicy must be the large bunches they bear! It is about time for us to travel toward them. Oh, what a feast we will have!" his face showing joy at the prospect, for he fancied he was already in the field and eating the succulent plantains. Of all the fruits growing in the forest, the ngina likes the plantain best.

"We shall have to hurry on our journey," said the big fellow, "lest the njokoos get to the place before us."

So the following morning they departed, the baby ngina walking close to his mother. They knew the way to the plantain field.

It was the height of the rainy season, and tornadoes were common, and these were followed by very heavy rains, accompanied by terrific thunder and lightning. "The plantain-trees," said the ngina to his mate, "are a long way off, and if the huge njokoos, who are

such great eaters, reach the place before we do, they will eat everything, and we shall have made our journey in vain. Let us hurry as fast as we can, so as to be there before their arrival, for the njokoos ramble far and wide in the forest, and some of them may have discovered the place also." So they started on their journey.

The nginas met with many adventures on their way to the plantain fields that day. Toward sunset it began to rain very hard, and there was heavy thunder and sharp lightning. Soon they came to a place where they saw three huge boulders close together, and these were sheltered by the thick foliage of a large tree. The two nginas looked at each other, saying: "This is a good place to be in for the night. We will sleep under this tree." They set their backs against one of the large boulders, and the baby ngina went to sleep in the lap of his mother. The rain dropped heavily from the leaves upon them. They slept with their heads hanging down on their chests. Their sleep was very light, and the falling of a leaf would have waked them. Besides, they were on the lookout for njegos, snakes, and other creatures.

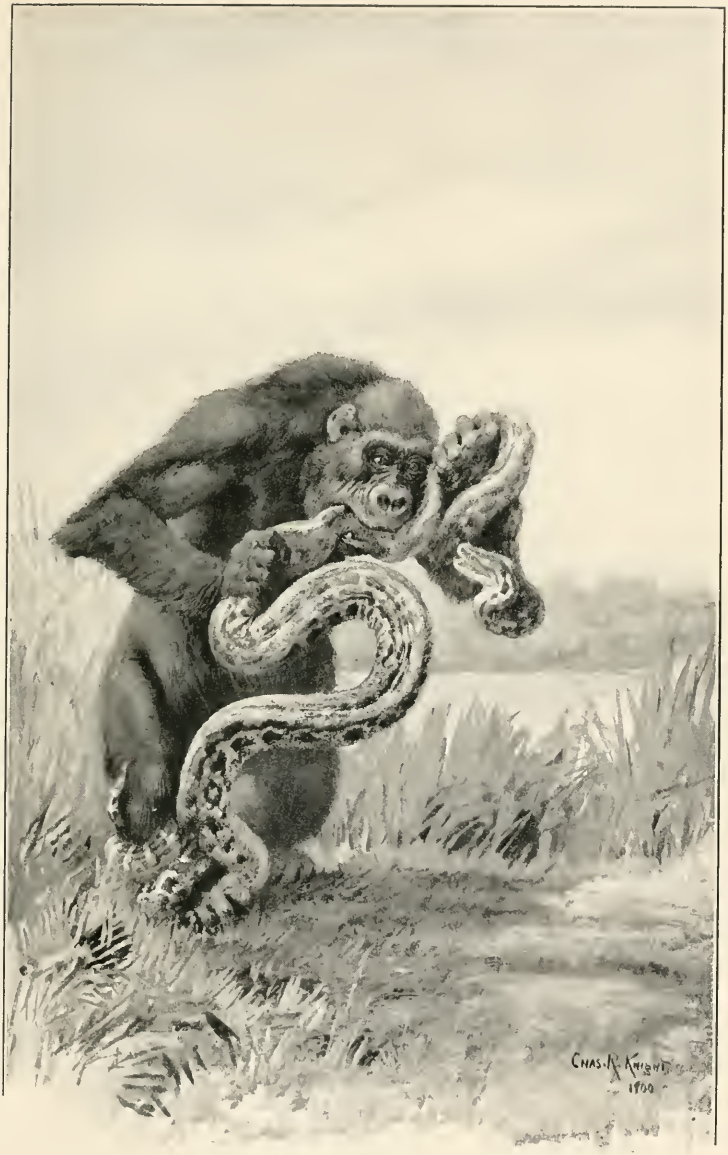
When the morning came they saluted each other. The big fellow came close to his mate, and uttered certain sounds which meant, "Dear, I love you." Then he extended his long arm and petted his little one, and soon they started again on their journey to the plantain field. Nothing unusual happened. They met two or three omembas (snakes) and some

kambis (antelopes), and found enough to eat to satisfy their hunger.

When evening came, they saw a fine large tree, where the little ngina and his mother could rest comfortably. Both ascended the tree, and the old fellow slept at the foot. Toward midnight there was a great thunderstorm, the rain fell in torrents, the claps of thunder were incessant, and the lightning was most vivid, and after one terrific clap of thunder, a vivid flash pierced through the forest, and the thunderbolt struck the tree next to theirs. The nginas gave a terrific yell of alarm. They fled, and wandered about in the darkness, for they could not see their way well. Suddenly the big ngina stepped on a huge python and gave another yell; but before the serpent could attack him, he gave him a terrible bite and killed him. Ere long they found another good tree for sleeping in, and ascended it for the rest of the night.

They were delighted when morning came. "What an awful night we have had!" the old fellow said to his mate. "That is the first time in my life that I have seen lightning strike so near us. We have narrowly escaped with our lives."

In the course of the day they came to a part of the forest where the ground was soft. The big ngina saw the footprints of a njego. At this sight his hair stood erect on his body, this being a sign of fear and anger. Looking at his mate, he said, "Here are the footprints of a njego." Then both inspected them



"He gave him a terrible bite"

closely and she said, "We must be careful to-night, for the njego makes such tremendous leaps that one is never sure of his life."

It happened that the njego was famished on that day, and left his lair before the night had come, to prowl in the forest in search of prey, for the leopard can see in the daytime, though he sees much better at night. The big ngina, who was on a tree busy eating fruit, suddenly saw the njego coming toward his tree. At this sight his hair became erect again, his eyes showing some fright at first, but he recovered himself speedily, and soon they looked full of anger. He remained silent and waited for the leopard to pass under his tree. He had not to wait long, and then, quick as an arrow, he fell upon the njego's back and with one of his powerful vise-like feet seized the nape of the leopard's neck with such force, holding it down, that the leopard could not move his head, and with his other foot on his back near his tail he held his body on the ground. Then he gave a quick jerk, stretched the body of the njego, and broke his spine. The njego gave a terrific scream, a few groans, and was dead.

The ngina dropped the njego from his clutches, looked fiercely at his body, and, seated on his haunches, gave several yells, and with open hands struck it with tremendous force, breaking some of the ribs and severing the body almost in two. While he was doing this, his mate appeared with their baby ngina. At the sight she uttered a fearful scream, and

the little fellow, full of fear, climbed into a small tree.

The following morning, as they were enjoying a breakfast of nuts, suddenly they heard a great crash through the jungle. A herd of elephants was coming toward them. Forthwith they ascended a tree, and soon after the njokoos passed near them. When they were gone, the nginas said: "These njokoos are not going our way. They are going in an opposite direction and are foraging. It is a good thing they know nothing about our plantain field; if they did, we should find no plantains upon our arrival there." That very same afternoon, they saw a huge omemba (snake) coiled round a tree and looking them steadily in the face. The big ngina at the sight gave a tremendous yell of anger, but he and his family passed safely by.

They continued their journey and came to a river. Some kambis on the opposite shore were drinking. As they raised their heads, they saw the nginas and said: "The nginas are not among our enemies, for they do not live on blood, and we do not eat the same kind of food. We need not be worried, anyhow, for nginas do not swim across rivers." Whereupon the kambis went their way in peace and unconcerned.

CHAPTER XXI

THE NJOKOOS, OR ELEPHANTS, TRAVEL TO THE PLANTAIN FIELD

NOW the very day the nginas had departed for the plantain field, a number of njokoos, forming a big herd, said among themselves: "At the beginning of the last rainy season, we passed a part of the forest where there were a great many plantain-trees. By this time they must be bearing big heavy bunches of plantains. These must be juicy and good to eat now." The njokoos trumpeted all at the same time, "Yes, let us go and travel there at once, for we all like plantains."

This was the very same plantain field of which the three nginas had spoken, and toward which they were journeying. Then the leader of the herd, with his little, cunning eyes, said: "Let us start at once. We will even travel at night for fear that other njokoos might reach the place before us, and we should then find everything eaten up on our arrival."

When the elephants heard their leader talk in that way, they became very excited, swayed their bodies from side to side, flapped their large ears against their heads, and uttered shrill trumpetings that filled the forest and meant in the njokoo language, "Let us

hurry up for fear other njokoos may be ahead of us, and when we arrive we shall find that they have eaten up everything."

The njokoos have a great advantage over the nginas. They can travel at night as well as in the day; but the nginas, like the human beings, the monkeys, and other day creatures, have to sleep at night. So the elephants started on their journey to the plantain-trees in a hurry, and trampled the jungle under their feet, broke many saplings that came in their way, and left a big track behind them.

They travelled at a great rate, and many miles a day, for their aim was to reach the plantain field before any one else. They kept on night and day, crossing mountains and swimming through rivers, and it was sometimes hard travelling, for they had to avoid bogs and parts of the forest filled with thorny cane.

At last the njokoos reached the promised land. One day at noon they came to the plantain field. Great indeed was their joy when they saw the plantain-trees loaded with heavy bunches of big, juicy, green fruit. They all uttered trumpetings of gladness. The chief of the herd felt quite proud to have led them to the place. It did not take long for the whole herd to be in the middle of the plantain-trees. They committed great havoc. Not one of the njokoos made any noise at this time, for fear they should be heard by other njokoos, and thus betray their presence in the plantain field.

When they could not eat any more plantains, they

retired into the forest, for they felt safer in the thicket of the jungle.

The next night the leader of the herd trumpeted for the elephants to assemble and get ready to go to the plantain field. The njokoos understood different trumpetings just as soldiers understand the meanings of the different sounds of the bugle. All came round their chief, who took the lead, and they walked toward the plantain field, just as the moon rose over the forest; the huge creatures could be seen destroying the trees, tearing them down and eating the fruit; and then, when their hunger was satisfied, they returned to the thick of the forest.

After four days there was not a plantain-tree standing, and as they left their trumpeting was joyous. They were laughing and saying: "The njokoos and nginas will find nothing if they come. We have eaten everything. We only play the same trick that other njokoos have played on us. How many times have we come to a place when it was too late!" Saying this, they disappeared in the forest.

The very same day the njokoos left, the nginas in their turn approached the plantain fields, the old ngina saying to his mate, "Let us be careful, for we are coming where there is no forest." They walked slowly, and now and then would raise themselves erect to see if there was any danger. When they reached the plantain field, the njokoos had just gone.

To their disgust, disappointment, and dismay they saw that the njokoos had been there before them,

that the trees were all down, and that there was not a bunch of plantains left.

"The njokoos have been here," shouted the big ngina, in a rage, and gave vent to roar after roar. His mate did likewise. Then he said to her, "These horrid njokoos have not even left a tree standing. They have eaten our plantains." For the nginas thought these plantains belonged to them. The njokoos had thought likewise. The big fellow was so disappointed and angry that he repeated again and again his roars of rage and defiance. He was ready to fight anything he met.

The njokoos, who were not yet far away, heard him, and laughed among themselves, and trumpeted back: "We are not afraid of you, nginas. You dare not come and attack us. We are the ones who have eaten all the plantains."

So the nginas left the place with empty stomachs, and feeling in a very bad humor against the njokoos They had hardly left when another herd of njokoos, who also knew of the place, made their appearance, and when they saw the plantain field destroyed, they trumpeted, "We are too late. Other njokoos have been here before us," and they, too, went away feeling not in the best of humor. And soon after their departure some other nginas also familiar with the place appeared on the field, and when they saw its devastated condition, they too were disappointed, and departed, saying to one another, "We are too late. We are too late."

XXII

ARRIVAL OF THE HUMAN BEINGS WHO OWN THE PLANTAIN FIELD

IT so happened that the plantain field which the njokoos had destroyed had been planted by human beings who were cannibals. They were great hunters, very brave and fierce, knew the use of fire-arms, and had guns with which they shot many njokoos. It was the custom of these men to have their plantations hidden in the forest and far away from their villages. Many of these were so far off that a day's journey was necessary for them to go and come back with a load of plantains on their backs. It was hard work for these men of the forest to make a plantation, for they had first to fell the forest trees, and, when partly dry, to set fire to them, and then to plant the shoots.

Two days after the njokoos had left, some of the women of the tribe to whom the field belonged, came to get plantains to take back with them to feed their people. When they saw that all the plantain-trees had been torn down, and the fruit devoured, and witnessed the havoc the njokoos had wrought, they exclaimed, "The njokoos have been here and eaten up everything. What shall we do to feed our fami-

lies?" They also saw the footprints of nginas and were filled with fear. They started for their village in great haste, making loud noises to scare the monsters off.

On their return, as they entered their village, they shouted: "Listen; the njokoos are near our plantations. They have already destroyed one of them, and eaten up everything, and if they are not driven away we shall be hungry in days to come, for they will destroy other fields of plantains."

There was great excitement among the human beings when they heard the doleful news. They shouted: "The hard work we had to cut these trees and make this plantation has been all for nothing." The warriors and hunters swore vengeance, and vowed to kill all the njokoos and nginas they could find.

Many people started for their plantation to stay until they had driven all the njokoos and nginas from their country, and took their guns and their tom-toms with them. When they arrived there, they made a great noise, fired guns, beat their tom-toms, danced and sang all night, and made invocations to their idols and their forefathers. Five of the most valiant hunters swore that they would not go back home until they had killed some nginas or njokoos.

They built sheds to sleep under. When the nginas and the njokoos heard the noise they made, they moved away in all haste, and soon the country was free from them.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE THREE NGINAS KILLED BY HUNTERS

A FEW days after their departure from the plantain field, the three nginas found themselves in a part of the forest where food was scarce.

One evening the old ngina said to his mate: "We have had a hard time of late, and our little one is often hungry. We go to sleep with empty stomachs. Let us go back to that part of the forest from which the human beings drove us by their noise. Perhaps we shall discover more plantain fields in the neighborhood that we have not yet seen."

Early the following morning they started back. They found the way easily, though they took a somewhat different course, so that they could find food.

After some wanderings, the nginas came to a koola-tree, and many of its nuts were ripe and had fallen on the ground. At this sight they uttered chuckles of delight, and said, "It is a good thing that the ngoas [wild boars] have not been here else we would have found no nuts." And soon they were busy crushing their hard shells.

The koola nut is larger than a walnut, and the shell is very hard. The kernel is about the size of a very big cherry. They cracked one nut after another

between their powerful jaws, and each time they crushed one there was a great noise, for these nuts are so hard that a man has to give a very heavy blow with a big stone to crack them; for men also eat these nuts. They did not forget their little one, but cracked many nuts for him, for he had only his first set of teeth, twenty in number, and these were not strong enough to crack shells.

The nginas, as they ate, would say: "How delicious are the koola nuts! How lucky we are to be the first here!" and they grinned when they thought of their good fortune. How ugly they looked when they grinned! Their faces were simply fiendish.

When they had eaten all the nuts that had fallen on the ground, they looked up at the koola-tree, but could not see its top on account of the thick foliage of the trees under it. Seeing its huge trunk (about fifteen feet in diameter), they said, "What a pity the koola-trees are so tall and big! We cannot climb the trunk, and reach the nuts." After their meal, they continued on their way, and when night came they went to sleep in the usual ngina way.

Time passed, and at last, as they approached the plantain field the njokoos had destroyed, and where they themselves had been, they became exceedingly cautious. The big ngina and his mate would stand up as human beings do, and look around and listen, their ugly, wrinkled, intensely black faces peering through the trees to see if there were any danger threatening them.

Once the big ngina thought he scented something hostile, and looked toward his mate, for often the nginas have a silent way of communicating with each other. Then they stood still for a while. After they had made sure there was no cause for alarm, they continued on their way, but became more and more wary. They heard a noise and stopped; but it was only a troop of monkeys journeying through the forest.

Finally they came to the destroyed plantain field, and passed through it to go to the forest beyond. They were more timid than ever, on account of the lack of shelter from the trees. On their way they saw two of the sheds that had been built by the human beings. They looked at them, and noticed a heap of ashes, the remains of a fire, and three burning embers in the midst of the ashes. They thought they were tondos, the red fruit that grows near the ground, for which the nginas have a great fondness, thinking they are a delicious fruit. The embers looked like them, and yet again did not look exactly like them.

So they seated themselves on their haunches by the pile of ashes, and kept wondering if these red dying embers were tondos. The big ngina at last stretched out his long arms and took one of the embers in his hands. He dropped it instantly, and uttered a terrific yell of rage, and, with glaring eyes, looked at the embers and jumped around. His mate asked, "Dear, what is the matter? Why do you yell in such a manner?" The big ngina replied, "That red thing is not

a tondo. I took hold of it, and it felt as if I had a handful of bees or wasps." Then he fearlessly raised his arm and gave a great blow with his open hand to the pile of ashes, and sent them and the embers flying about.

Farther on they discovered a cluster of plantain-trees bearing big bunches of juicy fruit. They were filled with delight at the sight. Soon they were busy pulling the trees down, by grasping the base of the stem with their two hand-like feet, and then, with their powerful arms and hands, pulling the trunk to the ground. They even bit the trunks of the plantain-trees, for these are juicy.

They ate silently, fearing that, if they made any noise, other nginas would hear them and come to the feast. Even the njokoos, if they heard the nginas, would come, and the nginas would have to run, for there were no trees for them to climb, and the njokoos would charge upon them.

"I hope no njokoos remember this place," said the big ngina; "for if they do not come, we shall have food for several days."

The nginas are very wasteful. After they get hold of a bunch of plantains, and if there are many, they take a few bites, then go to another tree and pull it down. They ate until they could eat no more, when they retired into the dark recess of the forest. There they lay on their backs, the baby ngina resting on the breast of his mother.

They remained in the neighborhood of the plantain-

trees several days, and would come at dawn to eat, then retire to the forest, and come again before sunset, after which they would go into the forest to sleep. The time came when they had eaten all the bunches of plantains, and they then left the place for good. They laughed and said: "If njokoos and other nginas come here, they will be late and will have no words of love or affection for us," and they laughed still more.

They had hardly entered the forest when they heard the voices of human beings. These were the five hunters. They came to get plantains to eat, as well as to seek the nginas and njokoos of whom they were in pursuit. Great was their anger when they saw that the nginas had eaten everything. They swore again that they would kill the nginas.

When the nginas heard their voices, the big one said to his mate, "Let us move away. We hate the presence of human beings." And they went far away and wandered in the thickest part of the forest, and did not come into that neighborhood any more. They agreed to go back to the big koola-tree, for they hoped to find many nuts on the ground, and they were happy as they thought of the good meal in prospect. One day's journey was to bring them to the place. That night they slept in their usual way. In the morning they departed, expecting to reach the koola-tree toward noon.

But that very same morning the ngoas had been there and eaten all the nuts that had fallen on the

ground, and when they went away they laughed and said, " If the other herds of ngoas or the nginas come, and other men of the woods, to-day, they will find that they are too late, and that we ngoas have been here before them all."

The ngoas had not been long gone, when the three nginas made their appearance. Great indeed was their disappointment when they found the ground bare of nuts, and they cried, with angry voices, as they looked at the footprints of the ngoas, " Those horrid ngoas have been here this morning and eaten all our nuts."

The nginas left the place very much disgusted, and continued to roam in the forest in search of food. They had a hard time to get a living, for herds of ngoas and many nshiegos, nkengos, and some nginas had been in that part of the forest before them.

The big ngina, seeing this, said to his mate: " Lately we have worked hard for our living. We have had bad luck, and find that others have been to our chosen places before us."

" Yes," she replied, " I think it would be better for us to separate during the day, to satisfy our hunger; for if we three go together, we shall not find food enough for all of us. We will keep as usual within hearing of each other's voices. When I call, you will answer, and when you call, I will answer."

The next morning they separated, wishing each other good luck, the baby ngina going with his mother. During the day they kept calling to each

other, their powerful, guttural voices resounding through the forest as they did so. The voice of the ngina can be heard about six or seven miles away.

That day the nginas came across fresh footprints of human beings. When they met that evening they told each other of their discovery, and said, "We must shun them."

The footprints the nginas had seen were those of the five hunters who had sworn never to come back to their village until they had killed some nginas and njokoos. They were the most daring men of their tribe, and had spent a great part of their lives in the forest killing njokoos. They were trying to locate the nginas. They saw by the tracks the njokoos had left behind them that they had gone a long way off.

It happened that the hunters had the day before discovered the place where the nginas had slept. They had seen at the base of the tree the huge footprints of the big ngina, the smaller ones of his mate, and the tiny ones of their little one. So they knew that there were three of them together.

They said: "Now we are on the track of the nginas. These footprints are fresh; but we must be brave, and aim right, for the big fellow is sure to fight and will try to kill us. Our guns are good. With them we have killed many njokoos, and we will kill the nginas whose footprints we have seen. The big idol of our village has told us that we should be successful in our hunt, and that we should not return without having killed nginas or njokoos. We have made powerful incan-

tations, and the charms we wear will protect us against them, and we shall not be killed."

That night the hunters slept under a tree, and in the morning, as they started out, they said: "We must walk through the forest and jungle as noiselessly as a leopard, and we must be near one another." This was the very same morning the nginas had separated, the better to get enough food for the three. The hunters proceeded, keeping close together. They kept a sharp lookout, stopped often to listen, and their eyes tried to pierce the jungle everywhere at the slightest noise they heard.

Suddenly one of them gave a cluck of warning. His quick ear had heard a rustling in the jungle. This cluck is made with the tongue striking the palate, and does not alarm the animals of the forest. The four other hunters, hearing it, drew close together and listened. They also heard the rustling. There was no mistake. This could only be the nginas walking through the jungle. They lay flat on their stomachs with their guns cocked, and crawled toward the rustling noise and at last saw the female ngina and her baby. They were busy eating tondos. The hunters fired and killed them both on the spot. They fell without uttering a groan.

The big ngina did not hear the detonation of the guns that had killed his mate and baby, and did not know that they were both dead. Now and then, as he was moving along in search of food, he would call for his mate as he was wont to do when they were

separated, and as they had agreed to do in the morning. But now his calls were not answered, and he thought that, pressed by hunger, she had wandered beyond the reach of his voice. After a while he became anxious and repeated his calls oftener, saying: "Where are you? Why do you not answer me?" But no answer came, though he listened intently. The forest remained silent. He could only hear the echo of his own powerful voice.

The day had almost passed without any tidings of his mate. Then he became thoroughly alarmed, and near sunset he grew frantic and called for his family at the very top of his voice, uttering despairing and appalling roars. All the creatures of the forest thought they never heard in all their lives any ngina roar so loud, and many of them were terribly frightened and fled in all directions away from the dread sounds.

The ngina continued to call for his mate, but no answer came. Then he was sure that some great misfortune had happened to his family. Perhaps a heavy limb of a tree had fallen upon them and killed them both outright. When night came, he rested at the foot of a tree, but could not sleep, for he was thinking all the time of his missing ones. At daybreak he renewed his terrific roaring, which was heard again far and wide; but no response came back to him.

After the hunters had killed the two nginas, they cut off their heads and slung them round their shoulders as trophies, to show to their people on their return to the village. Then they started in

search of the big ngina, whom they expected to meet at any moment, seeking his mate and his baby. So they were on the lookout for him, as they did not want to be taken unawares. They said: "If we meet this big kombo [fighter] ngina, it will be a fight for life. We must kill him or he will kill us. Let us beware lest he seize one of us in his powerful clutches or give us a terrific blow with his open hand."

At last, to his great joy, the big ngina discovered the footprints of his mate and baby. At the sight he roared louder than he had ever done in his life; but still no answer came back to him. He followed the tracks and continued to call. The hunters heard him and nerved themselves for the great conflict. It was to be a fight to the death. Gradually the sound came nearer and nearer. The ngina evidently continued to follow the footsteps of his mate. Then came a silence. The roars stopped! The five men made ready and formed a circle so that they could see where the attack of the monster would come from, and be ready to face him together when he came toward them. Their guns were cocked, and they were ready to fire at a second's notice.

Suddenly they saw not far from them in the midst of the leaves a huge black fierce-looking face, watching them silently. It was the face of the ngina. His eyes were vindictive and full of hatred. All at once the monster saw the heads of his mate and baby slung round two of the hunters. At this sight his rage knew no bounds. He uttered his yell of attack, and,

standing upright, with hair erect on his body, showing his anger, and the hair on his head moving up and down, he advanced, yelling and roaring, and beating his tremendous chest with his huge fist. At each yell he opened his mouth and showed his powerful teeth.

Then the detonation of five guns fired at the same time was heard, and the huge ngina was pierced to the heart, and fell forward uttering a groan of pain, his powerful arms stretched toward his enemy as if ready to clutch them. He was dead. The hunters cut off his head and went back to their village, and this was the end of the family of nginas whose adventures we have followed.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE OMEMBAS, OR SNAKES

OMEMBAS are very numerous and much dreaded by all the animals and human beings of the great forest. There are many species differing greatly in their colors and the designs of their skins. Some are very large, and others quite small. Many are very poisonous, and their bites cause death. Those having no fangs are not poisonous.

Some of the omembas spend a great part of their lives in the water. Others live chiefly among the branches of trees, while many crawl on the ground. Quite a number are night snakes. Many have skins resembling in color their habitats, which enables them to catch their prey without being detected by their victims. Those that are green live chiefly among shrubs or in thickets, where they more readily catch birds and devour their eggs. Others are of the color of the bark of trees, round which they coil to wait for prey. Several are of the color of dead leaves that have fallen on the ground. Several species have a good knowledge of color.

All snakes live upon animals. Many little ones feed on toads, mice, rats, etc. Some even eat other snakes, when famished. Some like to hide in houses

and during the night prey on rats and mice. Others enter chicken coops and devour chickens and their eggs, of which many species are very fond.

The omembas are very knowing and show great intelligence in their ways of getting at their prey. Some have the power of charming their victims so that they cannot escape. The only language of the omembas known to the animals of the forest is a hissing which they make when attacked or frightened. Then they raise themselves and show fight. Otherwise the language of the omembas whereby they communicate with one another is never heard. Some think that they do so with their eyes, or by the motion of their bodies. Others by whispers or sounds only heard by omembas' quick ears. Strange to say, the omembas change their coats or skins every year. They go out of them just as a human being gets out of his clothes.

The greatest enemies of the omembas are the ichneumons, the ants, and some of the night prowlers, such as some kinds of weasels, or animals akin to them.

CHAPTER XXV

A HUGE OMBAMA, OR PYTHON

AN enormous-sized ombama, about thirty feet long, said to himself one day: "I am so big now that I do not feed on small game. I like to feed on kambis and ncheris. I am so hungry that I must find out a good place to coil myself in and there wait for prey that may pass by me." He wanted a tree having a bark near the color of his skin.

As he crawled along, he looked for such a tree. He passed hundreds of trees, nay, thousands. Some of them were nearly of his color, but he thought that he would find more deceiving ones still, so that when he was coiled round their trunks, the antelopes, the gazelles, the boars, and other animals could not detect him. So he went on his way, meeting many snakes. Some said, "I am journeying toward the villages of men, and intend to stay in a house and watch for rats." Others said, "I am going for ducks, chickens, and hen's eggs; but if I can get a goat, I will coil round and swallow him." But the big ombama had made up his mind to have a kambi for a meal.

After a long search he saw a tree, the bark of which was the color of his skin. Then he said: "This is

the tree for me. Animals will come near it without seeing me. How I shall deceive them!"

He coiled around the trunk and waited patiently for a kambi, a ncheri, or a ngoa, or any other big animal of the forest, for he hoped that some of them, unaware of his presence, would soon pass by. He listened for sounds telling him of the coming of his unsuspected victims. His head and neck, at some distance from the trunk of the tree, moved one way and another, and his piercing eyes glanced around in all directions. He said to himself: "I must be patient, for sometimes at the end of the day, and when I least expect it, some animal makes its appearance and I spring upon him, wind around him, and squeeze him to death in my vise-like coils, which become tighter and tighter until I crush him."

He waited and waited, but nothing came that way. So he had to go without food that day, saying to himself, "The life of the ombamas is not always a pleasant one. How often I have to work hard for my living!" He left the place hungry and much disappointed, and remembered, although he had not been in that part of the forest for a long time, that there was a pond in the neighborhood.

After some wandering he came to this pond, which was a large pool of clear water fed by a spring. There he stopped and said, "Surely some of the animals of the forest will come here to drink." And as he looked around, he saw footprints of kambis and ncheris and other creatures. He was delighted, and at

the sight thought that he should soon get a good meal. He saw a tree by the water of the same color as his skin and coiled himself around it and waited. His head and neck were in constant motion, looking out for prey. "Surely some animal will come toward sunset," he thought, "for that is the time when they come to drink." He knew well the habits of the kambis and the ncheris and ngoas and other animals upon which he lived.

Soon an unsuspecting kambi made his appearance, nibbling at a few leaves as she came toward the pool to have a drink. The big ombama looked at her with glaring eyes, and when she came within a short distance of his tree, he made a tremendous spring, and in the twinkling of an eye his body was coiled round the poor creature and squeezed her so tightly that at last she died.

Then the ombama had very hard work, for the kambi was too big for him to swallow. So he used

all his strength to make the body smaller and smaller by crushing it. It was a slow but sure process, and he succeeded. When he thought the kambi was ready for eating, he put the head in his mouth, after it had been properly crushed by his powerful coils, and then began another squeezing process, which made the rest of the animal small enough to be gradually swallowed. Before the kambi was digested, and while it was still whole in his body, it was nearly three times the length it had been when alive.

Soon after his meal, the big ombama fell asleep, — a lethargic, digestive sleep among the dead leaves on the ground. The ombamas and omembas always fall into such sleep when they have had a hearty meal and digest it. Lucky was the big ombama that no enemy passed by, nor a njokoo to trample upon him.

After digesting his meal, which took a number of days, he awoke, and, encountering the omembas he had met before, he asked for news. One who had been in the chicken coop said: "I had a big rooster and all the eggs I found in one of the hens' nests for my meal. After this, I went immediately away, for I hate an open place, and hid in the forest and went to sleep." Another omemba said, "As I came into the village, I saw a small dog, and sprang upon him and coiled myself around him and ate him up."

Then they parted, each going his own way.

The big ombama, after his sleep and recollection of the big meal of the kambi, felt very well and journeyed toward a river of clear water and there took a

bath and enjoyed it. His skin was becoming dim in color and shabby, and he longed for another one. One day he felt his old skin getting loose, and said to himself, "It is time for me to have a brand-new coat. I am ashamed of this old one, it is so shabby and worn out."

Then he pushed himself through with his head, and, lo! in a short time his old coat from head to tail was behind him. He had come out of his old clothes with a bright and shining outfit. As he moved away, he said, "Good-by, dear old coat, good-by, good-by." Now he felt like himself again and said, "I am glad I have such a fine new coat and have left the old one. I am handsome now."

After changing his skin the big ombama became hungry again, and finding a suitable tree, he coiled round it and waited for prey. He saw strange sights. As he was looking round, he saw a big black and yellow tree-snake crawling near his tree, and watched him. The tree-omemba stopped, and said to himself: "I am hungry. I live chiefly upon trees, and I will ascend one and will look out for a monkey, a bird, or a large squirrel if I come near enough. I look at them and try to put them under my spell, so that they will be paralyzed and will not be able to run away from me."

Then he raised himself and coiled round the trunk of a small tree, and crawled upwards until he reached one of its branches, and then travelled from this branch to one from another tree, and so on for many trees. This was easy, for the branches were

all intermingled with one another. His cunning eyes were looking everywhere as he crept along, seeking for monkeys, big birds, or squirrels. He moved so slyly that he did not make the slightest noise, even less than the wind passing through the branches. Suddenly he saw a monkey quite by himself. He crawled toward the poor monkey as fast as he could, and at last came near enough to coil himself up without being detected. This he was obliged to do as a preliminary, since the omembas cannot spring upon their prey except when they are coiled up, for when they are extended to their full length they have no power.

He looked at the monkey intently, and, as it were, magnetized the poor creature, who looked at him in the greatest terror. The eyes of the ombama never left him. He was charming his prey, and said, "Now I am going to charm the monkey, and he will then be

unable to escape me." The omemba glided toward the monkey, and when he had come near enough, he sprang upon him quicker than an arrow flying through the air and coiled round him in the twinkling of an eye, and his coils soon crushed the life out of him.

After his meal the omemba came down the tree, having found a comfortable place where he thought himself safe, and fell into a deep sleep. When he awoke he felt like taking a bath, and went to a beautiful clear limpid stream, and after a swim coiled himself round the branch of a tree under water, after which he went in search of prey again, as he had done during all the days of his life.

The big ombama had also succeeded in capturing a big ncheri, and after his meal fell asleep in the midst of a mass of dead leaves that were more or less of the color of his skin.

It happened the next day that a rogue elephant, who was wandering all alone, passed near the big ombama. The njokoo became angry at the sight of him. He advanced toward him and trampled upon him several times until he was dead. Then he uttered sharp trumpetings of satisfaction for what he had done. The njokoos hate serpents and trample upon them whenever they can.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE NTOTO, OR ICHNEUMON

A NTOTO, with his elongated weasel-like form, stretched his short legs, and, looking at his dirty reddish-brown spotted skin, as he lay in the hollow of his tree, said: "Many kinds of ntotos inhabit this great forest where I was born. How we ichneumons hate these horrid creeping crawling creatures, the omembas! We kill them every time we have a chance. We show them no mercy, for often when we starve it is owing to them. They eat the prey upon which we feed. We are not even afraid of the biggest of them, — those that feed on kambis, ncheris, or ngoas."

Leaving his place, he walked along slowly through the jungle, and listened, hoping to hear the noise made by omembas crawling among the fallen leaves. After a short ramble, he saw among the leaves one of the worst kind of omembas inhabiting the forest. He was short and very thick, with a skin much the color of the soil and leaves. He had a large triangular-shaped head, with a short horn rising from the end of his nose. His mouth possessed terrible fangs surrounded by bags filled with most deadly poison, which cause death in a very short time.

At the sight of this omemba, the ichneumon was filled with rage. His hair stood erect on his body. His eyes were full of hatred, and he prepared himself for conflict with his enemy, — the creature he hated more than any other.

All the omembas dread the ntotos, for they know that they are their inveterate enemies, that they are very cunning, and that many of their own kind are killed by them. The horrid-looking omemba, as he crawled along, was not at first aware that a ntoto had just seen him, but all at once he scented danger, and made off with the utmost speed, hoping that he had not been seen, and would escape with his life.

The ichneumon knew the danger he had to encounter. He knew that his enemy had terribly long poisonous fangs, and if the omemba succeeded in biting him he would surely die. But this thought did not make him afraid. On the contrary, it made him more fierce, though also very cautious and prudent. He followed the omemba, taking care not to be seen, and suddenly with lightning-like swiftness he attacked him, imbedding his teeth firmly in the back of his neck, his claws firmly holding the ground, and in two or three bites had almost severed the omemba's head from his body and had broken his spinal column, thus preventing him from crawling any more. Only the quivering of his body showed that life lingered for a few seconds.

After killing the omemba and gloating over his victory, the ichneumon continued his way, and soon

"He attacked him, embedding his teeth firmly in the back of his neck"

saw another omemba, which was a much longer and slender one, of a black and yellow color. He was coiled and ready to spring on any unsuspecting prey that should come within his reach. At the sight his coarse reddish-brown spotted fur once more stood erect, and he sprang at once to the attack.

The ntotos are wonderfully agile in their movements when they attack. They dodge every time the omembas prepare to spring upon them. Their quick eyes seize every motion and every intention of their adversary.

At the ichneumon's approach the snake rose partly from his coils in great fear, for he knew that the enemy he dreaded most was to attack him, and that his life was in great danger. But he watched closely his opportunity to spring upon his enemy and coil round his body, and squeeze him to death.

The ichneumon knew this, and moved so quickly from one place to another that the eyes of the snake could not follow him. It was a game of hide-and-seek. The ichneumon was simply waiting for his opportunity, which came at last. The snake gave a dart at the ichneumon, who, quick as lightning, leaped aside. The snake had no time to coil himself again, and fled. In an instant the ichneumon sprang on his back next his head, so that he could not turn his poisonous fangs upon him, and in two or three bites severed the neck from the body. The battle was over.

After this second battle the ichneumon continued on

his way, and ere long met a comrade. They saluted each other, and the one who had fought with the omembas recounted his victories, and then asked the other in his turn, "Where have you been to-night?" "I have had a grand old time to-night," replied the second ichneumon. "I entered a village of human beings which I discovered, and got into a chicken-coop and killed all the chickens, including the big rooster. I made for the rooster first. I killed them all in true ichneumon fashion by biting them on the neck. How the blood poured out! And it tasted so good and sweet! Now I am going back home to the hollow of my tree where I sleep."

Then the two bade each other good-by.

Years passed by. As the fighting ichneumon became older, his warfare upon the snakes became less and less fierce, for he was less nimble and was growing stiff in his movements. He had to content himself with killing rats, mice, and other small animals.

Often when he saw a snake the remembrance of his former attacks upon them came back to him, and several times he felt tempted to renew the conflict with them, but he did not give way to his inclination, for he had become prudent.

But one day he felt particularly well, and more nimble than usual. As he was seeking for a meal, he saw a long slender snake of the worst kind.

The snake, as he was crawling along, had also seen the ichneumon. All at once he stopped and coiled himself up for self-protection and fight if attacked.

The ichneumon, at the sight of the snake, forgot his old age and his stiffness; the memory of his past conflicts with snakes came back to him, and he ran to attack the creature he hated so much.

The snake reared his head and neck, leaving a large part of his body coiled, so that he could spring upon his antagonist at the proper time, if he had a chance; his tongue protruded, and he hissed as his enemy came near.

The ichneumon used his old tactics, went quickly round and round the snake, to bewilder him. The snake was filled with fear, and hissed continuously. But though the tactics of the ichneumon were those of the days of old, his movements were much slower, and he was not equal to the conflict, though he thought he was. Suddenly, like a flash, the snake darted upon him and coiled himself round his body. His coils were so close that he crushed the life out of the ichneumon, and then, at his leisure, swallowed him.

CHAPTER XXVII

THE IBOBOTI, OR SPIDER

A BIG yellow and black spotted iboboti, with a body as large as a sparrow's egg, and with very strong long legs, who was much given to philosophic reflection, said one day to himself: "Our kin is very numerous. We spiders are of many kinds, of different shapes and sizes, and of varied colors. We also lead different lives. Some of us like to live in the sun, others in the shade; some in the forest, others in houses of human beings. Strange to say, there are some of us who live in burrows. Some of our kin are day spiders; others belong to the night. Some make webs to entrap their prey; others do not. Some have short legs, others very long ones; the latter spin webs. We are all very voracious and spring upon our prey with great fury. We are brave; if we were not, we should starve."

Then, looking at his web, the iboboti said: "I do not wonder that I have been starving for the last few days, and that my victims — the flies and other insects — have escaped from my meshes. My web has become dilapidated. It is full of holes. I am tired of repairing it. Time, rain, and the sun have done

their mischievous work. The threads have become brittle. It is time for me to leave this spot and the old web, which I have spun and constructed with so much care and ingenuity, and go to some other place and spin a new one.

"To begin a web and leave it unfinished, without proper reason, is waste; but sometimes it is necessary, and now is one of those times. We web spiders have to use great judgment in the selection of the place we choose to build our webs in."

He pondered the matter awhile and then exclaimed: —

"How wonderful indeed are our gifts! This semi-liquid secretion contained in our bodies we force out, when we spin, through the minute tubes which cover our spinnerets. This, after being forced out, becomes hard by contact with the air, and turns into threads, which after they are united make the web much stronger than if it had been made of a single strand."

Saying this, he decided to depart at once, and began to creep along, spider fashion, and travel on trees in search of a good place to build another web in, looking all round as he went along, and thinking to himself: "My life is not an easy one. I have to work hard for my living. The webs we spiders build with so much care and skill are often destroyed by passing animals, or birds flying through them, or by limbs of trees falling upon them."

After a tedious journey, the spider saw a nice open space in the forest between two shrubs. He stopped,

and, looking at it carefully from above, said: "I think this spot is a good place. Flies, insects, and even small birds will pass through one way or another, for the trees and jungle are thick all around this spot. I will spin my web here."

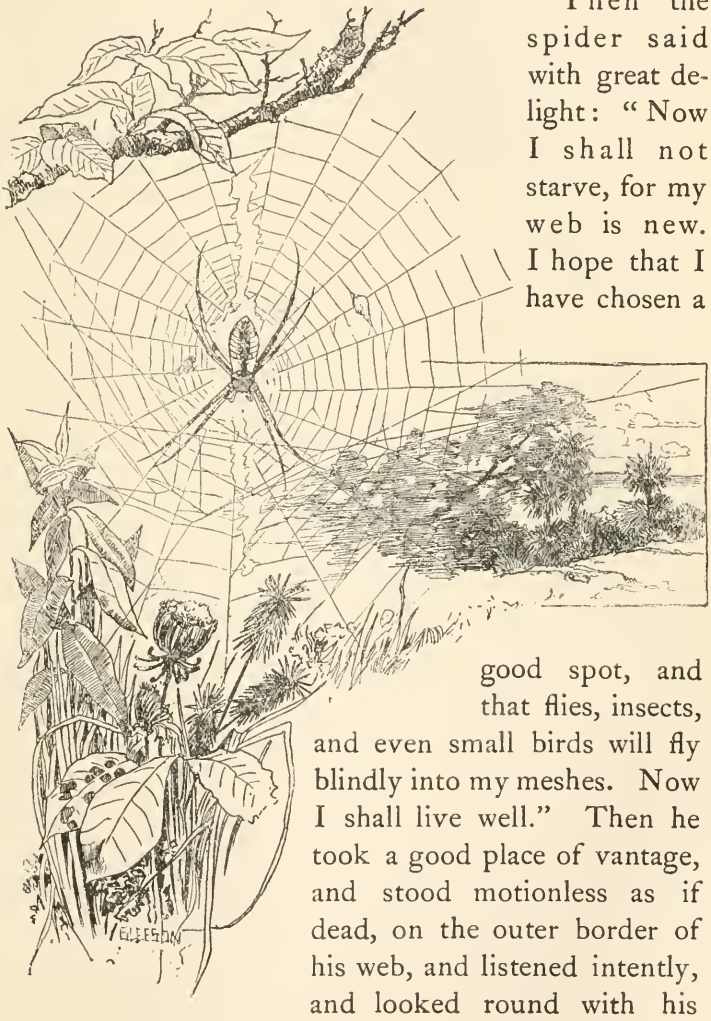
The spider felt that a storm was coming, and said: "When it rains I never spin my web. I will wait for fine and seasonable weather, which, if I am not mistaken, we shall have to-morrow." The web spiders have the gift of knowing when the weather is going to be stormy or fine.

The rain came as he feared, but the following day the weather was fine, and the spider made preparations to begin spinning his web. Then he began work with his head downward, forcing the secretion and working the spinnerets, attaching the beginning of the thread to a branch of a tree first, then lowering himself by this thread. Then, when he reached the bottom, he ascended, spinning another thread as a support with one of his legs. The thread was of a bright orange yellow like the color of his body.

The spider built a network of very strong threads to support the whole structure; these were the supporting beams. Between these, he span smaller delicate threads, using fewer spinnerets, directing his legs to do the work as the threads were spun.

After several days' work the web was finished, and the yellow and black spotted spider looked at it and was pleased. It was a wonderful and delicate piece of work done with great skill, judgment, and thought.

It was very elastic, so as to resist the power of the wind.



Then the spider said with great delight: "Now I shall not starve, for my web is new. I hope that I have chosen a good spot, and that flies, insects, and even small birds will fly blindly into my meshes. Now I shall live well." Then he took a good place of vantage, and stood motionless as if dead, on the outer border of his web, and listened intently, and looked round with his

ferocious-looking eyes, waiting for prey. Suddenly he said: "Oh, how hungry I am! I am so created that I have to live as I do, for I am only powerful when I walk on my web. I am unlike all the other creatures that fly or walk, for they go and seek prey to satisfy their hunger, while I, on the contrary, have to stand still and wait for my victims to come blindly into the web. If they do not come, then I starve. No wonder that I attack with such fierceness those who get entangled in my meshes. I have to be very patient. Still I have reason to be; for sometimes when I am despairing, a big fly or insect flies into my web and provides me with a bite. But I require many a bite to make a good meal."

Then he made himself ready, stretched his long legs, and lay as flat as he could, and waited. Soon his web shook, and the trembling made him look up. He saw a very large iboco fly struggling to get out of the meshes of the web; but its struggles were in vain, for the more the poor fly struggled, the more entangled it became. The spider ran with his long legs over the threads of his web, and soon pounced upon the poor iboco and sucked the life out of him.

After this, he went back to his place of vantage, and said: "I think I hear the buzzing of a horrid wasp. If this wicked creature sees me, she will come and attack me, and carry me away and eat me, as I have just done the fly that came into my net. How I hate the wasp!"

So this spider spent his days in killing creatures to sustain his own life, which was not such a happy one, for he had many enemies and was in constant dread of them, besides going hungry often when no insects strayed into his web.

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE TRAP-DOOR IBOBOTI, OR BURROW SPIDER

ONE day an ashen-gray trap-door spider, while in the dark recesses of his home, mused as follows: "What great intelligence I have been gifted with! I can make a burrow, and close its entrance with a door of my own making, that prevents my enemies from getting in to attack me. When I am inside, and my door is closed, I feel absolutely safe."

The spider then thought how cosey and comfortable his home was, and, looking round, saw many heads, legs, and wings of the insects he had brought in to consume at his leisure.

This sight reminded him of the numerous feasts he had enjoyed, and of the tussles he had had before capturing his victims. This recollection gave him an appetite and a longing for more fights and more meals.

This trap-door spider had strong, short legs, and a head armed with powerful nippers, between which was his ugly mouth, ready to suck the life of his prey.

The spider walked to the opening of his burrow to watch. His fierce eyes turned in every direction. He also listened attentively to all sounds, for these might either be the forerunner of some unsuspecting

creature coming his way, or the noise of an approaching enemy, and he had many of these and needed to be wary to escape them. But he neither saw nor heard anything. He was obliged to return hungry to his hole, and this happened the next day and the next.

Time went on, and food at last became so scarce that the spider determined upon leaving his old burrow and going in search of a better place to build a new home. He accordingly did so. He had to travel very cautiously, for fear of enemies, for now he had no burrow with a trap-door to protect him. At the least suspicious sound he hid under a leaf, the bark of a tree, in some dark corners, or under some root.

After long exploration, he came at last to a place where he thought the soil was right for digging a burrow, and the neighborhood and ground seemed to be good for prey.

Having chosen the spot, he began to dig with his forelegs, using his head at times to help. He worked very hard indeed. After his burrow had reached a depth of several inches, he stopped, saying, "My abode is now deep enough."

He then began his most difficult work. Digging the burrow was nothing compared with what he had to do now, which was to make an inside casing throughout the length and breadth of his burrow, to keep the earth from caving in.

To spin and weave the lining of his burrow was so great a task that it called for careful thinking, much ingenuity, and great skill. So he went to work, spun,

and interlaced the threads in such a way that the material, when finished, was a thick and compact mass something like felt.

When the casing had reached the mouth of the burrow, the iboboti stopped, for now he had to make the trap-door, a difficult piece of mechanism. The door had to be round and of exactly the size of the opening of the burrow, so as to fit closely. To succeed in his task, the spider had to make no mistake in his measurements.

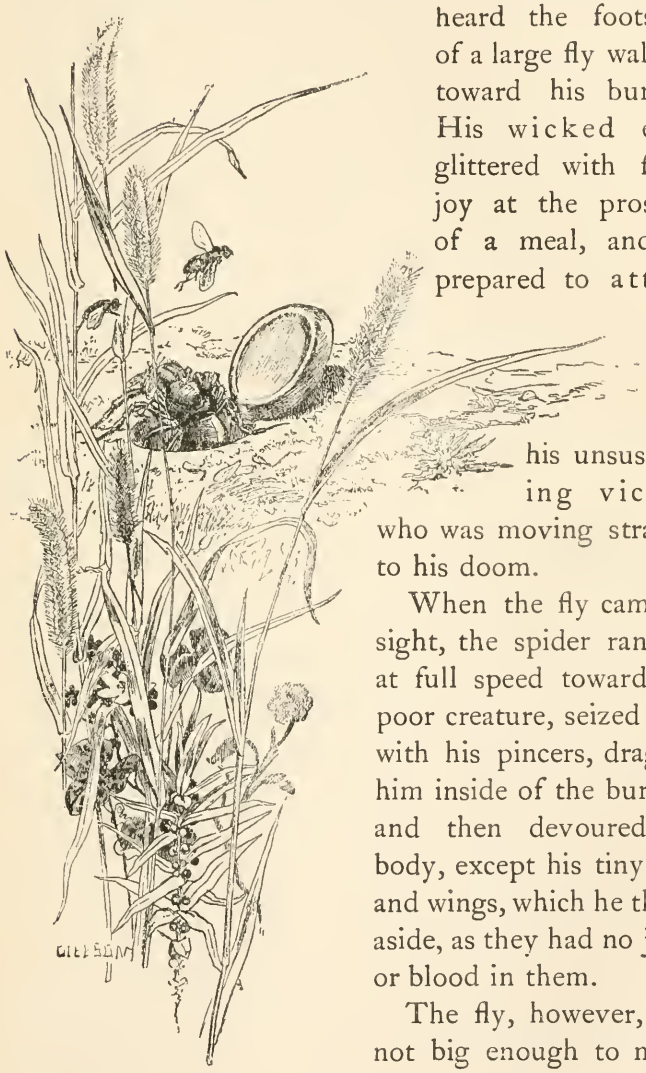
The top of the door was made fast to the casing by a kind of hinge. When it was finished, he let it fall to see how it worked. It fitted perfectly, and was so tight that not even the tiniest ant could get in.

The spider was delighted with his handiwork and the secure home he had made. "But," he said to himself, "the door outside must look exactly like the earth surrounding it." So he covered the outside of the door with earth, which stuck to it, making it fast by mixing the earth with some secretion. After this no creature could tell where the door was.

The spider was very contented, and said: "It will be difficult for my enemies, as they prowl around, to find where I live; and when my door is shut, I shall feel safe from those horrid wasps, ants, and my other enemies, — I hate them all!"

He then raised the trap and made it fast, so that it would not fall down, and from the opening of his dwelling he watched for prey. His body could not be seen, as it was hidden by the darkness of the bur-

row. He had not been long on the watch when he heard the footsteps of a large fly walking toward his burrow. His wicked eyes glittered with fierce joy at the prospect of a meal, and he prepared to attack his unsuspecting victim, who was moving straight to his doom.



When the fly came in sight, the spider ran out at full speed toward the poor creature, seized him with his pincers, dragged him inside of the burrow, and then devoured his body, except his tiny legs and wings, which he threw aside, as they had no juice or blood in them.

The fly, however, was not big enough to make

him a full meal. He was still very hungry, and this time he prowled outside, but always remaining within sight of his burrow, stopping now and then in a good place of vantage to watch for victims.

Suddenly he heard the noise made by the wings of a wasp that was flying about, and was himself looking for prey. Seized with fear, the spider ran to his burrow as fast as his legs could carry him, and, when inside, closed the door. He had escaped in the nick of time; the wasp, with his extraordinary powers of vision, had sighted him at once, and came within an ace of catching him.

The spider, once inside, felt safe and hugged himself, as he said: "How lucky I am to have escaped with my life from this wicked wasp! They are always after us poor spiders. How we hate them!

"Several gifts have been given to us trap-door spiders," he mused, "so that we can get our living and escape our enemies; but even with all these we cannot always save ourselves. For our enemies are wary, cunning, and treacherous, and often get the better of us; fortunately we have very sharp ears and eyes."

While the spider was hiding in his burrow for fear of the wasp, it happened that a fierce, black mogara ant, about one inch long, was also watching for prey from his own dark burrow.

While waiting, the mogara said to himself: "We mogaras live alone in our burrows, and though they seem alike to others, they are different, and each can recognize his own.

" We are brave, and not afraid to attack prey much larger and stronger than ourselves, for we know the vulnerable parts of those we fight. We hold our legs to the ground to prevent them from escaping, and our pincers do the rest. One who is timid gets no prey. Oh, how I should like a spider for my next meal!"

The mogara watched for a while, but as no prey came in sight, he left his burrow and prowled around in search of food. He ran across a dead mogara, and carried it to his burrow and devoured it in the darkness. But this was not sufficient for him, so he went foraging again, and saw an ozoni ant. The ozonis were also prowling everywhere for prey. They are smaller than the mogaras, but are terribly voracious.

This ozoni said: "I am famished, and if I find no prey I must attack one of my own kind and eat him," for the ozonis are cannibals, feeding often on one another. Upon this, looking around, he saw an ozoni smaller than himself not far off, and he ran after him. The fight was fierce. The weaker one realized that he was fighting for his life. He succeeded in escaping from the clutches of his enemy, and ran as fast as he could; but he had been somewhat disabled in the fight, and was recaptured. "Oh!" said the victorious ozoni, "you thought you would escape from me, but you cannot, and now I am going to eat you up!" which he speedily proceeded to do.

Meanwhile the spider was unaware of what was taking place among the mogara and ozoni ants, while he was shut up in his burrow. When he thought the

wasp must have got a long way off, he once more raised the trap-door. Seeing a grasshopper passing by, he attacked the creature with great fury, and after a stubborn fight carried him into his abode.

Having made an excellent meal of his last victim, and not being hungry any more, the spider said: "Now I am going to shut my door and have a good sleep."

After his sleep, he again opened his door and watched. In the distance he saw a big mogara ant and also an ozoni ant. They were looking for prey, and for trap-door spiders. They were going in another direction, away from the burrow of the spider, who accordingly was not frightened, but watched until they were out of sight.

"How I hate the ants!" thought the spider, "especially these horrid mogara and ozoni ants; they are quite as fierce as the wasps, and almost as dangerous. If we spiders had our own way, we would kill them all." He did not reflect that they had to live in the way the spiders did, — that is, by killing other creatures. The spiders have their own point of view in regard to wasps, ants, and other enemies; but these latter had also a different point of view in regard to spiders, and no wonder, for their interests differ.

Weeks passed away in this round of hunting and sleeping. One day the spider had gone out of his burrow and was in a good place to watch for prey. Suddenly there appeared behind him at some distance upon an eminence three mogara ants that were out

foraging. They saw the spider at once, and made for him, for they were hungry.

They walked as lightly as they could, for fear that their intended victim would hear them, for they knew how well trap-door spiders can hear.

Soon the spider was surrounded, and then his enemies attacked him immediately. One of the mogara ants gave him a fierce bite that laid open his abdomen and disabled him; the others joined in the fight, which was soon over, and then they make a good feast of him. Such was the end of the spider who had, in his time, killed so many insects during his adventurous life.

CHAPTER XXIX

THE HOUSE IBOBOTI, OR NIGHT SPIDER

ONE night a large gray house spider said to himself: "My kin lives in the huts of people. It will soon be daylight, and I must find a place where I can hide myself during the day. Darkness is the time when I thrive, for then I can see well and prey upon the creatures which prowl on the walls."

After saying this, the house spider moved toward a corner to hide. He knew every crack and place of shelter on the wall, for he had lived in the house a long time. After he had found a good hiding-place, he said: "This is a nice spot; no light will reach me; no enemy will see me. I shall sleep well," then he settled himself comfortably for the day.

"I spin no web," he mused, "to snare and kill those upon whom I feed. I must prepare myself for hard fighting; I have to be bold and brave. I must not be afraid to attack the creatures that are much larger and stronger than myself. Great gifts have been given to me, so that I may get my living; but I have to work hard to get it, and to use all my intelligence and cunning."

Thinking thus, the spider looked at his legs, and said: "These claws that are like hooks at the end are invaluable to me. They help me in my conflicts

after I have pounced upon my prey. They hold fast to the wall, so that I may not be carried away by those that are much larger and stronger than I am. Oh, how hard I have to fight sometimes! I have two other great gifts, — the sense of hearing, for I can hear the steps of flies and insects upon the walls, and their sounds guide me toward them even before I can see them, though keen sight is also given to me. Another advantage I have is, that my body is very much of the color of the bark walls, so that I am not easily seen by the creatures that prowl at night and walk from one place to another."

The day passed away, night came, and the spider awoke. He looked around for a point from which he could hear and see his prey. After finding the spot, he stretched his legs on the bark so that his body lay flat on the surface, and remained as if dead, so as to deceive the creatures moving on the walls. He was now all eyes and ears.

At the same time that the spider was getting ready for his prey, the cockroaches, from the cracks and other places where they hide during the day, said: "Now it is dark, and we can see well; let us go out from our hiding-places and rummage around the walls and seek for food, for we are hungry." As the night advanced, they began to swarm out of their cracks and holes, running along the walls with great speed, and sometimes flying about. Some of them were nearly two and a half inches long.

The house spider, with its glittering and voracious

eyes, bided his time patiently. Soon he heard the footsteps of a cockroach, and from his sounds knew that he was a very large one. To the spider the footsteps of the roach sounded as heavy as those of an elephant to a human being.

Then, guided by these sounds, the spider moved toward them, lying very flat as he walked, and soon saw the cockroach. It was a very large black one, and he said: "I must get ready for a big fight," and then attacked it from behind. In an instant he was on the back of the cockroach, with his pincers fastened on his neck, for he knew that this was the only vulnerable part, and laying hold on the wall with the hooks of his legs, he began to suck the juice-like blood of his victim.

There was a long and terrible struggle between the two, one trying to kill, the other to run away from its mortal enemy. The cockroach made frantic efforts to escape from the spider, and would have done so if it had not been for the strength with which the hooks held on to the wall. But although stronger, the cockroach could not get the spider from his neck except in one way, by rushing through a crack where it could just pass, and by so doing either crush the spider or oblige him to let go his hold. This the cockroach tried to do. But the spider knew this, and made desperate efforts to hold on as hard as he could, and keep the cockroach fast.

Still, in spite of all the efforts of the spider, the cockroach escaped, and ran as fast as he could, the

spider pursuing him, and once more climbing on his back, with his mouth fixed in his neck, and then followed another struggle for life. The tussle was again a very fierce one. The spider was fastening his mouth deeper and deeper into the neck of the cockroach, and was sucking his blood. At last, the victim began to lose his strength, his efforts to escape became feebler and feebler, and he became helpless, for his strength was gone. The spider, after a fight that had lasted half an hour, was victorious, and he dragged his victim to a convenient place and finished him. This done, he lay in wait for another victim.

Before dawn all was once more quiet in the house. The house spider had gone to his dark place, and the cockroaches had hidden in their cracks.

The poor cockroaches had a hard time; for, besides the wall spiders, they had another enemy in the night lizard that dwelt in the house. These lizards also had a great gift to suit their mode of life. They were very quick, and ran fast. During the day they hid themselves between pieces of bark. They could see so well that nothing escaped their eyes, even in the darkness, and their color was exactly the color of the bark walls, so that they were not to be seen by the cockroaches upon which they lived. Like the spider, they stood perfectly motionless while waiting for prey.

It is a good thing for the human beings that there are house spiders and house lizards to eat up the cockroaches, otherwise men could not live in their homes.

CHAPTER XXX

THE NYOI, OR WASP, AND THE IBOBOTI

A WASP, putting her head out of one of the windows of her nest which was hanging on the branch of a tree in the forest on the border of a prairie, exclaimed one day: —

"How beautiful the weather is now! How hard it rained last night! I could hear the rain falling on our roof; but we have constructed our dwelling with so much skill that no water can come into our abode. What a comfortable home we have built for ourselves! It seems so cosey and warm in the combs and cells where we raise our young!

"Outside, now, the sun is shining, and it is very warm. This is a fine day to get my living, for there will be plenty of prey. I am hungry! I am hungry!"

This wasp was beautifully striped. When on the wing, she was very graceful in her movements; her long thin legs were as fine as a silk thread, and in flying she was so swift that she was out of sight in an instant, while her eyes at the same time took in everything at a glance.

No one but the creatures upon whom she preyed could ever guess that this beautiful wasp was so fierce and full of fight.

The wasp said to herself: "Great gifts have been given to me with which to get my living. My long legs are fine weapons, and help me to prevent my victims from moving when I attack them; and my sharp nippers cut so well; and when I fly I can pick out at once the creatures I like best to eat. I am dainty in my taste. How delicious and juicy the spiders are! I hope I shall catch one very soon, for I am hungry."

The wasp kept on flying, covering a large space in her sweep. Finally she saw in the distance the village where lived the house spider who had such a fight with the cockroach and who had succeeded in killing him and eating him up.

At the sight of the village, the wasp was delighted, and said: "Surely I shall find in some of the houses a wall spider or two."

Soon after, she was in the street, and began to enter house after house, though the human beings that were there drove her away. But in some there were no people, and she could fly all over without being molested.

At last she entered the house where the house spider was who had devoured the cockroach. She flew around. She caught sight of a spider. Its dull gray color could not escape her.

The acute hearing of the spider soon told him that a wasp, his most dreaded enemy, was in the house, and he was seized with great fear, for he knew his life was in danger. He lay as flat as he could on the wall and did not move, hoping not to be discovered.

But his efforts were of no avail. In a flash the

wasp was right over the spider, almost touching his body, — all her efforts and intelligence concentrated in the capture and destruction of her victim. She darted her legs at their full length between the legs of the spider, striking them incessantly to prevent him from moving, and so rapidly that they could hardly be seen, while at the same time she gave constant bites in the back of his neck. Faster and faster moved her legs.

When the wasp thought she had crippled the spider enough, she drew backward, her head moving down, and her nippers cut his right leg near its junction with his body. She moved forward again, and bit the neck once more, and after this cut his left front leg. The six legs were cut off, one after the other, in this way. During the whole fight the spider seemed benumbed, and after the last leg had dropped the wasp flew away with the body to devour it at her ease.

CHAPTER XXXI

THE TWO NKENGOS, OR PALE-FACED APES

IN the midst of the dark foliage of a group of trees stood two pale yellow-faced nkengos (men of the woods). Strange, indeed, looked their yellow, wrinkled, parchment-like faces, in the midst of the green leaves that surrounded them. They were almost like the faces of white human beings after a long illness, but darker.

They had met toward evening near their two bowers, as was their habit, when they had to separate to seek food during the day. Suddenly the smaller one said to his mate: "I saw a strange being to-day, the like of whom you and I have never seen during our lives. He had a pale face like ours, and very long, black, shaggy hair, as black as ours, fell from his head low down on his back. He walked quite erect, had long legs, much longer than ours, and a shorter body; his arms were also much shorter than ours. All I could see was his pale face and his short white hands, and his whole body was unlike these in color. I cannot explain what this was, for I have never seen the like of it before. Strange to say, his feet were black and not of the color of his face, and he had no toes. He carried something like a stick. He looked at me

with such peculiar eyes that I was dreadfully frightened, and I fled. Then I heard coming from him a

terrible noise like a clap of thunder, and something whistled by like a sharp insect, and made a gash in a tree ahead of me. I ran as fast as my legs would carry me, and escaped him, and I am safe by your side."

The old nkengo listened attentively. Then after his mate had stopped, he replied: "Truly, you give me strange news. Are you sure it was not a nkengo like ourselves?"

"Yes," she replied; "I am sure this strange creature was not a nkengo."

"How sure are you," he asked again, "that he was not one of these human beings that we see sometimes in our forest?"

"No," she answered; "the human beings we see have not that color, neither have they long black hair like his. He had their shape, but his body was not like theirs or ours."

No wonder that the nkengo had been astonished and frightened in seeing the pale-faced human being, with long shaggy hair hanging over his shoulders, for he was the first of his kind that had entered the heart of the big forest. His face had color before he came to that land of trees, but fever, hunger, and all kinds of hardships had taken that color away and made his face lemon-yellow and pale as that of the nkengos.

His country was in the west, toward the north, across the great sea, and had snow and ice, winter, spring, summer, and autumn, instead of a rainy and dry season and summer all the time. The stick the nkengo thought he carried, was his gun, and the clap

of thunder she heard, was when he fired that gun; the whistle and the thing that struck the tree was the bullet he had fired at her. His black feet without toes were his shoes. What covered his body was his clothes. He had come to that forest to see the wonderful animals that lived in it, and to study their habits and those of the wild human beings. His name was Paul.

The two nkengos were much disturbed during the night, for they could not sleep, and were thinking all the time of the human being with a pale face like theirs, and of his long dark hair and the thunder that came out of the stick.

The following morning, after they had come down from their respective bowers and trees, they walked for a little while together, and then separated to go after berries, nuts, and fruits, for there were not enough of these together for the two. They agreed to keep near each other. So now and then their voices could be heard calling out as they moved along in the great forest.

The big nkengo found a place with trees full of nuts and called to his mate to come and partake of the feast. When they met they were glad and had a grand time eating nuts. When they could eat no more, it was about time to return to their bowers, which were distant about half a day's journey. On their way back, they met a very old nkengo with a face full of furrows and wrinkles. He was so old that he had lost all his teeth but five. He was stiff with

rheumatism and pain and could hardly walk. "How are you, dear old nkengo?" they inquired with looks of pity on their faces.

He answered: "I am old and shall soon die. I wander alone in the forest, for I cannot follow the other nkengos. They walk too fast for me. I have hardly any teeth, and now I can only feed on leaves. I have not the strength to go after fruits, for I cannot climb trees as I used to do. All I am able to do is to hoist myself on some tree to sleep. I cannot make bowers any more. A leopard will probably eat me one of these days, for I am unable to defend myself. My mate is dead."

Then they said: "Dear old nkengo, we are sorry for you. We pity you. We wish we could be with you, but life is a struggle. We have often to go far away during the day to get our living, and if we were to stay with you we should starve, for we hate leaves, and they are not sufficient to satisfy our hunger. Good-by. Good-by."

And the poor old nkengo was left to himself to finish his life in the best way he could.

Two or three days after they had met the old nkengo, the big one said to his mate, as they returned to their bowers in the evening: "When we built our bower here some days ago, our place at first was surrounded by fruits, nuts, and berries. The trees were full of them. We had but a little way to go to find our food, but as usual every day we had to go a little farther, as we had eaten everything around here. It

takes so much to feed us daily. Now we have to go so far that it almost takes the whole day to go to and from our shelter before it gets dark. We must find another country where food is plentiful; for two or three days past we have not eaten enough to satisfy our appetites.

"Let us journey to-morrow morning to that part of the forest where we know that at this moon of the rainy season we shall find plenty to eat. We shall be there in two days if we travel fast, and hope to arrive before the monkeys and the ngoas and men of the woods make their appearance, and eat everything, and leave nothing for us." His mate agreed with him, and they ascended their trees and lay down in their bowers.

Before daybreak the guinea fowls and the partridges by their cackling announced that daylight was soon coming. By this time all the nocturnal animals had retired to their hiding-places, some in their burrows, others in the holes of trees or in other dark places.

The nkengo said to his mate, "The partridges and the guinea fowls have told all those who get their living in daylight that the dawn is coming, and that the sun will soon rise. As soon as we can see, we will begin our journey." A little while after, they started and found the food very scanty as they went along, as they were travelling over the ground they had been over before.

By the afternoon they had come to a new land where berries, nuts, and fruits began to be plentiful, and they were very glad. But they were very sus-

picious also, for since one of them had seen the pale-faced human being with long black hair they were more shy than they ever had been before, and they were in constant dread of meeting him with his stick, which sent forth claps of thunder.

Their wild and eager eyes glanced in every direction, trying to pierce through the forest, and they listened to every noise they heard, fearing that it was he that was coming. The sense of hearing of the men of the woods is so keen that they can hear the slightest noise a long way off. During the day they had been alarmed several times.

Toward evening the nkengo said: "To-night we will sleep upon the branches of trees, and early to-morrow we will go farther and see if food is still plentiful; and if it is, we will find two trees upon which to build our bowers. I am glad that we have found no traces of nginas, nshiegos, mbouvés, and kooloo-kambas, so we are the first on the ground," and he grinned when he said this, for he thought of the grand time and fine feasting they were to have.

"But," he added, "I hope the nginas will not make their appearance when we are here, for we cannot fight them, they are so strong. We shall have to give way to them, otherwise they would break our ribs with a blow of their strong arms and kill us."

The sun had just set. It was getting dark in the forest. The nkengos ascended two trees and bade each other good-night. Early the following morning they explored the country farther and continued to

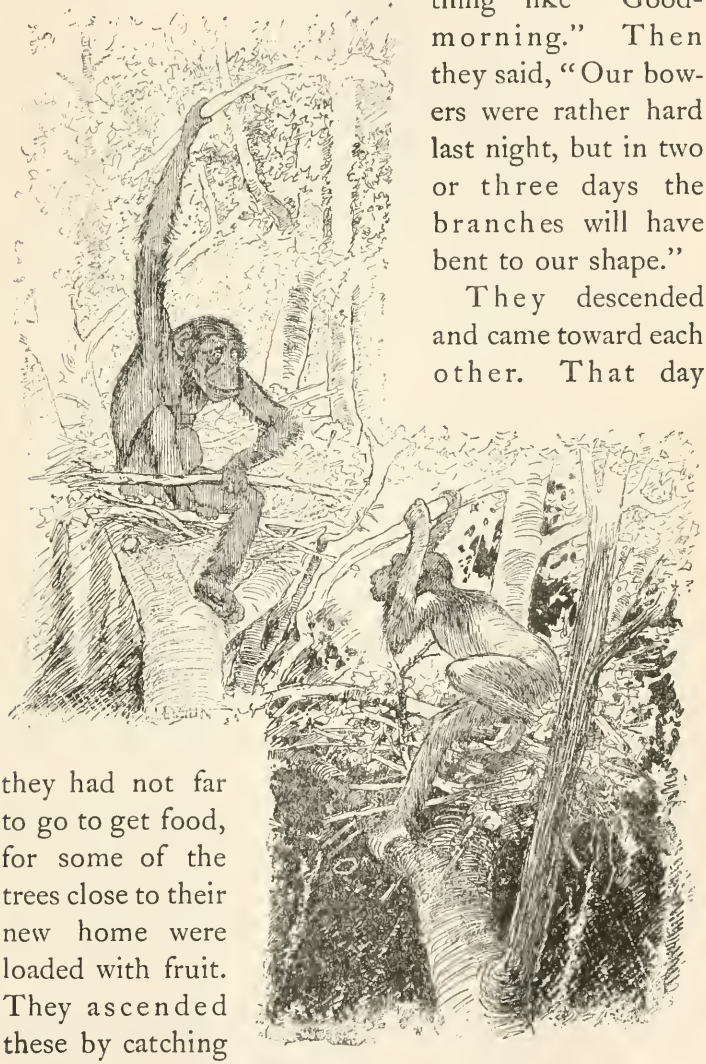
meet with plenty of nuts, fruits, and a few berries, and some nice juicy canes. Before noon, they stopped and said: "This country is good; food is plentiful; let us build our bowers here, for we shall have food all around us."

The two trees they were looking for were not so easy to find. They had to be almost side by side. After a tedious search the big nkengo found them. He called aloud for his mate, who answered him, then shouted to her that he had found the trees they were in search of. The first transverse limbs of these trees were high up (at least twenty-five or thirty feet above the ground), and there was no jungle round them. These limbs upon which they could build their bowers were covered with branches, strong and slender, which they could twist together. After looking at them, the big nkengo said to his mate who had come up, "The leopards will not be able to climb these trees, and the big omembas will not be able to crawl from other trees to ours." They each ascended one of the trees and began to make their own bowers by intertwining their branches. They made them in the shape of a slightly hollow dish, put leaves inside, and when they were ready, they said to each other, "What fine bowers we have made! We could not have found better trees. How well we shall sleep in them!" Then they gave peculiar guttural sounds, such as the nkengos make when they are satisfied. That night they slept soundly.

Early in the morning they awoke and greeted each

other by saying, "Whoe, whoe," which meant something like "Good-morning." Then they said, "Our bowers were rather hard last night, but in two or three days the branches will have bent to our shape."

They descended and came toward each other. That day they had not far to go to get food, for some of the trees close to their new home were loaded with fruit. They ascended these by catching



their lower branches with their hands and holding fast, then pulling themselves up with their muscular arms. They ate so much that they had to lie down on their backs in their bowers and take a good rest. In the afternoon they went out for another meal, and did not return until sunset.

The following day the nkengos, having found a great deal of food, returned to their bowers earlier than usual, for, like all the men of the woods, when they have no appetite to stir them up, they are very lazy and like either to stay in one place or loiter about.

As they were ready to ascend their trees, suddenly the old nkengo said to his mate, "Listen! listen!" The countenances of the two changed immediately; they stood up; they became all ears, and their faces wore a peculiar wild, anxious look.

The old nkengo was right. They heard an unusual, strange noise, as if all the tops of the trees were being shaken by a strong wind. This strange noise became more distinct as it approached. Louder and louder it grew, and they recognized the footsteps of the elephants tramping through the jungle. The njokoos were coming toward them. They ascended their trees quickly, and in a short time a herd of njokoos passed at full speed by them. They stood silent as they looked upon the monsters, and finally said to each other, "The njokoos seem to be in a panic; but why?"

Their anxiety was not removed, for they found out

that the tramping of the njokoos had only drowned the noise made by other animals. Then they said to each other, "The bashikouay ants are coming our way; they are on the war-path; the creatures of the forest are fleeing before them. Let us also flee and get out of their way." They descended and fled on all fours, for with their great bulky bodies they could not make their way from branch to branch like the monkeys. But on the ground they could run very swiftly and cover more space in a given time than the monkeys.

They looked very queer, with their bodies partly erect on account of the length of their arms, their hands closed and their fists striking the ground.

They went on with all their might, crossed over shallow, clear little streams with sandy bottoms, and after a journey of some fifty miles came to a large river they had never seen before, and stopped. As they looked at the water, they saw some antelopes swimming to the opposite side, and said dolefully to each other, "The nkengos cannot swim like kambis, so we cannot cross the rivers."

So, as it was nearly dark, and they could not cross the river, they were forced to ascend two trees on their bank to spend the night.

Early the next morning, having heard no flight of animals during the night, and seeing no sign of the bashikouays, they retraced their steps toward their bowers; and though they had never been in this part of the forest before, they knew their way back. In the afternoon they saw a clump of trees loaded with

fine big ripe nuts. Near them was a limpid stream forming a deep pool, so clear that they could see the bottom. The pool was full of fish.

The two nkengos were soon on the nut trees, giving chuckles of contentment as they fed. After a bountiful repast, they watched the fish, and were much interested in seeing them swim.

While the nkengos were watching the fish, a very remarkable little animal, looking like a pigmy otter, had followed the bank of the stream and came to the pool, where a number of stones piled on each other lay under the water.

Suddenly a plash was heard, and the pool was covered with ripples. The nkengos thought a stick or dead limb had fallen into the water, but looking for it they saw none. The little otter had dropped into the water, had caused the ripples, and had hidden under the stones to watch for fish. He could see through the clear water as an eagle can see through the air. Lying under the stone, he watched for prey, and said to himself, "What a delightful morsel a fish is! I am hungry. Surely I shall get a meal in this pool; there must be fish here." Then he awaited his opportunity, his eyes looking sharply around.

The fish were not aware of the presence of this little enemy, their greatest one except the bigger fish. They were after the insects and flies that were skimming over the water, and gobbling them as fast as they could.

Then darting from under the stone, propelled by

his tail with the quickness of an arrow, the otter made for one of the fish and seized him, after which he returned to his hiding-place to devour him. The poor fish had just begun his own dinner.

After looking at all this, the nkengos continued their journey toward their bowers. They picked out food on their way, and were glad when they reached their home that evening. "To-night," they said, "we shall sleep comfortably. How much better we shall rest than sitting on the branch of a tree! what a lovely home we have built!"

Every day they had to go a little farther from their bowers to find food. After ten or twelve days they had to go so far that they decided to move again and build another shelter somewhere else. And this they had to keep doing throughout their lives. Time went on; they moved many times, but they never forgot the pale-faced human being with long black shaggy hair hanging over his shoulders. They were constantly afraid of meeting him.

CHAPTER XXXII

A BABY NKENGO IS BORN TO THE OLD NKENGOS

ONE day a tiny baby was born to the old nkengos. He was yellow in the face like his parents; his elongated little hands, with their slender fingers, and his small feet, with their diminutive toes, could have gone through an ordinary finger ring of a human being, so small were they.

The skin of his body was somewhat lighter than his face and thinly covered with short black glossy hair. His ears were very large for his head. The palms of his tiny hands were white, but no sign or color of blood showing through his skin was to be seen on any part of his body.

The second day after he was born he could cling to his mother, so that she could easily carry him. The baby nkengos are not so helpless as human babies.

Every evening the mother took the little nkengo to her bower and he slept by her side. She loved him dearly and took good care of him, and saw that he was not cold, and would cuddle him many times during the day and night close to her breast. The old nkengos would often say to each other, "Let us take good care of our little one."

The time came when the little nkengo began to get some of his first teeth. He also began to talk nkengo, which he learned from his parents. He was exceedingly fond of his mother, and loved to be continually fondled, and as soon as she stood still, he would go to her to be caressed. He would stand between her legs, or lie on her breast, while Papa Nkengo stood gazing at them both.

The little one soon showed a bad temper, and was very self-willed; and if anything displeased him, he would become angry, utter piercing cries, stamp his foot on the ground, and refuse to be pacified until he had his own way. He was a great trial to his mamma. Sometimes she would let him cry until he was tired. At other times she would fondle him. Then he became quiet and fell asleep between her legs, or down by her side, with his little head resting on her breast. Strange to say, all the babies of the men of the woods have bad tempers.

The little nkengo took naturally to climbing trees, being born with long arms and long hands, and feet that could be used as hands. One day, as he was practising on a young tree, and was hanging, holding on to a branch by one of his arms and then raising himself by the power of his muscles, the big nkengo said to his mate: "Our little one is making great progress in climbing; soon he will climb trees and go about among their branches as well as we do, and then he will be able to get his living without help."

The little nkengo grew up fast, but his jaws were

not strong enough, nor his mouth big enough, to enable him to crush the hard koola nuts. So when they came to a koola-nut tree, under which the nuts had fallen, his parents would break them and pass them to him afterward, to his great delight. Every time he came across any koola nuts, he would try to crack them, but he could not, and this would make him very angry. He wanted to become a full-grown, powerful nkengo at once.

He now ascended many trees; and as the extremity of the branches was too slender for his weight, he would, nkengo fashion, extend his long arm and pluck the fruits. Sometimes when he felt lazy — and the men of the woods often feel so — he would seize with his feet a branch full of fruit under him, and bring it up and pluck his food from it.

One afternoon, as the three were wandering in the forest, they came upon a suspicious-looking thing. The old nkengos looked at it with much distrust. It was a trap made by human beings to catch monkeys with, and near it was some fine big juicy fruit that they had put there to tempt the monkeys.

The old nkengo inspected it carefully and said to his mate, "I scent here the human beings." He had hardly uttered these words when he saw their footprints. Then he gave a grin, and added, "The human beings can make traps to catch the monkeys, njokoos, and other animals, but they never can succeed in trapping us nkengos. We know their tricks and snares; we are too knowing for them."

They kept a sharp lookout, and told the young nkengo not to go near the trap, for he was not old enough yet to know all the wicked ways of the human beings; and they talked to him, and warned him of the danger of such traps, and told him to look at it carefully, so that he would know one the next time if he should encounter it.

Rainy and dry seasons passed; the young nkengo grew larger and larger, and his first teeth began to drop out and be replaced by others. When the old nkengos saw this, they said, "Our offspring is getting on finely; soon he will have all his teeth, his jaws will then be stronger, he will be a fine strapping nkengo."

One day they came across a koola tree, beneath which many nuts were scattered over the ground. The young nkengo at last broke one with his teeth. Then he gave a big shout of joy. The old nkengos were delighted when they saw this, and said, "He is now able to take care of himself."

Time passed; the three nkengos kept the even tenor of their way, and led the life which nkengos lead. After remaining ten or fifteen days in a place, the food was eaten up for some distance around, and they moved away and built new shelters. One day the young nkengo, who had many times watched his parents make their shelter, made one for himself, to their great joy. Then they said to each other, "Soon he will leave us and go into the forest by himself."

Some days afterward the young nkengo said to the old folks, "I am going to leave you and act as you

did yourselves once." The following day he left them, and wandered all alone in the forest and built his own bower.

But he felt lonely, for he was without a mate; he bemoaned his fate. Once in a while he would call out, "Whoe! whoe!" but there was no response, for he was the only nkengo in that part of the forest.

He continued his solitary ramble, till he reached a beautiful clear stream, the water of which was as smooth as glass. Going to the bank, he saw himself reflected in the water, but did not know that what he saw was only his image. At this sight he was delighted and said, "At last I have found a companion that will live with me," looking intently at what he believed was another nkengo.

Then he stood up and saw the shadow do the same. He thought it was rising to come to him and was happy at the sight. Then he opened his mouth and said, "Whoe! whoe!" and he saw the image open its mouth. He became very eager and jumped up and down, and saw the image in the water do likewise. Then he said, "Nkengo dear, how happy I am to meet you!" And the form in the water made the same motions.

The nkengo was so glad to think that his lonely days had come to an end that he became much excited, and as he moved, the image moved also. When he shook his body, the reflection did the same, and it repeated whatever he did. Every time he opened his mouth to speak, or moved his arms, the supposed

nkengo in the water did likewise. He could see the face plainly, the wrinkles, the eyes, the flat nose, the thin lips, the big ears, — in a word, the whole body; but he never thought it was his own image.

He extended his arms toward the shape, and the shape did likewise; he advanced to the very brink of the stream, and the image did the same. Then he thought, "The nkengo is coming toward me," and moved his arm forward to caress his mate; but instead his hand touched the water and the ripples made by it hid the image for a while, and he thought his mate had disappeared. He did not know what to make of this. Then he yelled, his hair became erect on his body, and the water having become quiet again, he saw the image also yelling with its hair erect. That angered him and he said to himself, "This is a fighting nkengo, and cannot be my mate. We must fight." Then he made another dash to seize his antagonist, and this time he dipped his arms deep into the water. At last he realized that the nkengo was his own image, and he went away much chapfallen, and resumed his wandering in search of a mate. Every day he called aloud continually, and one day he heard a response. He went toward the voice, and there saw a beautiful young nkengo, and said to her, "Will you be my mate?" She replied, "Yes," and they lived happily, as did their old parents, and led the same kind of a life in their turn.

CHAPTER XXXIII

THE NGANDOS, OR CROCODILES

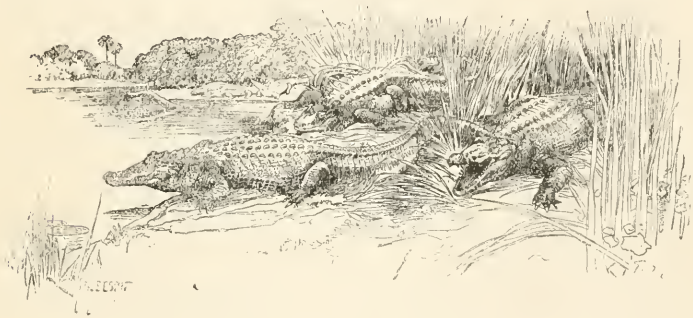
A TROOP of monkeys were looking down one day from the top of a tree at a lagoon studded with mud banks, and saw a large number of ngandos basking in the sun. They laughed at them, and said: "Ngandos are big and ugly; but they cannot climb trees, and come and gobble us into their big, ugly mouths. Strange it is that their enormous mouths are only good for eating; but this must be so, for we never hear them talk." The crocodiles were very numerous, and could hardly be distinguished from the mud upon which they lay. Many of them were more than twenty feet in length.

The monkeys were making all kinds of disparaging remarks about the crocodiles, who could hear their chatter, but did not move or wink. "No creature," said one of the monkeys, "looks as stupid and lazy as the ngandos. Look at them!" and all the monkeys laughed. The crocodiles did not understand the language of the monkeys, and even if they had been able to, they could not have gone to fight them, as they could not climb trees and jump from one limb to another. Had they even thought of trying, the monkeys would have laughed at them still more.

THE NGANDOS, OR CROCODILES

Every animal has a nature to suit his mode of life, and that of the crocodiles is not to climb trees to get food, but to wait for prey, hidden in the water or in the rushes. They are most cunning creatures.

Once in a while a huge ngando would open his long, pointed mouth, showing his fierce-looking jaws armed with sharp teeth, enough to make one shudder at the sight. "When I seize my prey, and shut my mouth and hold it there," said one of them, "my



long teeth sink into its flesh, and it cannot escape; besides, I drag it into the water, where it would drown anyhow. What a good thing it is that we ngandos have such powerful jaws, and can move so swiftly in the water! Our tails propel and steer us wherever we want to go, and our sharp-pointed heads allow us to cleave the water swiftly. We can also see well."

Once in a while a crocodile's head would appear suddenly on the surface of the water, and lie so still that it might have been taken for a big piece of wood

or a dead tree floating; while other heads were seen moving in the direction of the mud banks, leaving an almost imperceptible ripple behind them; and when near the banks their huge dark bodies would gradually appear out of the water as they climbed on the mud. There they would lie perfectly motionless by the side of the others. They were then so quiet that they appeared as if they were dead. There were many crocodiles that were out of sight; these were hidden among the tall reeds growing on the muddy shores of the lagoon, and were resting among them.

All the denizens of the forest wondered how ngandos could understand one another, for they never had heard them speak or even make a noise. Yet the crocodiles understand one another perfectly, by signs made with their eyes, and in peculiar silent ways unknown to anybody but to themselves. They are not as stupid as they are thought to be, otherwise they would not be able to get their living.

The ngandos often said to one another, "We are safe in our lagoons, for no animal of the forest dares to come and attack us. Our enemies are the human beings; but if we see one walking on the shores of our lagoon, we dart at him and seize him in our powerful jaws, taking him in the water to devour him."

As the days advanced, and the sun became warm, almost all the crocodiles went in among the reeds, and all the mud banks became deserted, and the animals of the forest did not know what had become of them.

When the sun was half down to the horizon from noon-tide, the crocodiles left their hiding-places to try to get their afternoon meal. The water then seemed to be covered with crocodiles' heads. They were seen everywhere. They watched the shores with their piercing eyes. They knew that it was the time when many animals of the forest came to drink. One ngando said to his mate: "You and I will go yonder and watch that opening among the reeds, where we can see the shore, for it is a good place for watching. Prey may come there to drink, or to see if there is some good fording place to reach the other bank."

The two crocodiles swam slowly and noiselessly toward the bank of the river. They seemed to have no apparent object. They did not wish to draw attention to themselves; but, after a while, it happened that all the crocodiles had chosen their watching-places. The two already spoken of took each a good position to watch for prey, and were quite a distance from each other, for crocodiles seek for prey alone. Soon the big one saw a kambi coming toward the water, and swam toward him. His head was the only part of his body that was visible. Only the acutest eye could have noticed the ripple he left behind. Then he stopped and waited, sinking his flat head deeper into the water, up to his very eyes.

Just at that moment a nshiego (chimpanzee) from a tree was looking at the lagoon and watching all the moving heads going hither and thither. Suddenly

he gave a yell and frightened the kambi, which ran off. The crocodile was much disappointed.

Soon after this appeared on the shore a drove of ngoas. At their head was a fierce-looking boar, the chief of the drove, with formidable tusks. They were heading for the water. As soon as the crocodile saw them, he swam nearer the shore, and once in a while his head would disappear under the water, and when it reappeared, it was nearer to the ngoas than before. Once the ngoas became suspicious and glanced in his direction. When he saw this, he said: "I must hide under water to allay the fear of the ngoas," and then disappeared under the water for a while. But every time his head reappeared, it was nearer to the bank than before. His eyes and the top of his head above them was all that could be seen floating. He swam slowly toward the ngoas.

These in the mean time were in the mud and enjoying themselves, and did not notice the crocodile. The chief of the ngoas stood ahead of his drove, digging up the mud with his nose. The crocodile made for him as quick as an arrow; and, before the ngoa had time to become aware of his danger, he was in the powerful jaws of his enemy. The poor ngoa gave one shriek of pain. All the others fled in the utmost terror, each uttering cries of fear, and soon disappeared in the great forest. In the mean time, their poor chief was making a meal for the crocodile.

In their flight the ngoas met another drove of their kind, and shrieked to them in the language of the

"All the others fled in terror and disappeared in the Great Forest"

ngoas: "Don't go to the lagoon, for our chief has just been eaten up by a ngando!" Then they put themselves under the other chief, and rambled in the forest in search of food, taking good care never to go near the lagoon.

CHAPTER XXXIV

THE OGATA, OR BURROW CROCODILE

A BIG ogata, over seven feet long, was looking one day from the dark opening of his burrow built on a declivity of a hill by a large river, watching for prey. The creature was ugly enough, and looked somewhat like his cousin the crocodile, and he is just as bad if not worse. The ogata is a night animal.

From his dark hole, his hungry eyes peered through the intense darkness; but no prey was in sight. "I have had a hard life lately," he said; "I have been hungry, for prey is scarce, and all the animals of the forest are now afraid of this place, for I have devoured many, and those who have escaped from my powerful jaws have told the others to beware of this neighborhood."

Then he opened his big mouth, and thought of the many animals that had been held last in his jaws, and of his many delicious meals, and added: "The good meals of the past do not help the future; indeed, when we are hungry, the recollection of them only serves to give us a greater appetite. Here I starve now, and I must move away to some other quarters; otherwise I shall die of hunger."

His big body gradually issued from his hole, and, through the darkness, which to him was like sunshine, he looked up and down the river, for he had not made up his mind yet which way to go and explore. After much thought, he decided to go up-stream. He walked or swam along the wooded shores of the river, and after a while came to the declivity of another hill by the water, where he stopped, and looking around said: "Here is a good place for me to make my burrow. The rain when it runs down will not fill my home. Surely animals will come here to drink or to cross the river." Whereupon he chuckled as the ogata does at the prospect of having a good meal.

He immediately set at work, and with his fore-claws dug a round hole, just big enough for him to go through. After a while only half of his body was to be seen. The earth which he excavated was thrown out by his forefeet, armed with heavy claws, and heaped up behind him. It was hard work, for he had met with roots of trees, and these had to be cut through and taken out of the way. If he had been a human being, he would have been worn out. His big claws did splendid work. After a while only his tail was to be seen, his hind-legs being hidden in the burrow and helping to throw out the dirt the forelegs dug. The burrow went deep into the declivity of the hill, and when finished had two entrances, — one to go in, the other to go out.

It was nearly daylight when he had finished his

burrow. So he went in to spend the day, and had a good sleep. When night came, he went to the other opening to watch for prey. His ugly head and wicked, treacherous eyes were listening and watching; but that night no animal came to the river to drink. He felt terribly hungry and said to himself: "Strange it is if I have built my burrow in a place where no animal comes to drink. It is not often that I am mistaken in my selection of a home."

As he watched he heard a rippling on the water, and, looking in the direction from which the sound came, saw up the river a gazelle swimming toward the other shore, which she had nearly reached. He immediately left his burrow, and in an instant was swimming, against the current, as fast as he could toward the beautiful creature, saying to himself, "Now I shall soon have a meal. It is about time, for I am starving."

He was near his prey in an incredibly short time, but if she succeeded in landing, she would escape him by running at once into the forest, and his meal, upon which he was counting so much, would vanish.

The poor gazelle found that the fierce ogata was after her; she swam as fast as she could, and landed, with her enemy within a few feet of her. In another moment his jaws would have closed upon her. But she bounded into the forest, and soon was out of sight.

The ogata was furious, and said: "You miserable little gazelle, you have escaped me!" Then he grinned as the ogatas do; but it was a grin of dis-

appointment and hate. Reluctantly he recrossed the river, and went to his burrow to watch again for prey.

The day of retribution was coming for the ogata; his life of slaughter was soon to come to an end. No more creatures were to be eaten by him. It happened the next day that some human beings, as they were paddling in their canoe close to the shore, saw the burrow the ogata had made. They landed, and exhibited great glee when they saw the fresh trail of the ogata. They knew it was not an old burrow, and that the ugly creature was inside asleep.

So they went back of the two openings, collected wood, closed the entrances, and inside the exit, a little distance from its mouth, set a snare to catch him. When all was ready, they lighted a fire at one entrance, and pushed the burning wood inside. The smoke was so dense, and the fire so bright, that the ogata was frightened and ran out toward the exit. There he was caught in the meshes made for him, and was killed.

CHAPTER XXXV

THE KAMBIS, OR ANTELOPES, THE NCHERIS, OR GAZELLES, AND THE BONGO

A HERD of beautiful kambis with long spiral horns were one day running through the forest for their lives, and never stopped until they had gone many miles, and thought themselves out of danger. They were panting for breath, for they had run a long way and were much frightened.

When they had rested, they exclaimed: "It is a wonder that we have been able to grow to our full size. Just think of the enemies we have prowling in the forest, and all the time seeking to kill us! We never know if we are safe. We have to be all the time on the lookout. The wicked and blood-thirsty njego is always trying to take our lives. Think of the number of kambis the njegos kill every rainy and dry season. Only a few days ago one of these horrid njegos sprang upon us and killed one of our number.

"There is the huge ombama; he is just as sly as, and even more so than, all our other enemies. He coils round trees of his color, so that we cannot see him, then darts upon us when we pass near him and squeezes us to death.

"The mboyos [jackals] corral us, then precipitate themselves upon us and kill us. The hyenas are also

our enemies, and are just as bad as the mboyos. The crocodiles sometimes catch us. We do no harm to any of these wicked creatures. We are not blood-thirsty. We live on the leaves of trees. We kill none of their prey. It is fortunate that we are fleet-footed."

Then a wise old kambi said: "Our greatest enemies are the human beings. They kill more of us than all the njegos, ombamas, crocodiles, hyenas, and jackals put together. These human beings are full of evil devices and tricks, and have mboua [dogs] to hunt us. They spread long lines of nets in the forest to catch us, drive us within them, and then come and kill us."

"Yes," assented all the kambis. "These human beings are indeed our worst enemies, though we do not do them any harm whatever; we do not eat their plantains or their other food."

As they had done speaking, and were beginning to nip at the leaves, there came up at full speed a herd of graceful little ncheris with heads ornamented with short, pointed little horns, and stopped.

"Good-morning, kambis," said the little ncheris to the big kambis, who were giants compared to them.

"Good-morning, dear little ncheris," replied the big kambis.

"We have had a great escape," said the ncheris. "We did not fall into the nets the human beings had laid to ensnare us with; but we saw many of your kind and many of ours caught by those horrid nets and dogs, as we passed by; and other beasts also, — some of them our enemies."

"Glad to hear it. That is good news to us, for there will be fewer of these horrid creatures after us."

The gazelles also wondered how they could have grown to their present size without being killed and devoured, as they had more enemies than the kambis, for they were smaller, and some of the night prowlers that did not attack the big kambis attacked them.

"We are more unfortunate than you are, big kambis," said they, "on account of our small size. Only the biggest of the omembas can take your lives."

"It is fortunate," replied the big kambis, "that the ichneumon and some of the night prowlers kill these horrid omembas before they are full grown."

"Yes," answered the little ncheris, "for if these horrid snakes were not destroyed by them more of us would be killed every day."

Then in a chorus all shouted: "How we hate and fear the omembas! How we wish they and the dreadful njegos had more enemies, and that the ichneumons were more numerous!"

As the gazelles and the antelopes were nipping at the leaves, there appeared among them a bongo, the rarest and most beautiful antelope of the forest. They all looked at the new-comer with amazement, and riveted their big black eyes upon him.

Their astonishment was great, for they never had seen one like him before. No wonder, for there were so few bongos. His graceful shape and long spiral horns told them he was an antelope.

"How beautiful you are!" cried all the kambis and

ncheris at once. "You are the loveliest kambi we have ever seen. The bright yellow orange color of your skin, and the many milk-white stripes on your sides are a delight to look at!"

"My beauty is my curse, dear kambis and ncheris," replied the bongo; "my yellow color and my white stripes are my bane, for my enemies, which are also yours, can spy me farther and quicker than they do you."

The kambis and the ncheris could not take their eyes away from the bongo. They admired him more and more, and proclaimed him the most charming creature of the forest.

CHAPTER XXXVI

THE OSHINGI, OR CIVET

AN oshingi with its beautiful, spotted, leopard-like skin, and pretty, long-ringed tail, was cosily sleeping one day in the deep and dark hollow of a tree. When the day had passed away, and night had come, he grew restless in his sleep; for the oshingi belongs to the night prowlers. At last he opened his eyes, stretched himself, and yawned several times.

A great storm was raging; the rain was falling heavily, and claps of thunder followed in quick succession. It was a fearful night. As the oshingi listened, he said to himself, "What a nice home I have! not a drop of rain comes in, and the wind cannot penetrate." Then, with a long sigh, he added, "But a comfortable home does not give me a meal; and a nice home, without food, is a poor one. I have been hungry these last few days, and have several times returned to my lair with an empty stomach, or had only a scanty meal. I have lived too long in this neighborhood, and destroyed so many lives that I have frightened away all the prey. I ought to have departed before this; but I am loath to give up this comfortable home, one of the best that I have ever had."

No wonder the oshingi loved his lair. The hollow was very deep, cosey and soft at the bottom, and no animals would ever have thought that any one lived there, for the hollow was a few feet above the ground. Though his abode was pitch-dark, his glittering eyes could see everything there, through the intense darkness, even the smallest grain of sand, just as if his place had been lighted by electric lights.

"It is too early yet to go out after prey," resumed the oshingi, "for the birds are not yet in their heavy sleep. They awaken easily, and scent danger quickly. They are suspicious, for they fear us, and other night prowlers who feed upon them. I must wait a while though I am so hungry. He who is patient and waits, gets the prey."

Reflecting thus, the oshingi coiled himself up and took another snooze; but now his heavy sleep was over, and he awoke now and then. At last about midnight he rose, saying to himself: "Half the night is over. Every day creature, animal and bird, is in its heaviest sleep, and will not scent me."

With the help of his cat-like claws, he ascended his hollow, and when he came to the top put his head out, looked around, and listened. The storm was over, so he could hear well.

The oshingi is one of the most cautious and sly of the night prowlers. He is not of a very large size, with a body of about two feet long and a tail somewhat longer, and cannot fight big animals. His elongated head possesses most treacherous eyes. He

sniffed the air, and thought there was no danger. So he came out, and descended the trunk of the tree backward, his claws firmly imbedded in the bark as a support to prevent him from tumbling down.

When he had reached the ground, he stopped, and thought a while. He wondered in what part of the forest it was most likely that game could be found. He sniffed the air, so as to go against it, in order that the animals or birds upon which he preyed could not scent him, for the oshingi have a strong odor.

Having discovered in which direction to go, he started out on his journey, saying: "I hope I shall find to-night some partridge or pheasant, or some of the fat green pigeons that perch on the lower trees. There are so many together that if I do I shall have a glorious feast. If I am unlucky then, I will go toward a river I know, and prowl along the shore, and seek for some wild duck resting or feeding on its banks, or for some other water bird." He went noiselessly through the jungle, over the leaves and dead branches. Not one of his steps could be heard, for they were as light as those of the grasshopper, and did not make any more noise than a butterfly alighting on a flower or a leaf. This silent walking is the greatest gift possessed by the oshingis; no animal has a lighter step in the forest.

But, in spite of all his gifts, of light step, of keen scent, and of splendid eyesight, he saw no game that night, and returned to his lair with an empty stomach. It was four o'clock in the morning, about the usual

time the night prowlers return to their homes. Before he went to sleep, he said: "I must change my quarters. I shall not come back here again to spend the

day, for I shall surely die of starvation in this neighborhood. How hard I have to work for my living!"

The following night, the oshingi left his home earlier than usual, for not only had he to change his abode, but also to find prey. After a long tramp, he

scented a black pheasant, and his eyes glittered with joy at the prospect of a good meal. When he came near, he saw that the black pheasant was seated on her nest; and in an instant he pounced upon the poor bird, cut its jugular vein, and drank its blood, devouring the body afterward. Then he continued his journey. "Now," he said, "I have had a meal, and can look out for a new home."

Shortly afterward, looking carefully at the trees he passed by, he heard a noise of something coming toward him, and he hid under the root of a big tree. The noise was made by kambis that were travelling. After the kambis had passed, the oshingi came out of his hiding-place, and started again.

The night was far advanced, and he had to hurry to find a place to sleep in. At last he found one, though it was not very comfortable, not being dark enough in daytime. As he lay down to sleep, he twisted his long tail over his eyes to hide the dim light when the day should come. Just as he was dropping off to sleep, he heard the cry of partridges calling to each other, and said to himself, for the oshingi know by the different noises the birds make what species they belong to, "To-morrow night I will hunt up those partridges."

The oshingi did not sleep well, for the place was not very dark, and he could not help remembering the cosey home he had abandoned. When it was night he left his hiding-place, and went after the partridges he had heard in the early morning; but they

had gone far away, and he could not get his supper, and felt very disappointed. Giving up the chase of the partridges, he looked for a big old tree with a hollow, and ascended several in the hope of finding good lodgings, but saw none.

Continuing his search, he heard a slight noise. He stopped, and saw a porcupine near by. But he said: "No matter how hungry I am, I will not attack you, porcupine. I am afraid of your long and hard quills." And both animals went their way.

Soon after the oshingi heard a great noise and ran up a tree to hide. A large herd of ngoas thereupon appeared, grunting terribly; for they had found many nuts on the ground, and their grunts were grunts of gladness. The chief of the herd scented the oshingi, and made for the tree in which he was hidden. But the oshingi waited for the boars to move on, and when they had done so, he came down the tree, crying: "What a fright those horrid ngoas gave me!"

That night the oshingi discovered a fine, deep hollow, and entering it, explored it with great prudence, saw that it was all right, and rejoiced greatly, saying to himself: "I hope prey will be plentiful round here, so that I can enjoy this nice new house of mine for some time." Then he looked at everything so as to know the surroundings well.

From his new home the oshingi started every night after prey. At first he fed well, partridges, black pheasants, and other large birds being plentiful. He killed many and drank their blood. At last the

survivors were terrified, and departed for another part of the forest.

Then once more the oshingi had a hard time to get his meals, and days of hunger and starvation came again. He at first thought of going back to the lair he had left, but reflected to himself: "It has not been long enough yet since my departure for the partridges, pheasants, and other birds to return to that neighborhood. I must seek new quarters."

After two nights' wandering, he reached the outskirts of a village of human beings, and, to his great joy, scented chickens. "I like to come to the habitations of human beings," he chuckled, "for they always have chickens, and when I can get into a chicken-coop I am happy."

But he also scented dogs, which caused him to add, "I must beware of the dogs, for they are my enemies. Oh, how I hate dogs!" He took great precautions as he walked in the direction of the village. When near, he heard human voices and the barking of dogs, which frightened him. Thereupon he ascended a tree, and, seeing a hole in which to hide and sleep, he said: "I am going to stay here. I have seen villages of human beings before, and when they all go to sleep my turn will come, and I shall have a great time in the chicken-coops."

The following night the oshingi left his hiding-place to make his raid upon the chicken-coops. On his way, he said: "I must be very cautious, for now

I am a thief, and must keep out of the way of the human beings and their dreadful dogs."

When he approached the village, his searching eyes saw fires burning in the street, and he heard the human beings talk. Then he went back to the forest to wait, and after a while returned to spy. This time everybody was asleep; there was no more noise. The dogs had gone inside the houses, or were also asleep. It was so quiet that only the wind passing through the branches of the trees could be heard by the night prowlers.

The oshingi entered the village slyly, walking at first behind the houses, then in the street. He came to several chicken-coops; but there was no way of getting in, for they were very tightly made, the people having had their chickens killed by oshingis before. He walked several times around each, and noticed a dog asleep in the street. "I must keep out of the way of this ugly dog," he said. "Happily they cannot see me when it is so dark; besides, they do not suspect my presence, and they cannot hear me walk." He did not want to run any risks, and walked toward the end of the street. Suddenly he stopped, for he scented another chicken-coop. The scent was very strong, for the coop was full of chickens.

He approached it and walked round it. To his joy, he found a little opening through which he could push himself. As soon as he had entered, he saw quantities of chickens perched on sticks, and his eyes glared like fire with hungry anticipation. In an in-

stant the chickens were aware of the presence of one of their most inveterate enemies, and, much frightened, flew from one place to another, cackling very loud.

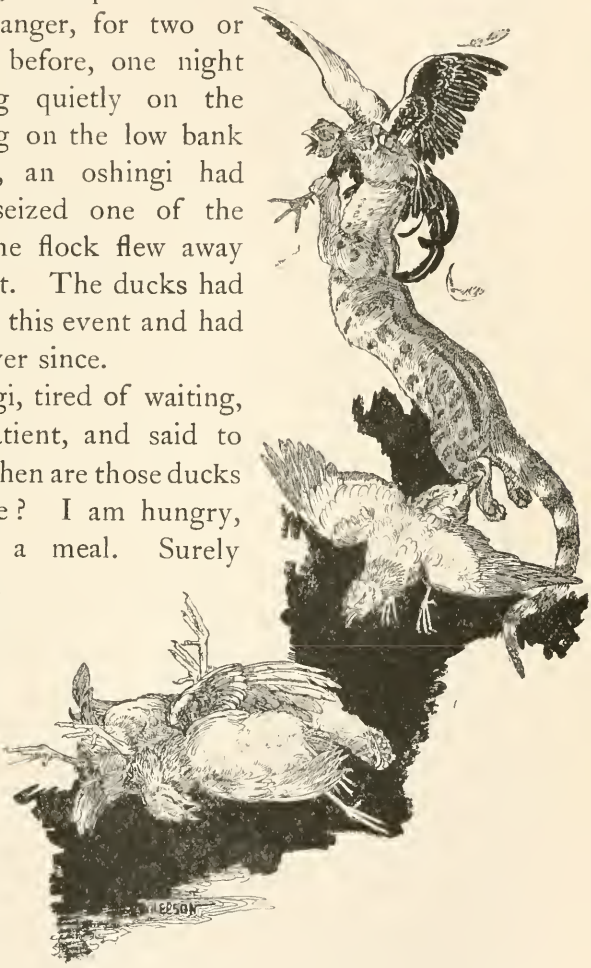
The oshingi first caught the big rooster by the neck, cut its jugular vein and drank its blood, then did likewise with the other chickens, and did not go until they were all dead. He had hardly time to get through the hole, when the men, hearing the noise made by the chickens, rose and called their dogs. These dogs knew at once what they were wanted for, and hunted all round. The oshingi had just time to escape with his life.

The people of the village were very angry when they saw the havoc the oshingi had wrought, and said, "Let us make traps to catch him." The following day, they set traps outside the village, and put chickens in each of them. But the oshingi did not come back. He knew too much.

The oshingis are very cunning, and it is very seldom that they return to a village where they have committed depredations. They wait a long while before coming again.

One night the oshingi came to a river bank and spied on the water a flock of ducks in the midst of the thick darkness. His eyes followed the ducks swimming up and down the stream as the fancy took them. They were very shy, and once in a while through the deep silence of the forest they uttered subdued quacks, which were warnings to those of the flock who were approaching too near the shore not to go nearer.

Their leader constantly uttered the note of warning which meant, "Keep in the middle of the stream." He feared danger, for two or three weeks before, one night while feeding quietly on the grass growing on the low bank of the river, an oshingi had suddenly seized one of the ducks, and the flock flew away in great fright. The ducks had not forgotten this event and had been timid ever since.



The oshingi, tired of waiting, became impatient, and said to himself: "When are those ducks coming ashore? I am hungry, and I want a meal. Surely they will land soon." He did not know that the ducks had such good memories. But at last several of the ducks came dangerously near the shore. When the oshingi saw this, he left his hiding-place, and crawled toward the water through the shrub-

bery, his belly touching the ground. He was very cautious in all his movements. The subdued quacking of the ducks increased his ferocity and appetite.

At last, to the great joy of the oshingi, some of the ducks came within a few feet of the shore. When he saw this, he said: "Surely I am soon to have a meal." But he was again disappointed, for suddenly they veered round and swam back toward the middle of the stream. Their leader had given a peculiar quack which called them back; and, when they approached, he scolded them for being so imprudent, saying also: "Do you not remember the ferocious oshingi that pounced upon us some time ago? Do you wish the same fate as our comrade?"

"No, no," loudly quacked all the ducks.

While the leader of the flock was talking, the oshingi was full of rage, and said: "Oh, how I hate the water! If it were not for the water, I should have had a meal of a duck by this time; but I did not dare to jump, for if I had I should have had to swim to the shore to save my life instead of catching ducks."

The oshingi spent the whole night watching the ducks, and at last, as daylight was soon coming, he went back to his lair, saying, as he walked away: "Those wretched ducks were too knowing for me; but one of these days I will be more cunning than they are."

The time came when the ducks build their nests, but these were on small islands where they knew the oshingis and other night prowlers could not reach them.

CHAPTER XXXVII

THE INSECTS, APILIBISHES, OR BUTTERFLIES, AND OSELIS, OR LIZARDS

ONE day there was a great uproar among the insects and butterflies. They had just escaped being devoured by the bashikouay ants and the birds which had followed them. They called out to one another in their dialect: "We have so many enemies of all kinds that we never know when we are to be pounced upon, killed, and eaten up. The birds are after us. The ants are prowling in every direction seeking our lives. The spiders, the lizards, the frogs and toads, and many other of our enemies are seeking for us. It is wonderful that we are able to live long enough to grow to our full size."

An insect, looking toward another which was of the exact color of the dead leaves, observed: "You are lucky, for it is your good fortune to look like one of the dead leaves which are covering the ground. So you can escape the eyes of your enemies."

"Well," replied the insect to whom the remark was made, "do you think I am better off than you? What have you to complain of? Is not your body of the color of a dead tree limb? — and it takes a pretty cunning enemy to find you where you are. You are

also a lucky fellow. But," he added, mournfully, "in spite of our color, many of us have been caught; for our enemies are very cunning."

A vengela, or grasshopper, said: "It is fortunate for me that I am of the color of the grass and of the green leaves, so that I am not easily seen by my enemies, the birds, and those horrid mogara and ozoni ants, who are always prowling around and seeking my life. How we dislike them! Also those long-legged cranes! How they pick us up with their long, pointed beaks, and how quick they are to espy us! I wonder that I have thus far escaped."

Another grasshopper said: "And I am glad that I am gray, like the earth and the dry leaves and grass in which I live."

An apilibish, or butterfly, exactly of the color of a dead leaf, said: "I am fortunate, for I am not easily noticed when I stand still; but as soon as I fly I am espied by those horrid birds. How I hate birds! So many of them are seeking the lives of us poor butterflies who do not harm them."

Another butterfly of brilliant colors said: "How thankful I am to be able to fly so quickly and erratically! If it were not for this, I should have very little chance to live, for the birds can espy me so far away with my bright colors. They make for me, and try to seize me in their horrid ugly bills. My fleetness is a great gift indeed, and helps me to escape from them."

A tiny viviki, or mosquito, said: "How I hate spiders, dragon flies, and their kind, for they like to

feed upon us poor mosquitoes." These blood-thirsty little creatures never thought of those whom they plagued to death, and who wished they were all dead.

An oseli, or lizard, said: "I am glad I am so green, so that I can approach my prey." The frogs and the toads also praised their colors, for they too could draw near their prey and not be so easily seen by their enemies.

Every insect, every fly, small or large, was complaining of an enemy. Every animal and bird of the forest was doing the same thing, according to its own point of view; but they said nothing of their own doings of the same kind to every creature they persecuted or preyed upon. These had also their own point of view in regard to them.

Furthermore, a wise insect, while listening to the woes of one of his kind, said: "If we had no enemies, we should multiply so fast that there would be no room for all the insects in the forest."

A totangoli, or chameleon, said: "Great gifts have been given to me; my skin changes color according to my surroundings. If I am walking in the grass, it turns green; farther on, if I find myself on a fallen tree, it takes the color of the bark. During the day I cannot tell the different shades of color which it takes. This continual change of color keeps me from being easily seen by my enemies, and allows me to approach flies and insects on which I feed."

CHAPTER XXXVIII

THE NJOKOOS, OR ELEPHANTS

SEVERAL herds of njokoos that had been hunted mercilessly by men in the immense shrub-covered country in which they had lived all their lives, encountered one another one day. Wherever they went, the hand of the human beings was against them. If they went one way, they met them; if they went another, they met them again. They had no peace, and were relentlessly pursued everywhere.

So the njokoos hated human beings, and wondered how a creature so small, compared with their huge bodies, often slew them, and why they were so full of evil devices to set snares to kill them. The old njokoos, who had seen nearly one hundred rainy seasons, remembered the time when they could roam in peace in vast herds over a great part of the land. But now it was not so, and every year the herds became smaller and smaller, so many were killed. Every njokoo missed some friend who had been his or her constant companion. They were all filled with sorrow, which they expressed by trumpetings. These were followed by a long silence. The njokoos were all thinking.

Then they gave shrill, piercing trumpetings of anger, so much dreaded by human beings, their huge bodies swayed to one side, then to the other, faster than usual, their big ears (the African elephants have much larger ears than their cousins from Asia) moved quickly, like fans, flapping against their heads, and their tails with their thin, short, coarse, and stiff black hair striking against their bodies.

An old bull njokoo, the oldest of them all, and who had been lucky in escaping thus far with his life, suddenly broke the silence and said to the others:

"Those of us who have seen many seasons, have killed many of the human beings that came to attack us. I have trampled upon many, and crushed their bodies as flat as the fallen leaves that cover the ground."

"Yes," shouted all the elephants; "we have defended our friends, and killed many of these human beings." Then all the njokoos uttered again trumpetings of pride.

Another njokoo then said: "I have also trampled upon several of our enemies, the human beings, but I have killed most of them by seizing them with my trunk and dashing them against the ground." After saying this, he also trumpeted loudly. This was followed by all trumpeting together, and there was again a short silence.

Then a fierce-looking njokoo, with long heavy tusks, each weighing over one hundred pounds, said: "I like to impale the human beings I attack. I have

never forgotten that one of these once wounded me badly. He made a terrible noise; it was like a clap of thunder [the firing of his gun], and I felt a sharp pain. I charged and impaled him to the whole length of my tusks." After saying this, he also gave that peculiar shrill trumpeting of pride and satisfaction, and again all the njokoos uttered trumpetings of delight.

There was silence again, and then another said: "I charged one of those horrid human beings some time ago, at full speed, but he was very cunning, waited for me, and as I was on the point of putting my tusks through him, he stepped backward and I missed him and passed by. Unfortunately we njokoos cannot turn back quickly. Our weight and speed are so great that we have to go a considerable distance before we can stop, and he escaped." After saying this, he gave a peculiar trumpeting which meant how disappointed he was. Then all the njokoos said: "Would that you had killed this human being! But if the human beings escape with their lives when we attack them, we often also escape from them and their wiles."

This conversation ended, the different herds of njokoos went to pasture among the shrubs, but did not remain in peace very long, for a new set of human beings made their appearance. But the njokoos had been so much hunted that they were always on the alert, and were not to be caught napping. Their little piercing eyes were always on the lookout. Trumpetings of alarm were given by those who had seen the enemy, and the njokoos fled in

the opposite direction, and by night they were out of danger.

Two days afterward, as the njokoos were quietly feeding, they saw in the distance far away three or four black spots. They knew they were not human beings, but to their utter consternation they soon recognized them to be rhinoceroses, and said: "Let us flee, for those rhinoceroses are our worst enemies after the human beings. They are not afraid of our great size and attack us and often impale us with their tusk-like horns growing on their snouts."

So the elephants fled from the rhinoceroses. The following day those who were ahead saw toward the west a dark line far away, rising upon the horizon against the more or less open country. All the njokoos met, and they all journeyed toward the dark line which they knew to be a forest, and when they reached it, great indeed was the noise of their trumpeting. But they decided to remain outside that night and think the matter over before making the forest their home. Nevertheless, they were glad to have it so near at hand, for they knew they could escape the rhinoceroses and would live in the forest in peace, for they did not think human beings lived there.

At daylight the njokoos entered the big forest, the largest one they had ever seen. After two days' wanderings, they said: "Never have we seen such a thick forest before: the trees crowd on one another; the foliage is so thick that we cannot see the sky; only flickers of the sun, piercing through the leaves,

appear in small spots here and there on the ground. Dark indeed is this forest. The leaves of many of the trees, and of the jungle, are so tender and sweet that we shall thrive in our new home."

Then there was silence, and a wise njokoo said: "Surely there are no human beings here. We shall be happy for the rest of our lives."

They advanced farther into the heart of the forest every day. It was a new world to them, and they met creatures they had never seen before, and said, "Strange, indeed, are the animals of this land."

One day, the new-comers met a herd of their own kin and found out that they spoke the same language; that these had all been born in the forest, as well as their forefathers for many generations, and did not know of any other country but this great land of trees. The new-comers asked of them many questions about their adopted home. They told them that there were great mountains, large and small rivers and lakes; that here and there there were prairies, some large and some small, but always surrounded by the forest; that it rained a great deal and that there was terrific thunder and lightning, and that tornadoes were frequent; that during the rainy season the rivers overflowed their banks; that there were many bogs in which often njokoos lost their lives, and of which they must beware.

The new-comers inquired also if there were any rhinoceroses; and as these njokoos of the forest had never seen them, the new-comers had to explain

what sort of animals they were, and were told they did not live in the forest. Also they asked if there were human beings in the forest. They said, "We have run away from the open country, for there were so many of them there. They left us no peace and have killed many of us."

The njokoos of the forest replied: "Yes, indeed, there are human beings in this forest, and they have made all kind of evil devices, traps, and pits, and snares to kill us. They are the greatest enemies we have, and we have had continually to flee from them and live in the secluded parts; but even there they have hunted and killed us."

This grieved the others, and all the njokoos uttered trumpetings of sadness and said, "Hard indeed is our life."

The forest njokoos continued: "We have also another enemy in the forest from whom we have constantly to flee. They are very small, but appear suddenly and in countless numbers. These are the bashikouay ants. Beware of them."

They told them also of the ngina, of the men of the woods, and of the great numbers of snakes.

Then the forest njokoos and their new friends parted.

CHAPTER XXXIX

ADVENTURES OF THE NEW NJOKOOS

THE strangers, after they had left the forest njokoos, came to a large river, and were delighted not only because they could bathe in it, but because they saw the sunshine, which they had not seen since they had entered the forest. They expressed their joy by loud trumpetings.

They looked at the river and saw that where they stood, the current was very swift and strong, so they said, "Let us go farther down, beyond the point we see; the water there will not be so swift." And they walked toward the spot. It was as they thought. Soon they were all having a grand time in the water. When the njokoos swam, they threw water high into the air through their trunks.

While they were bathing, they saw two strange-looking creatures eating fruit on a tree by the river and looking at them. These were nkengos, and their yellow faces looked strangely among the branches. They were not afraid of the njokoos, for they had seen many of them before. They had a special name for them, for all the animals of the forest can tell in their own language to their kind the names of the animals they meet.

But it was not so with the new njokoos. Suddenly the two nkengos began talking to each other. The njokoos looked in the direction of the voices and saw the nkengos. They were filled with fear and uttered trumpetings of danger, left the water in a great hurry and fled into the forest, for they thought the nkengos were a kind of human beings.

The njokoos were filled with wonder every day at the sight of the strange animals they saw, which were so unlike those of the open country they had left. They wondered at the monkeys, at the parrots, but above all at the men of the woods. Many of the night prowlers disquieted them, and they were especially uncomfortable when they met or scented a njego.

One day the njokoos heard the footsteps of another njokoo coming toward them. This njokoo walked very slowly, and they wondered why, and trumpeted. Then they heard the feeble trumpeting of the stranger answering them. They waited, and soon they saw coming toward them a decrepit old njokoo. He was so old that he walked with very great difficulty. All took pity on him and had no desire to drive him away.

The poor old njokoo had seen many rainy seasons, and was full of rheumatism and backache. All the herd looked at him with great astonishment, for none of them were so old, and they never had seen a njokoo of such great age. They asked him many questions. The old njokoo replied: "I am now so old that I cannot follow any herd, and I have not done so for

many years. It is still longer since I have led a herd, for when I was getting old, a younger and stronger njokoo came to fight me, and drove me away from my herd, and took my place as their leader. Since then I have wandered all alone. In my younger days there were no njokoos as strong as myself. I defeated all those who tried to take the leadership of my herd and fought and drove them away."

When the njokoos were ready to go, they asked the old njokoo to come with them.

"How can I?" he replied. "I am too old to follow you. I am of no use. I cannot fight any more. I am going to the dry land among the swamps, so that the human beings cannot come to me, and there I will live in peace. There I shall finish my days and die."

The njokoos felt sad when they heard this, and said, "Good-by, good-by, dear old njokoo." "Good-by," he replied. "You are young and full of life; go on, go on." Then the old njokoo went to his haunts among the swamps, and the herd left him.

A few days afterward they came to a part of the forest where pineapples grew in abundance. The njokoos were resting, when suddenly there appeared before them a huge ngina with his mate. At this sight they fled, trumpeting sharply; the nginas answered with a loud roar, and for protection ascended a big tree. The njokoos had never heard such a roaring since they had entered the forest, and were much frightened, and thought they never had seen

such ugly human beings before, and they fled, breaking before them everything that was in their way. They had no time to trumpet, they fled so fast. At last, after ascending and descending several steep mountains, they stopped, for they were almost out of breath, and said: "Those are terrible human beings that we have seen. What voices they had! How frightful they were to look at!"

But in the course of time they became acquainted with the different animals of the forest, and were no more afraid of the men of the woods.

It came to pass one day that the njokoos reached one of the prairies found in the forest. Their chief went to reconnoitre, and as he came to the border of the forest, he saw, some distance away, some human beings, and a njokoo lying dead near them. He was himself hidden by the trees and looked on, his eyes wide open with astonishment and wonder. He saw one of the human beings cut the tail off the dead njokoo, then two others crush his head and remove his two tusks, while another was taking off part of his hide, and two others were cutting his body to pieces. The hide was for shields and the pieces of his flesh were for food, the tail for a trophy, and the tusks for barter.

Silently he looked on and then said to himself, "Now I know why the human beings hate us and make war upon us." Then he went back into the forest and told the other njokoos what he had seen, and from that time they wandered in the thickest

part of the forest and were more shy of the human beings than ever.

Several years passed away. One dry season the swampy lands made by the overflowing of rivers during the rainy season became dry. The njokoos crossed the swamps and one day found on their way two skeletons of njokoos that had been bogged the year before and had not been able to get out. Their big tusks were still fastened in their skulls. The njokoos looked sadly at the skeletons and said, "Here lie the bones of two fellow njokoos." Then they uttered low trumpetings of grief and mournfully continued on their way, mistrusting, however, the dry swamps. The skeletons belonged to two njokoos that had taken refuge in these bog lands, as they were hotly pursued by human beings.

After wandering for a number of days, the herd came to another prairie. "Let us cross and go to the forest beyond, for we scent water," said they. "It is a river, and it is a long time since we have had a good swim." Halfway over they felt very warm, for it was exceedingly hot, the rays of the sun being very powerful. They saw four big trees growing close together, and said, "Let us go under those trees and rest."

They had not been long under the trees when they saw many njokoos coming out of the forest almost opposite to where they stood. They were led by a huge bull, who looked very vicious and fierce and had very large tusks, bigger than those of their own leader.

As soon as the njokoos under the trees saw the new-comers, they were very much excited; their bodies swayed quickly to and fro; they flapped their ears and switched their tails. Their leader and protector uttered a peculiar and piercing trumpeting which was heard by the other njokoos. It was a blast of defiance to the other leader, a trumpeting daring him to come and fight. Immediately the other answered the challenge. Then the two left their herds and stalked slowly forward, trumpeting fearfully as they approached each other. The herds on each side were looking placidly at the chiefs who had been their leaders for a long time. The two at first had walked slowly, then faster, then they stopped and looked at each other, all the while keeping up their dreadful trumpeting. At last they rushed together. Their small pig-like eyes looked treacherous and wicked. They butted, then they charged each other. By quick motions they tried to pierce each other's flanks with their tusks, for their sides in such a fight are their vulnerable points. They fought at times with their heads downward, and gave terrible knocks to each other's heads. At the same time they tried to seize each other's trunks. Sometimes they succeeded in doing this, but after a while they had to let go. When they charged each other, often the tusks of one would graze the body of the other and lacerate the thick hide.

At last the leader of the njokoos that had emerged from the forest began to show signs of exhaustion.

When his antagonist saw this, he renewed his attacks with greater fury. Suddenly, by a dexterous movement, he succeeded in plunging his tusks into the body of his enemy who, instead of fleeing, preferred to die fighting. As he fell he uttered a low moan of pain, then dropped dead.

The victorious njokoo, uttering trumpetings of pride, rejoined his followers under the trees, and all approached the smaller herd, who then chose the victor for their leader. Thus the two herds became one, and, this done, they repaired to the river and bathed in its waters and had a grand time together.

CHAPTER XL

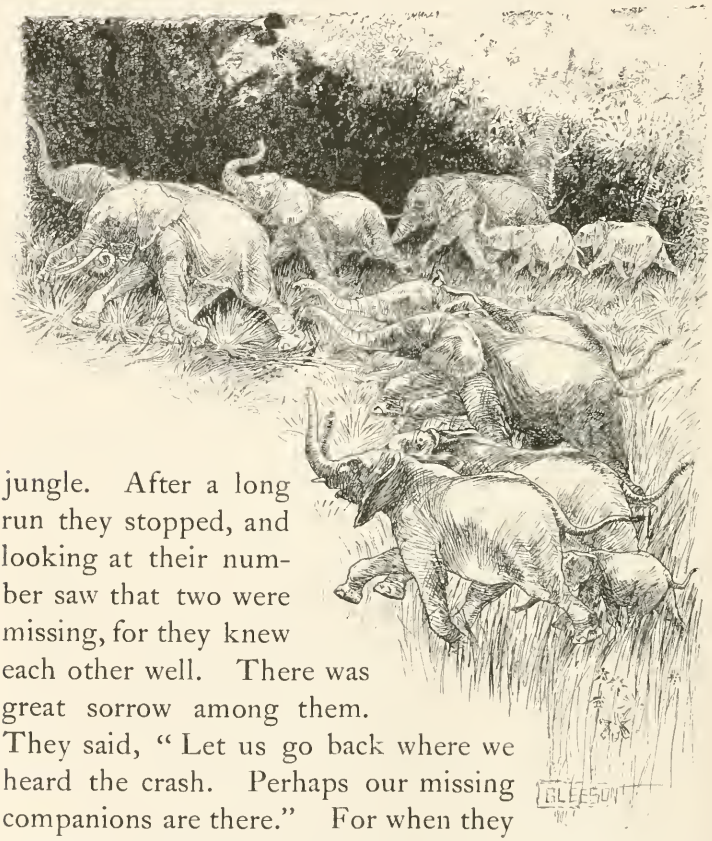
EVIL DAYS FOR THE NJOKOOS

EVIL days were now coming for the njokoos. During all the years they had been in the forest they had escaped many dangers, but henceforth they were to encounter great peril and disaster. In their wanderings they came at last to a part of the immense forest where there were villages inhabited by wild, fierce human beings.

These human beings were very cunning. They spent a great part of their lives sleeping in the forest, hunting njokoos for the sake of their ivory tusks, which they could barter; besides, they liked njokoo meat very much. They had all kinds of contrivances to trap njokoos. They dug many pits for them to fall into and made many *hanous*, or huge beams armed with big iron spikes, suspended among the trees, with lianas as ropes attached to them and coming to the ground, so that when the njokoos touched these, the heavy hanous, with their iron spikes, fell upon their backs.

One day as the njokoos were rambling, suddenly two hanous fell upon the backs of two of their number, broke their spines and killed them. The crash the hanous made in falling frightened all the other

njokoos, for they did not know what it was, and they fled with the utmost speed. The noise they made in their flight was fearful, as they crashed through the



jungle. After a long run they stopped, and looking at their number saw that two were missing, for they knew each other well. There was great sorrow among them. They said, "Let us go back where we heard the crash. Perhaps our missing companions are there." For when they had heard the hanou fall, they were so frightened that they had no time to look and see what had happened. So they went back; and when they arrived at the place where the crash had occurred, they saw their two old

companions lying on the ground dead. They uttered trumpetings of sorrow at the sight. They came round the poor bodies, and grasped their legs with their trunks to pull them up, but the legs fell back. They seized their trunks, but these also fell back on the ground. They trumpeted to them, but they did not answer. When they had made sure that they were dead, they left the place, but not before they had taken a careful look at the hanous.

They had not gone a long way before another hanou fell upon one of them. The rest fled in great dismay. As they were running, they saw another njokoo suddenly disappear under the ground. He had fallen into a pit dug by human beings to catch njokoos. It had been made with a great deal of cunning. Small sticks were placed close together over the pit, and covered with earth and dead leaves, so that the spot looked exactly like the ground. The elephants ran faster than they had ever done in their lives before.

The next day the njokoos returned to the place where their companion had suddenly disappeared. When they approached, they heard his dying moans. They called to him, "Come to us; come to us: we have come to help you out;" but no answer came back to them, only the same moans. Some went to the border of the pit and saw that it was very deep, and at the bottom was their poor friend at death's door. They knew the poor wounded njokoo was dying, for his legs were all broken from his own heavy weight

when he fell. The walls of the pit were perpendicular so they could not reach him. Then they left, saying, "Let us flee from this country; it is the worst we have ever seen."

In their eagerness to flee after the misfortunes that had happened to them, the njokoos crossed high and steep mountains all covered with dense forest and at last thought themselves safe. But one morning they heard a great noise behind them. This noise was made by human voices. "Let us flee," cried the njokoos again, and they broke into a run, when suddenly they came upon a network of lianas twisted together, forming a kind of stockade, which had been made by human beings. As the unhappy njokoos tried to break through, human beings who had stationed themselves in the trees threw spears at them, and many were killed, only a few escaping with their lives. Among those who fell were some of the wisest of the herd. From that time on, the njokoos never long enjoyed peace.

After many years of wanderings, only two remained of that big and splendid herd,—an old njokoo and his mate. The old one said sorrowfully: "Dear, we have been companions for many rainy and dry seasons. We started in life together when we were young, and now we are old; all our folks have been killed, and we are left alone. Our life has been a hard one indeed; we have had hardly any peace; our time has been spent in trying to escape from our enemies, the wicked human beings. Many times, to avoid

them, we have taken refuge in the highest mountains, in the thickest part of the forest and jungle, in impenetrable swamps, in most inaccessible places; but they have always managed to find us. Though we are the strongest and biggest creatures of this forest, we have had to flee before them."

Then he rubbed his body against hers and trumpeted his affection, which she returned also, for they loved each other very much, and were especially drawn together by the misfortunes they had suffered in common. They did not know where to go. They were in sore distress. They had escaped from the land of hanous, of pits and spears, and now after a long journey in which they had crossed many steep mountains and swum across many rivers, they had come to the land of guns. They regretted deeply the loss of their old leader, for they remembered his great skill and how he avoided many dangers. "One of the great misfortunes of us njokoos," they said, "is that our tracks are very conspicuous, for we are so big and heavy."

After more wanderings, they came to a country where the forest was full of deep narrow rivers and swamps. They entered it and remained on the dry land between the swamps, and there the two lived to a very great old age.

CHAPTER XLI

NJOKOOS AND THEIR BABIES

A NJOKOO and her baby, a few days old, were by themselves in the great forest. Mamma Njokoo had left the herd to which she belonged, for her little one was too small and could not climb the steep mountains and keep pace with the big njokoos when they were afraid and in full run. It is the custom of the mamma njokoos always to leave the others when they have a little one.

The baby njokoo's little eyes looked very cunning. His bit of a trunk was going continually up and down, his ears flapped against his head, and his tail was always moving. To his mamma he was a very sweet little baby njokoo.

Often when Mamma Njokoo looked at her little one she would think of all the troubles and dangers that were ahead of him. The njokoos have wonderful memories, and she remembered all that she had gone through during her life, and how many escapes she had had in running away from those horrid human beings, whom she dreaded and hated so much, and how many of her friends had been snared and killed in their meshes. As she thought of all these tribula-

tions and dangers, she said, half to herself and half to her little one: "Dear, as long as you are small, I shall fight and defend you. Then when you are big you will have to fight and run for yourself. You will have to be very wary if you want to reach your full size."

One day she was delighted when she saw him pick up some leaves with his trunk and put them into his mouth, for the njokoos' trunks are their hands. It was the first time that he had plucked leaves. He began to know how to get his own living. His mamma loved him dearly, and was by his side all the time, looking at him in such a tender way, caressing him with her big trunk, and once in a while giving soft trumpetings of affection, which showed how dear he was to her. So they spent their days together, and if they met some big animal, Mamma Njokoo would give shrill trumpetings of anger and come close to him to protect him. One night she stood still, close to him, until daylight, for she had scented a njego.

One day they met another njokoo with her baby, and they were glad to see each other, for both felt lonely. They uttered trumpetings of joy and said, "Let us stay together; it will not be so lonely." And from that day they became companions. When they found branches with leaves that were tender, they would reach them with their trunks, and pull them down and break them, and give them to their little ones.

As time passed away, they met other njokoos with their babies. All made a herd entirely composed of mamma and baby njokoos, and the young ones liked to play together and became very fond of one another. The old ones thought they had never seen such a pretty set of little njokoos in their lives, and each was very proud of the one belonging to her.

Once, one of the little ones got entangled among the lianas, or wild vines, for the part of the forest in which they were was full of them. He trumpeted plaintively. As soon as the mother heard him, she came to him, and with her trunk set him free, and then scolded him for being so careless, and pointed out to him the thick lianas that were so close together that they formed a trap for little njokoos to get into, and taught him to look out for such places, and told him thereafter to be shy of them.

It is wonderful what the njokoos can do with their trunks. The hands of human beings could not be more nimble and dexterous, and it requires a good deal of thinking to separate one liana from another. But njokoos are very ingenious and intelligent.

One day, as one of the mamma njokoos was busy plucking with her trunk leaves that were high up, she heard a noise. Her little one had fallen into a deep hole made by heavy rains. She uttered peculiar trumpetings which showed her anxiety, and meant, "I am coming, dear, I am coming," as she ran toward the place and saw him looking at her imploringly and calling for her by trumpeting, which meant, in the lan-

guage of the njokoo children, "Oh, mamma, help me out of this hole."

Poor Mamma Njokoo was very much excited and went all around the hole to see what she could do to rescue her baby. She bent down on her knees and lowered her trunk to reach him, and tried to pull him up, but this did not do, for he was heavy and the sides of the hole were too steep. In the mean time another Mamma Njokoo, who heard her cries of distress, came to see what was the matter and how she could help.

When Mamma Njokoo saw that she could not succeed in the way she had at first tried, she began to dig the ground with her big forefeet near the border of the hole, tearing up at the same time the roots of the trees that were in her way; and finally she succeeded in making a sloping way going to the bottom of the hole. It had been hard work. After she got through this work, the little one walked out, to the delight of his mamma, who nevertheless gave him a scolding for being so careless.

The big njokoos and their little ones continued to wander through the forest, other njokoos with their babies joining them. One day the big njokoos scented water and were delighted, for it was quite a while since they had had a good bath. They all wanted one, and wished also their little ones to enjoy a swim.

They walked as fast as they could toward the water, and at last came to a beautiful river. At this sight all the mamma njokoos gave trumpetings of delight, and soon after they were all in the river swimming, throw-

ing water up with their trunks, and having lots of fun, trumpeting to each other, " How nice the water feels! How I enjoy my bath!" They were all having a grand time. The little ones rested on the backs of their mothers when they were swimming.

One Mamma Njokoo went a little farther than she ought to have gone. Suddenly she was carried into the very rapid current of the river, which ran with great force, and the little njokoo was washed off her back by it. She gave cries of distress when she saw this. But she was carried still farther into the middle of the stream, and the baby was carried farther and farther away from her. Poor Mamma Njokoo was grievously distressed. She was afraid her little one would be drowned. He also looked at his mother, trumpeting, " Save me, save me, mamma!" Fortunately he could swim a little.

Mamma Njokoo at last got close to him, having succeeded in getting him in her lee, her big body protecting him from the strong current, as he swam alongside of her. There was great excitement among all the njokoos when they saw one of the little ones drifting away, and they followed her, swimming along the shore, trumpeting advice and telling her what to do.

The two at last were carried into a big eddy and there rested for a while. Then Mamma Njokoo said to her little one, " We are going to get out of this eddy and into the strong current again. You must manage to keep close to me." As soon as they swam

out of the eddy, the current was so strong that they were carried down the river, but Mamma Njokoo swam toward the shore and at last succeeded in coming to a part of the stream where the water did not run so fast. Then the little one succeeded in getting on the top of his mamma's back when they were in still water.

There was great rejoicing among all the njokoos when they reached the land, for they loved one another dearly. All the little njokoos were also very glad. They had become great friends.

The herd of mammas and little ones resumed their wanderings. Twice a big njokoo, who scented them, came up as if to join them, but they trumpeted to him: "Go away. Go away; we do not want you. We have to walk slowly in the forest on account of our little ones."

But, as time passed, the little njokoos grew big.

They could run fast. One day, as all the herd were together, they heard the shrill trumpeting of the big njokoo. He had scented them and was coming toward them. Soon he was among them, and they were all glad. He became their chief and led them, and was ready to fight any big njokoo that wanted to take his place.

CHAPTER XLII

THE MBOYOS, OR JACKALS

A LARGE pack of mboyos with long grayish hair, darker on the back, and with straight ears (they might have been taken for wolves or big hairy dogs at home), were restless. Their leader, who was older and somewhat larger and more powerful than his followers, was standing still and thinking.

"Chief," said the mboyos, "we are hungry, and as we look from the border of the forest where we hide, over the big prairie, we see no prey; no kambis or ncheris or any other animals. You are our chief; lead us where there is food."

"Be patient," said the old chief to them. "You know well that we have to work for our living, and we have been unlucky of late. Prey has been very scarce. I am thinking where to lead you. I have been your chief for several rainy seasons and have led you many times to success. He who waits and is patient gets the game."

Suddenly one of the mboyos gave a peculiar shriek, which was immediately taken up by all the pack. It was the signal for a long general chorus of fearful dismal screams that filled the air with unearthly noise. They continued to make this horrid din for quite a

while; then, as by one accord, they all stopped at once. What this noise means, only the mboyos know. The other animals that were in the forest said, "The mboyos speak. What is the matter with them?"

After this howling, they looked inquiringly at their chief, again ready to obey his orders. "Follow me," he said to them, in the silent talk of the mboyos.

He took the lead, and they followed the border of the prairie, hidden by the forest. They walked against the wind, so that they could scent prey afar off. They travelled a long way, the old chief walking ahead. Suddenly he stopped, and all the mboyos stood still. He spoke to them, saying, "I scent game far away. Kambis are pasturing in the prairie. Surely I am not mistaken."

So they continued their march, and after a while they saw a herd of kambis. There was great joy among the mboyos at the sight. Their appetites, which had already reached starvation point, seemed to increase tenfold. A good meal was in sight.

"Let us be wary," said the chief. "Let us be true mboyos and use all the cunning that belongs to our tribe. Otherwise we shall miss our game, and then we shall have to fight with hunger." The mboyos prepared themselves to act as they always do when they attack their prey. They left the woods and entered the prairie, one by one, led by their trusted leader. They were hidden by the grass as they manœuvred to approach the unsuspecting kambis. The mboyos were far apart at first. They crept into the

lee of the kambis, then turned and at last succeeded in making a large ring about the game. At every circle they made, the ring became smaller and smaller. Suddenly one of the kambis, looking at the others, said, "I scent mboyos; let us flee." They started,

but soon scented mboyos around them everywhere, no matter where they went. In the mean time the ring of the mboyos became quite small, then closed together and succeeded in corralling the kambis. Several kambis were paralyzed with fear; they were hypnotized by the mboyos. The whole pack of mboyos divided in two, overpowered some of the kambis, and soon were tearing their poor prostrate bodies. After their meal, followed by their chief, the mboyos retired once more to the border of the forest, and then thanked and praised him for his great cunning.

After this they made their toilet, and licked the blood from their chaps. They laughed as only mboyos do, saying, " How well we corralled the kambis! only a few of them escaped. How sweet they tasted! What a pity we could not eat all those we killed, and had to leave so much meat! but mboyos can only eat so much and no more."

Looking toward the place where so much of the kambi meat had been left, they saw two large vultures alighting upon the carcasses and said, " How keen is the sight of the vultures! we have left them a good meal." The two vultures made a bountiful repast and said to themselves: " Soon it will be sunset. To-morrow we will come again."

In the mean time the mboyos had departed for the thickest part of the forest.

That same night could have been seen at some distance through the dim moonlight, for the moon was on the wane, a pack of ugly-looking striped hyenas. As they walked along, they looked queer, with their forelegs higher than their hind ones; they were prowling in search of food. Twice they all gave a peculiar cry, horrid to listen to, which filled the country for miles with its reverberations.

They walked silently, sniffing the air as they went along. Suddenly they scented meat. At this discovery there was great excitement among all of them, for they wanted a meal badly, being very hungry. The meat they scented was that of the kambis which the mboyos had killed.

"A pack of ugly-looking striped hyenas"

They hastened their pace and reached the carcasses of the kambis, and soon all were busy tearing the flesh, holding the pieces firmly on the ground with their forepaws, which are armed with big heavy claws.

They ate every particle of the meat; only the bare bones were left. Then they departed, grinning and saying: "If other hyenas come here, they will find only bones. We do not care. We have had a bountiful meal." Then they went toward the forest and disappeared in its depths, not stopping until they came to a very dark, dense region. Suddenly, like the mboyos, they gave in chorus a hyena concert which was something unearthly and fearful.

Early the next morning the two vultures left the tree where they had spent the night, to return for the rest of the kambi meat. They felt very happy at the prospect of getting an early breakfast, and said to each other, "We will not leave this neighborhood until we have eaten all the flesh, and this will take us several days."

Great indeed was their disappointment when they reached the place and saw nothing but the bare bones of the kambis; they looked at them and walked slowly around them, but not a bit of flesh was to be seen. "Oh," said the vultures, "these horrid hyenas have been here during the night, and have eaten everything. They have not even left a morsel for us;" and they rose, soaring high in the air in their beautiful flight to see if they could discover elsewhere the remains of some dead animal.

CHAPTER XLIII

THE NSHIEYS, OR FISH, AND THEIR ENEMIES

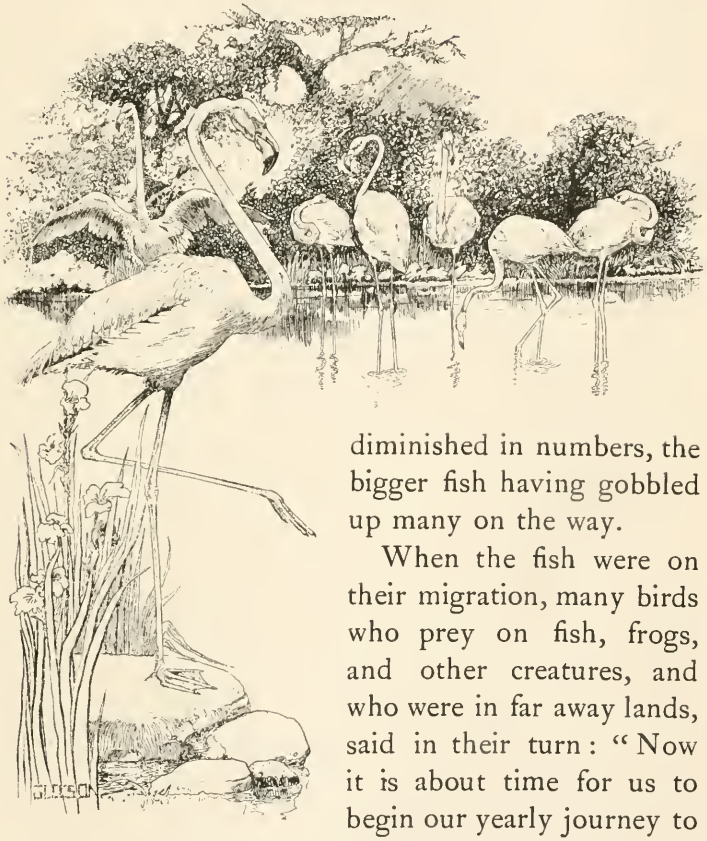
AS the dry season was approaching, many of the fish of the sea said to one another: "It is time for us to go to the rivers of the great forest where we were born, for the dry season is at hand, and the time is coming for us to lay our eggs."

One of the habits of many fish of the sea is that throughout their lives they always go back year after vear to the river in which they were born. This pilgrimage takes place during the dry season when the rivers are clear, the current less swift, and the water lower. The fish know the seasons as well as birds.

When the fish in shoals began their migration towards the coast, they knew their way well through the depths of the sea to those rivers just as if they had had a star to guide them. They also had landmarks, for the bottom of the ocean has tall mountains, hills, narrow and broad valleys, just like the surface of the earth; it has also varied forests and growths such as seaweeds, coral trees, etc.

While the fish swam along the shore they recognized the rivers from which they had originally come, and ascended these, while other fish that followed in their wake continued to swim along the coast farther

on until they came to their own river. Not all that started reached their destination. They were much



diminished in numbers, the bigger fish having gobbled up many on the way.

When the fish were on their migration, many birds who prey on fish, frogs, and other creatures, and who were in far away lands, said in their turn: "Now it is about time for us to begin our yearly journey to the rivers and lagoons of the great forest, for the fish are coming there, and the ponds in the prairies by the sea are going to be dry or shallow, and it will be easy for us to catch our prey."

Among the birds that thus spoke were large long-

legged cranes and storks, also fishing eagles, herons, flamingoes, ibis, many pelicans, and the ugly marabouts who have so many fine feathers.

They all rejoiced in advance at the prospect of future good meals.

The big cranes, storks, and herons said: "Our long, sharp, pointed beaks, our long legs, and powerful wings are great possessions, for they help us to get our living. With our legs we wade in the water to seek our food; with our slender necks and long beaks we seize our prey, and when our hunting grounds are far apart, our wings carry us swiftly to them.

"We have also very good eyesight, but in spite of all the gifts we possess, if we were not wary and intelligent, we should not be able to get our living."

The pelicans praised their big, webbed feet which allow them to swim fast, their big pouches which could hold many fish, and their mighty wings which enabled them to rise from the water and fly when they are heavy with their pouches full of fish.

All these birds began their journey at about the same time. Those that were farther away or who did not fly so fast started before those that were swifter on the wing, for all knew exactly how long it would take to make the journey, and all hoped to be the first to arrive on the hunting-ground.

Many of the ibis had started from the shores of the Nile, where in ancient days their kin was sacred among the Egyptians.

As one looked up into the sky he could see at

times birds flying from the east, north, and south (only gulls from the west, where the ocean was), some following the shore, all on their way to the rivers, lagoons, and prairies of the great forest. Some of them were in pairs, others in larger numbers. Those who were in flocks had their leaders at their heads.

How strange they looked as they flew through the air! The great cranes and storks, with their long legs stretched back to their full length and parallel with their bodies and protected by them, so that in their flight they might not be impeded by the wind. How knowing they were!

The pelicans had their feet close to their bodies, for otherwise these would have obstructed their flight if they had been hanging down.

Onward and onward they flew, covering an immense distance in a day, resting here and there to feed or to sleep. At last they all reached their destination.

The cranes, the storks, walked for prey in the prairies, where there was water, or where it had almost disappeared. The flamingoes, the herons, the ibis, and their kind were busy along the shores of rivers and lagoons; the pelicans swam about majestically. All had a good time, but the fish, the frogs, and other creatures had not, for their enemies the birds, had arrived in great numbers.

CHAPTER XLIV

THE KONGOO, ONE OF THE FISHING EAGLES

ONE day a kongoo, with white body and black wings, looking at his mate, who was of a dark grayish color, said to her: "It is about time for us to go to the Eliva Monon (the river of mullets), for the dry season has begun there, and the river will be full of mullets and other fish. It is a long journey, and we shall have to get our living on the way. We cannot fish by the shore, for heavy white breakers roll on the beach all the way. When we undertake this long journey, we shall have as usual to tarry by the sides of the rivers and lagoons near the sea in order to get our food."

The two kongoos loved to go to the Eliva Monon every dry season, for they had been born by its waters, had built their nests and had raised their young ones there. The next day they prepared themselves for their journey, for by following the shore the Eliva Monon was nearly three thousand miles away. They took oil from the bag which nature had provided for them, and with their greasy beaks combed their feathers, which took them an hour or two. When their toilet was made, they went fishing, so that they should

not start with empty stomachs, and after their meal they combed their feathers again; but it took them only a short time, and they finished by passing their beaks over their thick powerful talons. Then they rose in the air, and flew toward the Eliva Monon, their big spreading wings carrying them very fast.

The two kongoos knew every part of the shore, the capes, the smallest points, the bays, the coves, the rivers, the hills, the trees; nothing escaped their eyes. This minute knowledge of the coast is given to all the fishing eagles. No sea captain, no pilot, no matter how expert, can recognize any spot or part of the coast so well or so quickly as the fishing eagles.

As they flew and passed over creeks, lagoons, and rivers, they saw in the water flocks of pelicans, and would say to each other, "See, the pelicans are fishing; look at their pouches; they are filled with fish." Farther on they would see red long-legged flamingoes walking in the water, or flying over it, looking like a mass of burning embers. They saw also many long-legged cranes, nearly five feet high, ugly marabouts with their beautiful light feathers, and herons, ducks, and other aquatic birds. The kongoos saw also over the lagoon beautiful swallows catching the flying insects.

One afternoon the kongoos rested on a tree and saw a great many bees hovering over a prairie, feeding on the sweet flowers.

Their enemies, the bee-eater birds, had also come to make war upon them, as they did every year, for

these birds knew the month of the year when the bees made their appearance in the prairie.

Looking at the beautiful plumage of these bee-eaters, one not knowing them would have thought they were gentle and harmless, but they had to live, and to do so they had to destroy life. Those who did not fear them thought them beautiful. Those upon whom they fed thought they were horrid and fierce, and hated them.

After a while the old kongoo remarked to his companion, "The bees have a hard time; the bee-eaters are killing and eating them; look at them."

Among the bee-eaters that had come in large flocks was one species that had a splendid roseate breast; as they flew, they appeared like spots of fire flying through the sky; the speed of their flight told of their fierceness as they swooped down upon the poor bees and seized them with their long curved beaks in the middle of their bodies, taking their lives before they swallowed them, so that they could not sting.

An hour or two before sunset, the two kongoos tarried by a river where they knew that fish were abundant, and slept on one of the trees. Their lives were the same every day on the journey. They stopped here and there on the shores of rivers or lagoons to fish when they were hungry, and the last thing before sunset would once more stop to fish and then go to sleep. Every day's journey brought them nearer the Eliva Monon.

After a few days they arrived at the mouth of a

large river, and slackened their speed. Each said to the other, "Look, there is the Rembo Commi" (rembo is a larger river), and they were glad, for one of its affluents was the Eliva Monon. They went fishing, but had a scanty meal, for the fish had ascended the stream. It was almost dark when they reached the mouth of the Rembo Commi. So they slept on a big tree.

When they awoke in the morning, they felt very happy, for they knew that their journey was almost at an end. They combed and oiled their feathers, then flew over the Rembo Commi and never stopped until they reached the Eliva Monon, a big expanse of water which was as smooth as glass. They saw that the river was already full of mullets and other fish that had come to spawn. The two kongoos met several of their old friends, the compagnondos (another large fishing eagle), who, when they saw them coming, uttered shrill cries of welcome, that were heard far away. The compagnondos are of a gray color, the two mates looking very much alike, and they are larger than kongoos.

A few kongoos had also arrived before them, so that the two new-comers were not the first to reach the spot, as they had expected. All these fishing eagles formed a colony that had built their nests on the shores of the Eliva Monon, and they lived in peace with one another. Though they would often hover over the same shoal of fish, yet there was no dispute, each picking out his own prey.

Immediately after their arrival, the two new-comers went fishing, each by himself, as is the custom among all the eagles, for they were terribly hungry. Often they came near together as they hovered over a big shoal of fish. Both had a splendid meal, which they needed much after their long journey.

They perched upon the tree on which they had built their nest. The nest was round and made of sticks, and set between forked branches with great skill, so as to give the least possible exposure to the wind, and it was several feet in diameter. They said, " Our nest wants much repairing."

They kept looking fondly at their dear old nest, which they had built when they were first mated, and that was quite a number of years before. The kongoos, like many other eagles, live together all their lives. These two loved each other very much.

For a few days they were very busy with the work of repairs, gathering new sticks to take the place of the old ones and weaving them into the structure. Then they had also to fish to satisfy their hunger. So they had hardly any time to rest, and were very glad when evening came.

Though the Eliva Monon was full of fish, the kongoos and compagnondos had to use considerable judgment and thought to catch their prey. As they soared above the fish, they had to calculate the length of time to reach it, how deep it was in the water, and if too deep, to watch until it came near enough to the surface before they swooped down upon it. They had

to make allowance for the speed of the fish and for the time that was required to reach it. They had also to contract their claws instantly on seizing their prey. When they swooped they invariably caught the fish in a line with their own beak and tail, so that in flying away with it the fish's body might offer no resistance to the wind. In a word, their eyes had to act very quickly.

But, despite all their cunning and forethought, they often make miscalculations and miss their fish. Sometimes it is deeper in the water than they imagine, or the fish is swimming faster than they think. The fish himself often swims by starts, quick at first, and then slackening his speed. The fishing eagles have to calculate on all these contingencies.

Sometimes they do not get a good hold on the fish, and as they fly in the air with it the fish is successful in his struggles to free himself and falls into the water; his enemy darts after him, but often too late, for he has disappeared in deep water. Fishing eagles, too, have to work hard for their living.

One day our two kongoos had had their fill of fish and were looking on from their tree at a large number of pelicans who had just arrived and alighted on the water. The kongoo said to his mate: "Look at the pelicans. How strangely they behave! What are they doing?"

The pelicans, after they had alighted on the water, swam in different directions to look for fish. Suddenly some of them discovered a large shoal of fish

in a shallow part of the river. By ways known only to the pelican, they communicated the news of their discovery to the others, and in a short time the whole flock knew that there was a shoal of fish in sight and swam toward the spot, all feeling glad at the prospect of a good meal.

A few of the pelicans that were farther off seeking fish, saw the gathering of the flock, who appeared to be so excited that they knew something was up and flew toward their companions.

The flock had a very cunning chief, an old fellow who had led them successfully many times on their fishing campaigns. He saw by the rippling of the water the exact place of the shoal, and at once made his plan of attack, so that very few should escape. All the pouches of the pelicans were empty, and they were terribly hungry. "Let us corral the fish," he said to the flock. Then taking the lead, he swam around the shoal, the rest following equidistant from one another in a circle, the fish being in the middle. Sometimes the pelicans had to swim fast to keep their formation and follow their chief, who was watching the fish. A few pelicans were ordered outside to fill up the gaps. When the signal was given, they wheeled toward the shoal and attacked it; fish after fish was caught between their powerful long bills. The slaughter of the fish was very great; many of these fish had done in their way what the pelicans were now doing to them: they had gobbled up many smaller fish a little time before. When the pelicans

could not eat any more, they filled their pouches and swam leisurely over the Eliva Monon.

One afternoon, as the big kongoo was hovering over the Eliva Monon, while his mate was on the nest, he suddenly espied a number of very big fish that were swimming together. His appetite increased at once at the sight. He thought, as he looked down over them: "What a big fish I am going to catch! What a glorious meal I am soon to enjoy! If they only come a little more to the surface of the water, my meal is secure." He watched them, but he feared they were too deep in the water for him to pounce upon one of them at once. Gradually the fish came nearer the surface. One was larger than the others. The kongoo selected him for his prey and hovered over him. When he thought that the time had arrived, he swooped straight down with great force, and went deep into the water so that his powerful talons could grasp the fish well.

The fish was very heavy and strong. When he felt the claws of the eagle in his body, he plunged deeper into the water, dragging the big kongoo down with him. The kongoo raised his wings so that they almost met, that he might beat the air more strongly by bringing them down. It would have been all over with him if he had sunk entirely under water.

The power of rising from the water is only given among birds to ducks, geese, swans, and their kindred that have webbed feet. The broad spreading foot covers so much water that the bird finds a surface to

spring from, while to the feet of other birds the water offers no resistance so that they cannot rise.

The kongoo, using all his strength with his wings, gave several flaps and succeeded in rising above the water with his prey. But the fish was very heavy. He could not let the fish go, for his talons were too deeply imbedded, and he could not take his claws out on account of their curved shape.

Two or three times the big eagle struggled up, and was drawn down again. It was a fight for life. Finally the kongoo succeeded in landing with his prey, feeling much exhausted. Then, with his powerful hook-like beak, he tore the fish and disentangled his claws; then he made his meal by holding the fish fast to the ground with his claws and picking his body.

After this he flew to the perch by his nest. His mate was upon it, and he said to her: "Dear, I have had an awful time since I left you. I hooked a fish that was deeper in the water and stronger than I believed, and he almost pulled me under. I thought it was all up with me and that I was to be drowned and should never see you again. But thanks to my powerful wings, I am safe." Then he settled upon the nest to take the place of his mate, while she flew away to get her meal of fish.

In due course of time three little kongoos came out of their shells, to the delight of the two old ones. Now all their care and love were to be for these three little ones. As they grew big and their appetites and the amount of food to satisfy them had increased with

"The kongoo, using all his strength with his wings, gave several flaps"

their size, the old kongoos had to work hard to feed them. All the fishing eagles on the Eliva Monon had to work hard also, for every nest had a family, and the fish had a hard time.

The eagles, after catching a fish, would fly toward their nest, then hover over it, saying, "Here I am, dear little ones. I have food for you."

The young kongoos, hearing their parents, would look up and cry or shriek louder than they did before, with their mouths wide open to show how hungry they were, and were not pacified until food was given to them. The noise the little ones made during a great part of the day throughout the whole neighborhood was great indeed.

Our three young ones grew very fast, feathers were taking the place of their gray down, and in time the large feathers on their wings had grown almost enough for them to try to fly. While the two kongoos were perched by their nest one day, Mrs. Kongoo said to her mate, "I am going to fish." Then she flew away.

Strange to say, she was never seen any more after this. Her mate was very much distressed. Toward sunset, as she did not appear, he uttered piercing cries, calling for her. He flew in search of her; but at last when it was almost dark, he came back to their tree, got upon the nest, took her place, and spread his wings over their little ones to keep them warm. That night he felt very unhappy, thinking all the time of his mate. At daylight he uttered shrill cries of distress which in the language of the kongoos meant: "Come to me,

dear. Where are you? I am waiting for you." But no answer came to him. In the mean time the young ones were clamoring for food. So the poor kongoo, with a sad heart, soared over the Eliva Monon for fish, and after a while came back with food for them. He had to work hard all day to feed them, for now he was all alone. In his spare moments, he would rest upon a tree and think of his dear missing mate and call for her, or he would fly up and down the Eliva Monon searching for her.

The little ones began to try the strength of their wings and see how far they could fly. But the old kongoo had to feed them, until at last they were able to take care of themselves and began to fish. The dear old kongoo mourned greatly after his mate. He would stand still for hours on a tree, and in despairing tones cry for her to come.

At length the fish became scarce in the Eliva Monon; the shoals were leaving fast for the sea. By this time the young kongoos and compagnondos could fly, and the fishing eagles left gradually. The last to leave was the sad old kongoo. He stood for days near his nest, hoping that his mate would come back. Finally he gave up the hope of ever seeing her again, and flew away, never to come back to the Eliva Monon. The following year some other kongoos took possession of his abandoned nest.

Not one of the fishing eagles could ever tell him what had become of his mate. Had she suddenly dropped dead? Had she been carried away under

the water by a big fish, or as she was striving to rise from the water with a big fish did a water-snake coil round her? The widowed kongoo the following year got another companion, but he always remembered his first mate and chose another river during the spawning season.

CHAPTER XLV

THE BASHIKOUAY ANTS

MILLIONS upon millions of bashikouay ants inhabit their subterranean dwellings; but no one to this day has been able to see how they live there, and what their home is like.

One day there was great excitement among them. They all shouted: "Let us go above the ground and make a raid. The forest is also our home; it is there that we get our living."

They cried boastfully: "We are very small, it is true, and when we are alone we are powerless; but as an army we are the most formidable and dreaded creatures of the forest. Who can withstand our fierceness when we are on the war path, and are eager for attack! The big njokoo runs as fast as he can at our approach," and they laughed when they thought of his big size and the capers he cut when they swarmed into his ears, and everywhere over his huge body. "The terrible and mighty ngina whose roarings fill the forest, runs away when warned by the multitude of insects and animals fleeing for life's sake at our coming; but he is often caught while surrounded by our swarms, and his shrieks of pain ring through the forest as he flies, with many of our

number covering his body and biting him. The sly and blood-thirsty njego has no time to look for prey, and flies, yelling, 'The bashikouays are coming!'" Then all the bashikouays laughed at the same time, for they imagined the stampede created by their appearance.

Then they cried more boastfully still: "All the night prowlers, — the kambis, the ncheris, the omembas, — and all the living creatures of the great forest in which we live, insects and all, cry in great distress, 'Let us flee for our lives, for the bashikouays are coming!' The forest is filled with the buzz of the fleeing host, small and large; all are panic-stricken; the heavy tramping of the njokoo is heard above all. They do not all escape. Many of the animals leave their helpless young behind, to be eaten by us, and multitudes of insects are devoured by our hordes. The human beings fear and hate us. We are afraid only of three things, — fire, water, and the sun. The only creatures that are not afraid of us are those that live in the water and in the air."

After the great uproar of their boasting had subsided, their chiefs said to them: "Be still; wait a while till our young get larger and stronger; for we cannot leave them behind."

As with other ants, the great chiefs, acting as the generals of an army, are the largest and the least numerous of all. Their heads are furnished with ugly, powerful, long nippers, the head being as large as the rest of the body.

The officers are smaller than the chiefs, and much more numerous, and armed likewise with powerful nippers. They attend to the discipline of the great army; then come the soldiers forming the mass of the great army. The number of these is beyond computation. Their heads are square and their nippers are not as powerful as those of the others; but they can bite terribly also.

One day the chiefs decided that the time had arrived for the bashikouays to make their raid. They came out of the earth by multitudes of tunnels, close together in amazing numbers, forming themselves into a compact marching column, led by the chiefs and officers. For many hours the bashikouays poured out incessantly from their abode. They numbered countless millions. It was one of the largest armies that had ever come out of the earth. Their discipline was perfect. There were ruling brains among them, who gave orders and who kept their ranks in perfect formation. Officers, very alert in their movements, walked on both flanks, seeing that no one left the column.

If perchance any bashikouay left the ranks for one reason or another, the officer having charge of that squad at once went after the straggler, inquired what was the matter, or ordered him to go back to the ranks. If sick, he was left alone, to rejoin the host later on. If too sick, he was left to die.

The van of the army marched on, and still the main body was pouring out of its subterranean home. By

and by the van came to a place which they had to cross where the sun was shining. Immediately tunnels were dug for the whole army to pass through and be protected from the sun. Farther on they came to a stream where two dead trunks of trees overlapped each other above the water, and immediately the advance guard of the column made a chain or tunnel by holding onto each other firmly with their legs, as bees do, forming a suspension bridge connecting with the tree underneath, and the whole body crossed to the other side and continued their march.

News came that the last of the host had come out from under the ground. There was great excitement among all the bashikouays at this news. How the news was flashed along the lines, only the bashikouays could tell. Suddenly the order came from the front to the rear to prepare for the attack. It passed along the line as quickly as if by telegraph. There was a tremendous uproar among the troops. By preconceived plan, the long line of bashikouays, miles in length, formed itself into several army corps which manœuvred in such a manner that some of them made a great circle, as if to corral their victims.

They broke ranks, advanced in large masses together in every direction, or in deployed columns, and attacked every living thing before them with great fury and the utmost bravery, fearless of danger or death, only having in view the conquest of their prey. They rushed upon their victims, who in an instant were covered with them, and then the strong pincers

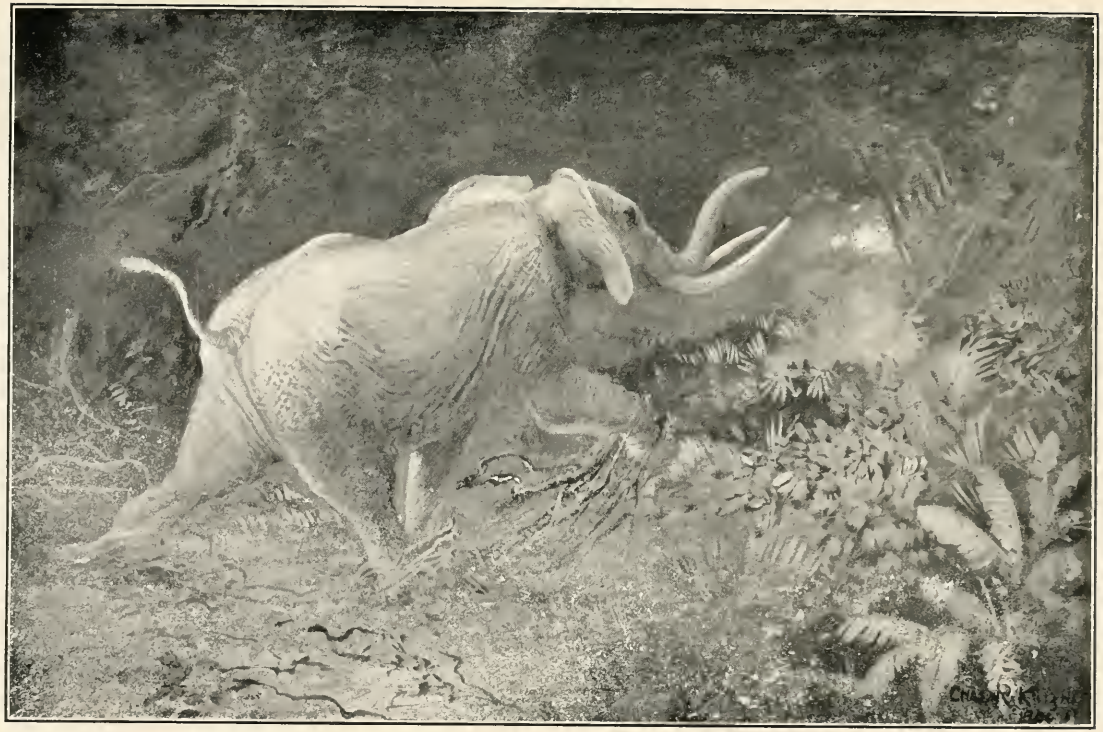
were fastened in the skin or body, cutting out a piece each time.

The news spread among all the living creatures that their dreaded enemy the bashikouays were advancing and attacking everything. A great panic seized the whole population of the forest; all cried at once, "Flee! Flee for your lives!" There was great confusion among the denizens of the forest; omembas, kambis, ncheris, njokoos, nginas, njegos, ngoas, and all other creatures fled to escape their dreaded enemy. No one attacked the other, for in their flight they were too frightened and too much in a hurry to get away and save their own lives. They had all lost their appetites.

Beautiful birds of all kinds followed the columns of bashikouays, picking up insects as they fled and often bashikouays themselves.

In one place the bashikouays had succeeded in surrounding a njokoo. In an instant myriads of them were on his body. They covered the inside of his trunk and ears, also his eyes. The poor njokoo fled for his life, and disappeared in the forest, tearing everything before him, making for a river.

Some of the men of the woods had narrow escapes. They received great bites and gave shrieks of pain. They had never run so fast in their lives, and did not stop until they thought they were out of danger. Here a njego was to be seen fleeing with her tiny little baby in her mouth, carrying him away from the bashikouays. She had been obliged to leave two little



"The poor njokoo fled for his life"

ones in her lair. When the bashikouays reached the lair, they precipitated themselves with great frenzy upon the little njegos, who soon were black with them. In a short time only their bones were left, and the bashikouays continued on their errand of destruction.

All the abodes of the night prowlers that were in the way of this great army were visited, and the young

destroyed. Some of the old ones even fell victims to the bashikouays. Onward they went. During the night they reached a village where there were no human beings. They had all left for their plantation. The bashikouays swarmed into every house, attacked and overpowered the rats, mice, centipedes, scorpions, spiders, lizards, and the many cockroaches that were there, and when they went away not one of these was left. All had been devoured.

Farther on they entered another village. Here the human beings were fast asleep. The terrible bites of the bashikouays soon awoke them. "The bashikouays have come!" shouted the people. The women

seized their helpless little babies, and the fathers their little children, otherwise they would have been overpowered and devoured by the bashikouays.

In haste the inhabitants lighted fires everywhere across the street down which the invading army came, and brought burning brands, hot ashes, etc., to burn the invaders, and poured boiling water upon them. One man who was bedridden was surrounded by hot ashes and burning brands; otherwise, he would have been eaten up, and in less than two hours his bones would have been all that was left of him.

Before daylight this attacking column was thoroughly disorganized, and entered the forest, for they knew that the sun was coming.

The chiefs and officers had the greatest trouble, and it required great genius to reform the scattered host into a solid column. The loss of life during the raid of the bashikouays had been very great.

After the raid, the tract of forest where the bashikouays had passed was deserted. The animals who afterward dared to go back to their lairs or burrows saw only the bones of their little ones.

When the bashikouays disappeared, no one in the forest could tell whether they had reformed their army column, where they had gone, or if they had entered once more into the bowels of the earth.

CHAPTER XLVI

THE DARKENING OF THE DAY

ONE day there was great excitement among all the animals and birds of the great forest.

A panic had seized them all, for the bright sunny day seemed to be gradually turning into twilight, the forerunner of the night. They said, "Why is this sudden ending of light?" They all wondered why; for it was not time for the night to come; there had been no sunset. The day was not half over.

All were frightened at the phenomenon; they could not understand this sudden change. The air was filled with the shrill, plaintive, and frightened cries of birds; for they had a dread of some unknown danger coming; they flew hither and thither, as if not knowing where to go, hardly daring to alight.

The day animals walked to and fro with fear in their eyes; for they could not understand why the night was coming so soon. They had had no time to get a full meal. This sudden ending of the day they had never seen in their lives. Their shrieks, howls, yells, and roars were heard everywhere; the trumpetings of the njokoos were the most piercing of all.

The night prowlers woke, and wondered why the night came so soon; they were not half rested, and those among them who had been lucky enough to get a meal, had not yet digested it, and were not hungry.

Darker and darker it became. This darkness was caused by an eclipse of the sun, the moon passing between the great orb and this part of the earth, the great forest.

At last the birds were compelled to alight; for it was getting too dark, and they could hardly see, but their twitterings told of their fright. The men of the woods, the monkeys, and other day creatures made themselves ready for the night; but none fell asleep, for they dreaded some great catastrophe.

As the eclipse continued, the sombre forest became quite dark, birds and animals became silent; many fell asleep.

Before long, however, to their utter astonishment, the twilight-like dawn, the forerunner of the day, made its appearance. Brighter and brighter it became, and the sun at last shone as if it were midday. The forest became at once full of life, and all birds and animals wondered at the short night, and said: "What has happened? We never knew such a thing!"

CHAPTER XLVII

THE NTUNGOOLOOYA, OR KINGFISHER

PERCHED on a limb of a tree by the bank of a river was a kingfisher of a beautiful deep blue color. His head was ornamented with a crest of long blue feathers with white rings. This crest he could erect or lower at will.

"Here I am on a good vantage ground," said he, "where I can look for prey. Small fish is the food I live upon. Sometimes I have to wait long before I get a meal. Oh, how hungry I am! I hope some little fishes will come my way. I can do nothing with the big ones, as I am a tiny bird."

The little kingfisher waited for his breakfast, looking carefully at the water.

Once in a while he saw a small fish, and watched, hoping that he would come to the surface; but several times he was disappointed. His crest stood erect every time he became excited and watched a fish in sight, and made ready to pounce upon him. He said to himself: "I have a long beak to enable me to get my living. I can dip into the water and get at the fish with it. My legs are very short, and of no use except to perch with." Two or three times he left his perch, and hovered over fish, his wings fluttering

quickly. He appeared almost upside down; but the fish was too deep in the water for him to reach, and after hovering about a while over them, he returned to his watching-place, feeling disappointed and more hungry than before, for the sight of the fish whetted his appetite.

While he was waiting, a shoal of little fish in the middle of the stream were swimming away from the big fish, who had come among them and were gobbling them as fast as they could. The little fish said: "Let us swim as fast as we can to the bank of the river for protection, for these horrid big fishes will not be able to pursue us in the shallow water."

In their flight they were pursued by the big fish, and a great number gobbled up. In their panic they leaped above the water in order to escape; but fish cannot remain in the air, so as they fell into the water again, many disappeared in the big mouths of their pursuers. Soon the more fortunate ones were out of the big fishes' reach!

While the kingfisher was waiting for prey, and the little fishes were swimming toward the land, a long slender snake whose life was chiefly spent in the thickets and bushes, preying upon birds and eating their eggs, saw the kingfisher, and said: "I must crawl toward this bird and have him for my morning meal. A great gift has been given to me — I am green and of the color of the leaves, so that I can get my living; because thus I am able to approach birds without being seen by them. But I must be wary, for all the winged

creatures are afraid of us green snakes."

The snake wound along from branch to branch, never losing sight of the little blue kingfisher, his cunning eyes glittering with joy, for he thought he was sure of his prey, and he said, "Soon I am to enjoy a nice breakfast."

The kingfisher was unaware that one of his worst enemies was coming toward him, and he kept up his watch. Fortunately for him, the shoal of little fish came in sight just in the nick of time, and they were the cause of his life being saved.

The snake was preparing to coil round the kingfisher when suddenly the bird flew after one of the

little fish, succeeded in capturing it, and then flew away with his booty to another tree.

Great indeed was the wrath of the snake when he saw that his prey had escaped him, and he said angrily: "I was sure of a breakfast, but it has flown away and nothing is certain till one gets it; but I will wait here, for surely the kingfisher will come back."

He waited and waited, but the pretty little kingfisher did not return. Little did the latter know that he owed his life to the shoal of little fish upon which he had preyed.

CHAPTER XLVIII

THE OBONGOS, OR DWARFS

STRANGE-LOOKING small human beings, almost as singular as the men of the woods, were one day talking together near some diminutive houses, looking somewhat like beehives covered with very large leaves. These houses had openings or doors which were so low and small that these creatures had to lie flat on their stomachs and crawl in like snakes when they wished to enter. They had just returned with rough-looking baskets filled with berries, nuts, and fruits which they had gathered that day.

These little people were the dwarfs, or pigmies, living in the great African forest, and were called obongos. They varied in height from about three feet eight or nine inches to four feet two to four inches. They were all taller than their houses.

Their complexion varied from that of light yellow to a muddy clay color, like that of the nkengos; a few were darker. They were shaped like big people, had feet and hands like theirs; but their feet were more flexible, yet not so much so that they could be used as hands, like those of the men of the woods. They were all lightly built; there was not a corpulent one among them. They had not the straight hair of

the men of the woods. Their heads were covered with little tufts of reddish woolly hair, each tuft being separate. Some had also the same tufts of hair upon their bodies.

After a while other obongos came with more food, until there were about fifty of them together. They told what they had seen during the day and the places where food was plentiful.

They had an old chief with cunning but kindly features. They spoke a language more distinct than that of the men of the woods, but their words were difficult to make out. The dwarfs seated themselves on the ground, cross-legged, round a big fire that they had lighted by rubbing two pieces of very dry wood against each other.

After a while, a wise dwarf said to the others, who listened to him eagerly: "Strange it is that we dwarfs partake of two natures, — one that of the big human beings inhabiting the forest, and the other that of the men of the woods. We partake of the nature of the men of the woods in that we never plant or sow anything; we live on the berries, fruits, nuts, and canes of the forest; we have to roam through the forest like them in search of food; our shelters are of leaves like theirs; we have to shift our abode as they do, for after a few days we have eaten all the food around us.

"We partake of the nature of the human beings in this: we can make fire and enjoy it; we cook our food; we make traps to snare game; we use weapons,

such as iron spears, bows and arrows, and axes; we know how to poison arrows; we can smoke; we can make intoxicating drinks, and can get drunk; we can learn the language of the big people and speak it, and the big people can also learn our language."

After a short silence, another wise dwarf said: "What has been said is true. But we do not know how to work iron; the spears we get from the big people, and everything else that is made of iron; the intoxicating drinks we have learned from them also; what we smoke is planted by them; our pottery is of their make.

"Do not the young men of the woods that are captured by the big human beings learn to drink intoxicating drinks as we do, to eat cooked food, and even to smoke, when they keep them long enough with them? Do they not enjoy the heat of the fire as well as we do? Do they not steal plantains or other food, and learn that it is wrong to do so, after they have been flogged for it? Do they not prefer a soft place to sleep on instead of a hard one? I tell you the men of the woods can learn many of the ways of the human beings."

"That is so!" shouted all the dwarfs at the same time. "The men of the woods can learn the ways of the human beings. You are right! you are right!"

Then the dwarfs put more wood on the fire. How strange the dwarf women appeared! How tiny were their little babies! The dwarfs began to eat the food

they had brought, and after their meal lingered near the big fire; then other fires were lighted in different places among the green leafy dwellings. Gradually, one after another, they entered their houses by crawling on their stomachs, taking lighted brands to light fires inside.

That night there was a big storm; the claps of thunder were terrific; the lightning pierced through the forest. It rained in torrents. So the dwarfs, now and then, went out of their leafy houses to see that the fires were not extinguished; for they did not want any ferocious njego to come among them and carry away one of their number.

They were up at break of day, and hurried to the forest in search of food, for fear they should come too late and that the men of the woods and ngoas might be on the spot before them. The women followed with their tiny babies. They had to travel quite a way before they came to the food ground, for they had been in their settlement for over eight days. When they reached the spot, they saw that no creatures had been before them. So they were glad and ate to their hearts' content.

Some climbed trees to seek nuts, berries, or fruits; others were on the ground looking for them. They all filled their baskets. They returned home quite a while before sunset, and talked, ate, and warmed themselves by the fires, after which they retired. They bemoaned the lack of game. The traps and snares they had laid were empty. They said: "These

horrid bashikouay ants must have been in this region before we came. As for the monkeys, we do not know what has become of them."

The following day they started, as usual, very early for the feeding ground; but it took them a much longer time to go, for every day it was farther off. When they got there, they found that some men of the woods, even some boars and monkeys, had been before them, and they were angry, shouting, "The horrid creatures have eaten our food! How often they play such tricks upon us!"

Like all the rest, the dwarfs thought that the berries, nuts, and fruits grew for them alone, and belonged to them, and that the other creatures of the forest had no business to eat them. Fortunately, the poor dwarfs had saved food, and they had plenty to eat when they returned to their settlement; but they were not in the best of humor.

The next morning they divided into several parties, and went to another district to get food. It was a nut country. To their consternation very little food was to be got; for the ngoas had been there and eaten all the koola nuts that had fallen on the ground, and some of the men of the woods and monkeys had made great havoc among the fruits and nuts. The dwarfs had no words bad enough for them, and wished they were all dead.

That afternoon some of their fellows arrived with a dead nkengo which they carried on a long pole. There was very great excitement among all the dwarfs

when they saw the dead nkengo, for they thought that they were distantly related to him. They surrounded the body as he lay on the ground. The nkengo had died of old age; he had only five teeth left, and the hair on his body had become gray and was very thin. How old he was nobody could guess.

That evening, the dwarfs said: "Let us move away to-morrow. We have to travel too far now to get food. It will take us the whole day to go from here and come back. How horrid the ngoas are; but still worse are the men of the woods! What a pity that we cannot trap them all!"

Early the next morning the dwarfs packed their small belongings, the men having their bows and arrows, the women carrying their little bits of children slung on their backs.

As they were ready to start, the old chief said: "The men of the woods, the nkengos, and the mbouvés have an advantage over us. They have no belongings to carry with them when they go to find new quarters." And, before leaving, the dwarfs said: "We cannot all go together, for we should not be able to pick up food enough for all of us. So we must journey in small squads, and before night we will meet by the big koola-tree we all know. Its nuts are ripe, and we shall find plenty of them on the ground, and have a good supper, unless the ngoas have been there before us."

With this understanding they started. They looked, as their bodies were dimly seen through the branches

of the trees, as if they were men of the woods. Soon the squads were out of sight of one another.

Though the dwarfs can find their way through the jungle better than the big people, they have not the natural gift in this respect bestowed on the animals of the forest. When they are changing their abode and are on the march, they have to make marks now and then, and see that they follow the marks they made with their hatchets the year before upon the trees, and also make new ones as they go along. They feed on what they can find on the way, picking here and there a berry, fruit, or nut, and looking for monkeys, which they hope to kill with their arrows made of palm-tree branches.

At the appointed time, the different squads of dwarfs arrived, one after another, under the koola-tree, and a great abundance of koola nuts covered the ground, — a sight which rejoiced them greatly.

"Fortunate are we," said Monbon, one of the dwarfs, with a shrill laugh, "that these horrid ngoas did not make their appearance before us; otherwise we should have had to go to sleep with shrunken stomachs, for very little food have we found on our way."

They lighted two big fires, and then gathered the koola nuts. These they broke with stones, and ate a good many of them and saved the others. When they had eaten, some of the dwarfs went to a stream near by to drink. There they saw the footprints of a ngina, and they were full of fear.

One dwarf also discovered fresh footprints of a njego; and when he told his comrades of it, they said: "We must keep our fires burning bright all night, so that the njegos will be afraid to come near. The only way for us to avoid the nginas and njegos, and to make them flee, is to make a great noise." Accordingly they made all the racket they could, and then slept surrounded by big fires.

The following day they travelled from early morning, and in the afternoon came to a region full of berries, nuts, and fruits, and noticed that the country was full of game.

That day one of the squads found the skull of a full-grown male ngina. It was fearful to behold, it looked so fierce with all its teeth grinning in its jaws. Another squad found the skull of a little ngina, and they took it with them also.

When they laid these before the whole company of dwarfs, they all shouted: "Now, nginas, you will eat no more of our fruits, berries, and nuts." Then they reflected that perhaps these nginas had come to their death by stepping upon the point of poisoned arrows that had been planted in the ground by some other colony of dwarfs; for it is their custom sometimes when they fear enemies at night to do so near their settlement; but it is very seldom they do this, and then they know exactly where these are laid, since they might step upon them themselves.

Examining the skull of the big ngina, they said, "The nginas have the same number of teeth that we

have, but how strong theirs are;" and they wondered at the big ridge at the top of the skull, — which space, when the ngina is alive, is covered with muscles attached to the lower jaw, that give him such tremendous biting power.

Then they looked at the little head and counted its teeth and said: "These young nginas have the same number of teeth that our children have before they get their second set."

They agreed to go a little farther the next day, and, if the country proved good, to stop there and build their houses.

The dwarfs went to sleep very happy, for there was a good prospect of food before them.

Early the following morning they were exploring the forest. At noon, when they met, they all agreed that the country was good, and there was much food. They looked for a place near a spring to build their new houses.

They went to the forest to collect material. They took machetes and queer-looking axes with them which they had got from the big people. They came back after a while with many long slender saplings, the kind that could be bent without breaking, large leaves, short sticks for beds, — in a word, all the building material they needed. After depositing these on the ground, they returned for more. When they had collected enough, they began to make their houses. They bent the slender branches of trees in the shape of a bow and put each end in the ground.

The houses were not quite four feet in height. They made two little beds in each house. Four or five sticks put together made each bed, and a log made the pillow. When this was done, they roofed their beehive-like structure with large leaves, overlapping each other, to prevent the rain from coming in. In each house slept two dwarfs. Though the houses appeared all alike, the owners could tell the difference between them. After their settlement was built, the dwarfs said : —

" How much better are our shelters than those of the nkengos and of the mbouvés ! but we are obliged to move away as often as they do, for we live much the same kind of life." They then collected firewood for the night. This was easy enough, for in the big forest dead and fallen limbs of trees were lying everywhere.

After their supper they seated themselves round a log fire. They all felt happy, for they had come to a part of the forest where food was plentiful ; and even if the nginas, the men of the woods, or the ngoas came, they would not eat it all. When it was bedtime, they went off one by one to their houses. They lay flat on their bellies and crawled in, for the doors of their dwellings were not more than one foot in height and not quite as wide. They started early the following morning. The men went to lay all kinds of traps and snares in the forest to trap game. The women went after food, but they found it round their settlements. All came back early.

The next afternoon was a great feast day ; not only

fruits, berries, and nuts were abundant, but the dwarfs had been very successful in trapping game. One came back with a big ombama, over twenty feet long ; some had monkeys, which they had killed with arrows. Two wild boars and two or three animals had been trapped and caught. So there was a great feast that evening.

The following day they trapped so much game that the dwarfs said, " The bashikouay ants must have made a raid in the forest, and the animals have fled in our direction." Big fires were lighted ; and when the firewood had been reduced to charcoal, they roasted the monkeys and big pieces of boar upon it. They ate to their hearts' content. After eating, they lay on their backs, just as the men of the woods do, and smoked wild hemp which they got from the big human beings, and felt happy. In the evening they retired under their shelter after they had collected firewood for the night.

Then, seated around their fire, some of the dwarfs said : " Our camp is not far from a village of big people. It is a long time since we have eaten plantains. Let us go and exchange game with them for bunches of plantains, for the plantains taste so much better than all the nuts and fruits we find in the forest."

So they went to a village of a tribe which lived in that part of the forest, and took several monkeys and pieces of wild boar. They were well received and welcomed by the big people, among whom they had

many friends, and remained in their village, enjoying the cooked plantains that were served to them. When they returned, they took back with them as many bunches of plantains as they could carry.

Thus the dwarfs spend their lives year after year.

CHAPTER XLIX

ADVENTURES OF A NKENGO AND A NSHIEGO

BEFORE closing this volume I will give the story of two remarkable creatures which belonged to the "World of the Great Forest," a nshiego and a nkengo. These two were made captive, and after many adventures left their gloomy home, went to the country of the white man, where one of them died and the other learned many things which excited great interest, and sent many observers home with food for thought.

One day a big nshiego with her little one was wandering in the great forest in search of food, but without being aware of it they came near a region inhabited by human beings that had guns. The mother was killed by some hunters, and her baby was captured by them and brought to their village. She was tied to a long pole with a ring round it to allow her to go up and down.

Everything in the village looked very strange to the little nshiego, it was so unlike the dark gloomy forest where she had lived. At first she was afraid of the human beings, but in less than three days she became very friendly because they brought her nuts, ber-

ries, and fruits to eat. She was especially fond of her master. Her mistress did not like to handle her, for she thought she was too much like a human being.

The poor little captive nshiego always had a sad expression, and when looking at her one could see that she was thinking, at which times she looked more human than ever; but no one could ever guess of what she was thinking. She had partly learned the language of the nshiego, which had been taught to her by Papa and Mamma Nshiego. Her father had been shot a few weeks before her mother had perished, so that she was now an orphan.

She had a very quick temper, although she was very affectionate and loved to be petted. When they brought her food and she was pleased, she would say, "Whoe! whoe!" When displeased, she would utter the most piercing shrieks and strike the ground with her feet and hands. If she could not have her own way, she would at once become angry and shriek. In a short time she learned to eat cooked food, and was especially fond of boiled meat. She learned also to drink the intoxicating beverages of the people and liked these very much.

It happened one day that some people of another tribe nearer the sea came to the village where the nshiego was, to buy slaves. When they saw her they wanted to buy her also, for there was a great demand for men of the woods by the traders on the Atlantic coast. They bought the poor nshiego for a small bunch of red beads.

When the time came for the departure of the strangers, the nshiego and the slaves they had bought went with them. She felt very badly, for she had become much attached to the people who had been so kind to her.

On the journey to her new master's home, she felt her change of condition still more. The slaves were chained round the neck, and the poor nshiego's head was put in the fork of a very long stick with a cross-stick in front. After three days she came to the village where her new master lived, and she was glad when they released her from her horrid shackles and tied her to a pole, for her poor neck had become very sore from chafing. From the pole she could see a large river near the village where she was.

She had not been in her new place long when some men living still nearer the sea, who came to buy elephants' tusks, saw her, and they bought her for a large hollow copper ring, a small looking-glass, and a file. When the time came for these people to depart, they tied the nshiego on the forward part of their canoe, for they were to travel by the river. The poor nshiego wondered at all she saw on the journey, and in the course of two days they arrived at a village by the sea.

One day they took her to see the big ocean. At first she was very much alarmed when she saw the heavy breakers, foaming white, rolling toward the shore. But she soon got accustomed to them. She looked at the ocean and could see no land on the other

side and wondered why, for she thought it was a big river like those she had been accustomed to see in the forest while wandering with her mother and father. Then she uttered a peculiar plaintive sound. Was she thinking of them?

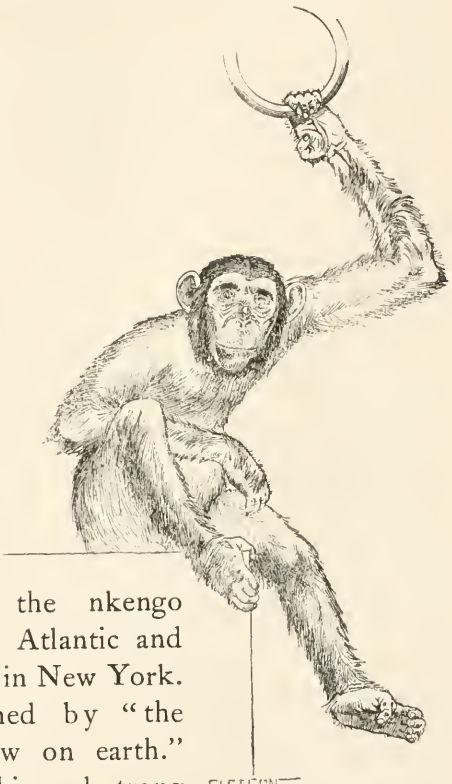
The dry season came, and it was cold, and she loved to sit by the fireside with the people. She was now entirely free and never thought of running away. When night came she would fix her little bed of leaves by shaking them, and put over herself rags that had been given her to keep warm.

She was friendly with everybody, for every one brought her berries, nuts, and fruits, and also ripe plantains and bananas, of which she was very fond, and she continued to eat cooked food also.

It happened that while the nshiego was travelling to the sea, a nkengo, somewhat larger and stronger than she, was captured, after the killing of his mother and father. He was also sold, and in the course of time came to the seashore, but for some reason he was vicious and could not be tamed, and never became friendly with the people. So he had a much harder time in his captivity, for he had bitten a couple of people. He would have been killed, but the natives knew that one day or another they could sell him for a good price to some white trader who would come to the coast with his ship.

It came to pass in the course of time that both the nshiego and the nkengo were sold to two sea captains and sailed for Portugal in two different ships. On their

voyage they wondered very much at the ship, at the blue ocean, and that no more trees were to be seen. To them it was a very strange world. On board both got accustomed to eat the food of the white man when the plantains and bananas were all eaten up. In the course of time they reached their destination in very good health; they were now in the country of the white man.



After several years of trials and tribulations, both the nshiego and the nkengo crossed the broad Atlantic and one fine day landed in New York. They were owned by "the biggest circus show on earth." They had become big and strong since they had left the west coast of Africa, and people were more or less afraid of them.

The day of their arrival their cages were changed and they found themselves again behind strong iron bars in two boxes close together, and saw wonderful

animals, such as lions, tigers, rhinoceroses, and many others they had never seen before. They were very much frightened when they heard their roars and yells. Their hair stood erect on their bodies, and they uttered great yells also, and if they had been in the forest how fast they would have run away!

They saw some njokoos, but were not afraid of them, for it was like meeting old acquaintances of the great forest.

In the course of time they became reconciled to their new lot, and did not mind any more the noises of the menagerie. Their places of confinement were close together and separated inside by iron bars. This arrangement was made in order to enable them to become friends if they chose. They travelled through the big cities of the United States and saw many things which they had never seen before. They were very much astonished when they journeyed on railroads, and at first were frightened, but became accustomed to this and to many other ways of civilization.

They had been put under the charge of a special keeper, who had nothing to do but to take care of them, for they were considered the rarest and most valuable creatures of the big show, and experience had taught their owners that the American climate was not good for the men of the woods, that they did not live long here, and generally died of consumption or pneumonia. So the greatest care was given them.

During their travels great crowds of people came to see them, and no wonder, for no such large nshiego

and nkengo had ever been seen before. They looked so much like people that some thought that they were a sort of human being, the "missing link" between man and beast.

They were so large now that no keeper ever dared to go inside of their cage, for it had long before been discovered that their tempers were very uneven, that they got angry for nothing, and were whimsical and treacherous. They were so powerful that no man could wrestle with them, as he would surely have been torn to pieces.

The nshiego was called Johanna and the nkengo Ntchiko by mistake. The two became stronger and stronger every day as they grew bigger. A new cage with thicker iron bars had to be made, for sometimes they seized the bars with such power that there was danger that they would break. Ntchiko never showed the slightest sign of tameness, except that he would take food, such as apples, bananas, nuts, etc., from the hand of his keeper, who had to be very careful when he handed these to him. In front of their cage was a railing, so that no spectator should get within the reach of their long arms.

Johanna's face as she grew older became gradually black, but with patches of yellow. She was more amenable to the keeper than Ntchiko, but nevertheless he never dared to go inside of her cage, for he knew what his fate would be in case she objected to his presence, and he did not want to be killed.

Strange to say, the two apes were never friendly,

though their cages inside were only separated by iron bars through which they could shake hands and scratch each other if they wished. On this account those who had charge of the show never dared to ex-

periment by putting Johanna and Ntchiko together, for fear that they would fight, and Ntchiko, who was the stronger, would kill Johanna.

After the travelling season was over, Ntchiko and Johanna wintered in New York at the Arsenal in

Central Park, and had very comfortable and warm quarters.

One day, Friend Paul, who was living in New York, went to see them, having heard of their fame and of the excitement they created.

As he came before their cages, he imitated the language of the nkengo, which he had so far heard in the great forest of Africa. To his utter astonishment, as soon as Ntchiko heard him, he became furious, uttered terrific yells of anger, jumped from one side of his large cage to the other, went to the farthest corner, picked up some sawdust from the floor and threw it at him, then came toward him and behind his iron bars showed every disposition of wanting to fight him. Paul must have told him in the language of the nkengos something he did not like, to make him so angry. Paul had no gun with him, and was glad that the iron bars were between him and Ntchiko.

Johanna, who belonged to another variety, did not mind what Paul said, for she did not understand him. That same winter, their keeper, who slept in an adjoining room, heard a noise in the room occupied by Ntchiko and Johanna, and thinking that they were disturbed by something, got up to find out what was the matter. He was dressed in a long white nightshirt, and as he came unconsciously toward the bars of the cage of Johanna, he was seized by the arm. She had passed one of her arms through the bars; she was frightened. The poor keeper could not get away from her clutches. She was so scared that she

would not understand or recognize his voice. It was a struggle for life. His arm was terribly lacerated and he had to go to the hospital.

Time passed away, and Ntchiko during his travels caught cold and died from it. To his death he remained vicious and untamable.

A year or more passed away, and in the spring the great show was once more installed in Madison Square Garden, Johanna with it, but with no Ntchiko near her.

It happened that the same Paul was invited by the proprietor of the show to a special morning audience, given to see how Miss Johanna was, and how much she had learned since he had seen her, and was told that he could bring some of his friends with him.

One fine morning, Paul, with two of his dear little chums, Alfred and Elizabeth, together with their mamma and Fräulein, went to Madison Square Garden to make a visit to Miss Johanna by appointment. They descended the stairs leading to the basement and found themselves in the midst of many caged animals, and came after a while in the presence of Johanna.

Great indeed was the change Paul saw in Johanna. She was a docile creature, and loved dearly her new keeper. She had grown a great deal. Her face had become almost entirely black, with here and there a small yellowish patch left. Her complexion was much like that of a chimney-sweeper. The skin of her body had become black and her nails as well.

Her new keeper understood her better than the former one, and knew how to teach her the ways men have; in a word, he was a very intelligent and patient trainer. Perhaps Johanna, who no longer had the vicious Ntchiko for a constant neighbor, had become more gentle on that account. Whatever the cause, she had become a new and wonderful creature. All she had been taught, she had learned by seeing her keeper do it before her, outside of her cage. She imitated him, as children do by looking at their parents.

Soon after our arrival Johanna's morning toilet began. A wash-basin filled with water was passed under the bars, then a towel and soap. She washed her face, dried it afterward with a towel, and washed her hands and dried them also. Then a tooth-brush was given to her, and she brushed her teeth.

Afterwards a powder-box was handed to her. She powdered her face with the puff, and rubbed her skin with a towel all over her face. She then took a looking-glass to see how she looked.

All these preliminaries of her breakfast seemed mechanical. That is, she was not civilized enough to know what cleanliness was, to know that her face was dirty and needed to be washed, and that a sign of beauty was to have good and clean teeth. But there are many people in this world who do not know as much as this, and are not familiar with tooth-brushes. Johanna appeared to feel better and more lively after her toilet was completed.

Breakfast was then served to her upon a board as a table, passed to her under the bars. Upon the table were put a plate, a glass, half a bottle of wine, a napkin, tooth-picks, a knife and fork. She looked complacently at the preparations for her breakfast, and did not show any signs of impatience. She seemed to know that it was coming when ready. Then chicken sandwiches were served.

She cut her sandwiches with her knife, and ate with a fork, as a civilized person is accustomed to do. Now and then she wiped her mouth with her napkin. While eating, she took the cork from the bottle of port wine, filled her glass properly and generously, not quite to the brim, and drank it in two sips, put the glass on the table, wiped her mouth, and recorked the bottle.

The keeper said to me: "We only allow her a glass of port wine at each meal. She is very fond of this kind of wine, and when she thinks I do not see her, she will help herself to another glass if I turn my back to her. I will talk to you, and you can watch her."

It happened just as the keeper said; as soon as he turned his back, Johanna uncorked the bottle, filled her glass quickly but in a proper way, and drank the wine at one draught, corked the bottle, and when her keeper turned around she looked at him as if she had only taken one glass, and as if nothing out of the way had happened. When her meal was finished, she used a tooth-pick.

A lighted cigarette was then given to her. She smoked it like a man, enjoying it wonderfully well, inhaled the smoke, and let it come out of her mouth in puffs, and once or twice let it pass through her nose. There was no difference in manner between her and a man smoking.

After this she lay on her back until she was called for a sherry flip. It was served to her with straws, which she used also like a person accustomed to take such kinds of drinks. When her sherry flip was drunk, she lay on her back again, and then rested for a very short time. The keeper then asked her if she wanted to put her shoes and stockings on. She put her legs through the bars and let him put them on for her. After this he asked her if she wanted to go out. A lady's hat was given to her; she put it on her head, then took the looking-glass to look at herself, and stood up erect. Then she seated herself. She evidently was not accustomed to thick leather laced shoes, and these were not kept long on her feet. Her keeper asked her to kiss him. She did so through the bars, kissing him with a pouting mouth on one of his cheeks.

She understood everything he said to her. He asked her if she wanted to take her shoes and stockings off. She put her legs outside the bars to have them taken off. Then the ceremony was ended.

Something drew her attention at some distance from the cage. She stood up erect and looked in that direction, as a human being would have done.

On a sudden she took a dislike to one of our party, glared, took a handful of sawdust and threw it right at the person, uttering sounds of anger.

From the intelligence Johanna displayed, if her temper could have been relied upon, I do not see why she could not have served a small party at dinner.

Johanna is now in England. How much more she has learned I cannot tell; but if she has still the same keeper, she has undoubtedly learned to do some other things.

GLOSSARY OF NATIVE ANIMAL-NAMES

Apilibish . . *Butterfly.*
Bashikouay . *Ant* (species).
Bongo . . . *Antelope* (species).
Compagnondo *Fishing - Eagle* (species).
Guanionien . *Giant Eagle.*
Hako . . . *Ant* (generic name).
Iboboti . . . *Spider.*
Iboco . . . *Fly* (species).
Ibolai . . . *Fly* (species).
Ipi . . . . *Scaly Ant-eater.*
Izomba . . . *Turtle.*
Kambi . . . *Antelope* (species).
Kongoo . . . *Fishing - Eagle* (species).
Kooloo-kamba *Ape* (species).
Manga . . . *Manatee.*
Mboyo . . . *Jackal.*
Miengai . . *White - moustached Monkey.*
Mogara . . . *Ant* (species).
Mondi . . . *Jet-black, Long-haired Monkey.*
Nchegai . . *Mandrill.*
Nchellelay . . *White Ant, or Termite.*
Ncheri . . . *Gazelle.*
Nchouna . . *Fly* (species).
Ndova . . . *White - nosed Monkey.*
Ngando . . *Crocodile.*
Ngina . . . *Gorilla.*
Ngoa . . . *Wild Boar.*
Ngooboo . . *Hippopotamus.*
Ngomba . . *Porcupine.*
Ngozo . . . *Parrot.*
Niare . . . *Buffalo.*
Njego . . . *Leopard.*
Njokoo . . . *Elephant.*
Nkago . . . *Red - headed Monkey.*
Nkema . . . *Monkey* (generic name).
Nkengo . . . *Ape* (variety).
Nshiego . . *Chimpanzee* (variety).
Nshiego-mbouvé *Bald - headed Ape.*
Nshiey . . . *Fish.*
Ntoto . . . *Ichneumon.*
Ntungoolooya . *Kingfisher.*
Nyoi . . . . *Wasp.*
Oganagana . *Bluish Black Monkey.*
Ogata . . . *Burrowing Crocodile.*
Ombama . . *Python.*
Omemba . . *Serpent, Snake.*
Oseli . . . *Lizard.*
Osengi . . . *Monkey* (species).
Oshingi . . . *Civet.*
Ozoni . . . *Ant* (species).
Vengela . . *Grasshopper.*
Viviki . . . *Mosquito.*

Popular Juveniles by Paul Du Chaillu

The LAND *of the* LONG NIGHT

WITH 24 FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS
BY W. J. BURNS. Square 12mo, $2.00

The Nation.

The record of a winter journey from Southern Sweden up through Lappmark, Finland, and Finmark to Nordkyn, the extreme end of the European mainland. To say that it will interest its youthful readers from beginning to end is well-nigh superfluous.

New York Tribune.

Happy is the winter evening of that young person who, forgetting time and space and the household gods about him, goes forth into strange countries with Paul Du Chaillu. For that most kindly of travellers has in narrative a beguiling simplicity and realism which enables him to hold his readers closely to the end.

New York Times Saturday Review.

It is a capital book for boys or girls or anybody, and Mr. Burns has contributed a great many excellently drawn and very telling illustrations.

The Outlook.

Here are information, stories, and incidents of adventure in Arctic regions strung together by a personal narrative of travel—all readable, unconventional, entertaining.

Philadelphia Public Ledger.

His narrative is engagingly frank, full of information, and with no lack of adventure and incident. It will prove a treasure to readers young and old.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, Publishers
153–157 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK

IVAR THE VIKING

A ROMANTIC HISTORY, BASED UPON AUTHENTIC FACTS OF THE THIRD AND FOURTH CENTURIES

12mo, $1.50

Richard Henry Stoddard.

There is that in Mr. Paul Du Chaillu's "Ivar the Viking" which not only satisfies the lover of romantic adventure, but carries the scholar back into the remotest period of Scandinavian history. Beyond all living writers this traveller in and explorer of many countries has collected the documents and discovered the secrets of the Norselands.

New York Times.

The reader who has begun with a blank mind closes the volume with a tolerably clear expression of a very energetic, powerful, and wealthy young Viking, capable of strong affection, foremost in games and fights requiring physical force, and with a vast number of habits and customs. It is a history that interests through its simplicity.

The Nation.

"Ivar the Viking" is to be thoroughly recommended. The story is characteristically spirited, and the romantic part leaves nothing to be desired.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
PUBLISHERS
153–157 Fifth Avenue, New York

Paul Du Chaillu's Great Work

THE VIKING AGE

THE EARLY HISTORY, MANNERS, & CUSTOMS OF THE ANCESTORS OF THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING NATIONS

WITH 1400 ILLUSTRATIONS AND MAP

2 vols., 8vo, $7.50

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, Publishers

New York Tribune.

"These luxuriously printed and profusely illustrated volumes embody the fullest account of our Norse ancestors extant. Mr. Du Chaillu has gone very fully and very carefully over the whole of his ground. This extensive and important work must be of high interest to all English-speaking people."

Newark Advertiser.

"Their weapons, ornaments, ships, domestic manners and customs, art and industries, are all reconstructed with a minuteness that is remarkable, if we consider (as we must) that all this comes to us after centuries of neglect."

London Athenæum.

"What is really valuable in these volumes is the exhaustive digest which they contain of the extant information respecting the manners and character of the ancient people of Scandinavia. The work deals with the entire field of Scandinavian archæology. In the main, we believe the picture he has drawn of the manner of life of the Vikings and their countrymen to be as accurate as it is undoubtedly full of interest."

Edinburgh Review.

"The subject of M. Du Chaillu's work is vast in extent and full of perplexing difficulties. We have shown that its author has collected a store of valuable information, a great part of which has hitherto been inaccessible to English readers. His enthusiasm will have a very useful effect if it leads the people of this country to study and admire the ancient civilization and the splendid literature of our Scandinavian kinsmen."

Springfield Republican.

"Mr. Du Chaillu is every whit as agreeable and entertaining as a student of history as he has long proved to be in the character of a traveller."

Chicago Inter-Ocean.

"Mr. Du Chaillu has certainly given to the literary world a work full of interest."

The Nation.

"While in Germany and in Scandinavia itself books have been written upon the life of the ancient inhabitants of the North, no such comprehensive, popular work as this, with citations from the old literature and illustrations of all sorts of objects preserved from the ancient days, has yet appeared. It is, accordingly, an unused opportunity that the author of the work, with characteristic energy, has recognized and seized. The two volumes are filled to overflowing with curious and interesting facts concerning the people of the Scandinavian North, whose manners, social customs, and national life the more than thirteen hundred illustrations serve to bring up almost visibly before us. The book as a whole is a record of persistent and ingenious research, and of extraordinary literary zeal."

Philadelphia Record.

"M. Du Chaillu's book is full of valuable information respecting the manners and character of the ancient Norse people. It is, in fact, a perfect museum of Northern antiquities, covering the entire field of Scandinavian archæology. The extracts from the Sagas which are furnished must whet the appetite of students of Norse literature."

Boston Transcript.

"Mr. Du Chaillu's monumental work, 'The Viking Age,' upon which the careful labor of over eight years has been expended, is one for which scholars will be profoundly grateful. It brings together from innumerable sources a vast amount of information, relative to the period covered, never before put in systematic form. The chapters on the mythology and cosmogony of the Norsemen, on the superstitions, slavery, graves, finds, weapons, occupations, feasts, warfare, etc., are intensely interesting. The text is accompanied by nearly fourteen hundred illustrations."

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, Publishers

153-157 Fifth Avenue, New York

DISCARD